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Victor Lauriston

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TIME was, when Home was East, and Adventure lay West. Civilization had a Frontier in those days, sometimes not far behind the great centres of population. The railroad has changed all that. Whether heading towards the Atlantic or the Pacific, today's trains are always carrying the Outward Pilgrim as well as the Homeward Bound.

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And the Canadian Pacific has stimulated Canadians to travel in foreign lands, and has provided Canadian ships to convey them to the ports of the world, and to carry the Canadian flag over the seas.

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Burrowing for a Billion

Hollinger is more than a billion-dollar gold mine: it is an astonishing augury of what our Canadian brains and courage can accomplish

By JAMES A. COWAN

HOLLINGER, in Northern Ontario, is North America's greatest gold mine. No one can dispute this, even for the sake of argument, since there can be no argument about it.

In the contest for the title of "the greatest gold mine the world has ever seen" the race has now narrowed down to an all British affair between Canada and South Africa and Hollinger, leading the Canadian entries, is the favorite. Working at top speed, it produced during 1926, gold worth $13,342,491—more than a million a month.

Benny Hollinger, novice among prospectors, eighteen years ago, stumbled on the outcroppings of one of the greatest known reserves of gold ore; but for the first twelve years of its history Fortune presided over the activities of Hollinger with a twisted smile. Not till six years ago did this mammoth among gold mines begin to hit its stride. Nevertheless, after battling most heavy handicaps it had to the beginning of this year, added gold worth $115,174,531 to the world's supply.

Every few minutes, day and night, since this total was calculated Hollinger has been adding hundreds of dollars more to this dizzy figure. Its output is jumping. It literally sets up a new production record one day to tear it down the next. Every day, six thousand tons of ore are hoisted up its central shaft—enough tonnage to fill 120 freight cars. By fall this daily figure will be seven thousand, and by 1928, it is expected to reach eight thousand.

Three thousand men and ten million dollars worth of machinery, pushed to the limit, will not be capable of draining the scores of veins of the mine during the active lifetime of the present generation of miners. Engineers have burrowed into the earth's interior for half a mile, but the gold goes still deeper, and one expert, at least, has declared that it may continue down far beyond human reach.

Gold is always a gamble, but the gamble, as far as Hollinger is concerned, seems to be just how stupendous a total will be chalked up before finis is written to the history of this great producer. Hundreds of millions are a certainty. A billion is a probability. Should Hollinger reach this vast figure, almost any one of the seven conventional wonders of the world could consider itself ousted.

Yet, not a generation ago, that section of the Dominion was rated as so much useless landscape, barring the passing value of its pulp and timber. Then the ever-restless prospector began to wander and indulge his curiosity in lonely and back-breaking investigations. He revealed to Canadians that Nature had cached her treasures all over the countryside, and now Hollinger's acres are among the most valuable bits of the earth's crust known to man.

Even after the word was out, Hollinger, richest strike in Canada's richest camp, the Porcupine, was passed over and discarded. Staking had been going on for three years when Benny Hollinger and his partner, Alex Gillies, made their way laboriously into Porcupine. There had been a fever and little rush. Pioneers had been in years before, staked their claims and let them lapse. They had drifted on unsatisfied. Others followed and repeated. When Hollinger and Gillies arrived these two wandered



Northern lights. The buildings of the Hollinger gold mine at Timmins, Ontario, by night. (Photo by Stanley Kitchen, Schumacher)



A panoramic view of the Hollinger mine—the greatest gold mine in North America and the second largest in the world



This Canadian mine handles more than six thousand tons of ore a day and produces over a million dollars in bullion a month (Courtesy Ontario Department of Mines)

absent and looked over the ground already staked. Old-timers directed them freely and casually to the present Hollinger under the impression that the choice locations had been taken up and they were sending the newcomers to some of the second rate property that was left.

Tossing For Millions

HOLLINGER and Gillies, the tenderfoot, staked twelve claims and decided ownership by tossing a coin. Unsuspecting they flipped for millions. Hollinger took the west and Gillies the east. Both properties were eventually combined, but Benny Hollinger, a six claims were the lone claims of the record breaking workings.

Rusty and forgotten lying among the rocks that hid a thousand fortunes, was an abandoned prospector's forge. This, at any rate is the story—now a legend and a tradition. Beside it were some weed-grown workings. No other trace has ever been found of the unknown who had fortune within his fingers and let it slip. The odds are that he never knew he tossed it all away.

Nor was he the only one. Hundreds of others had worn a trail over the quartz veins. A portage crossed Hollinger Hill, and many a pack-laden woodsman had noted its existence only to enlarge upon the difficulties which it added to his enforced walk.

Just such a series of breaks and flukes mark the whole first period of Hollinger's history. By contrast they make the later chapters, even more weird and remarkable. Astounding as the mere cold figures of its output and reserves are, and despite the romantic quirks of circumstance that accompanied the discovery, these are matched by the stories of struggle, seeming failure, and ultimate success which marked the development.

Simply by comparing these with the huge, high-speed miracle of machinery which is the Hollinger of 1927, we get a slice of industrial romance with more thrill packed into it than a library of mystery fiction.

Hollinger gold is not mined. It is manufactured. That perhaps is an exaggeration, but it does sum up in half a line the story of an industrial triumph of a very rare species. Hollinger is a remarkable factory, and that is one of the chief reasons why it is a world famous mine. At Hollinger, at the moment, 2,700 men are toiling continuously in a plant which cost ten millions to erect. Its plant, which is turning out bullion with the same regularity that another factory might turn out axle-grease or pearl handled pins.

Visiting mining engineers of foreign extraction have been quoted as declaring that all in all, there has never been anything in the history of gold-mining to equal it. That is their opinion and they stick to it. This Canadian accomplishment, achieved by engineering brains and much sweat of the brow, commenced when Timmins was a patch of bush five hundred miles from the nearest city and forty-five miles from the end of steel, has not yet been matched by any other nation under any circumstances whatsoever.

Hollinger to-day is a marvel of skill and science. Its surface plant sprawls out over a thousand acres. Underground its tunnels cut back and forth up and down through the earth's interior, till levels, cross-cuts, shafts and the rest of its network of subways would run for a hundred miles if it were possible to straighten them all out into one.

The surface plant seen at night from the other side of the drab lake of waste and tailings, which separates it from the town of Timmins, stands out of the dark like a family of grain elevators at some great lakes port and hums as if half the ships of the upper lakes were being loaded.

There is no such thing as the end of the day's work. At the surface, the mill runs ceaselessly staffed by nearly nine hundred men working in eight-hour shifts. Below, there are twice that number. At the shafts, they spit up and disappear in little gangs, a score or so in a group, dropping off at different levels and working in independent units. In the gloom of the levels faces acquire a gray sameness that makes all miners look somewhat alike, but this underground battalion nevertheless, is a curious hodge-podge of nations—MacDonalds, Manzinis, Ostojichs, O'Konkies, Shiniks, Hawkins, Costellos, Belangers, Landrowskis, Schneiders, Holgevacs, and also Smiths. This mixture of races has one particular trait in common, the desire to do more than a day's work in each eight hours. In case this may create the suspicion that Hollinger miners are unique among the earth's nicknamers, it is just as well to note that much of the underground work is done on a contract basis. The gang is paid according to the amount of work done, and not the number of hours spent doing it. If a loafer ever succeeds in edging his way in, it is more than likely that he will be either cured by his co-workers or eliminated.

Time at Hollinger is not something to put in, but to work against. This contract-system is naturally, an added driving force, but Hollinger miners do not look like hay men at any time. Nor do their homes resemble the houses of people inclined to tolerate any of the symptoms of indolence. They all have the incidental accessories, the odd trimmings and things of the man who gets enjoyment out of working with his hands.

Underground, they work rapidly and almost automatically. They have every sort of mechanical assistance. Pipe-lines carry compressed air to every vein where operations are proceeding. Drills, sometimes eight to ten feet long, bite viciously into the ore and explosives finish the job. It takes two hundred hours of dynamite a day and thousands of cubic feet of compressed air a minute to keep things going. The rock ripped out of the veins is shovelled into cars in the same way that shovels are used the world over. If there were a more rapid, effective and efficient way of loading, the present method would be replaced.

A glimpse at the other processes in the business of extracting gold makes it obvious that every step in the job has been re-vamped and developed to eliminate all waste effort. Affairs underground are controlled as carefully and precisely as the moves in a chess tournament. They must be. Even a comparatively slight delay could seriously upset the smoothness and swiftness of the process. The mill, hundreds of feet above the miners' heads, has a huge and everlasting appetite and it is being operated continuously, without any intermission.

Sixty Miles of Electric Railway

SIX thousand tons of raw ore is a staggering amount of rock to come out of one hole in the ground every twenty-four hours day in and day out. It could not be removed with the methods in vogue ten years ago. Even with the most advanced systems and the most modern mechanical aids, it could be accomplished only with almost super-organization.

There are, for instance, as romantic and pathetic mules in this establishment. Everything is electrified and where possible, made automatic. On every level where ore is being taken out, a dwarf of an electric railway runs from vein to shaft. There are more than sixty miles of track in this hidden transportation system, and an additional five miles are operated above the surface.

Ore-laden trains, drawn by compact but powerful infants of locomotives, tear through the tunnels as fast as many surface freights. Their steel ears clamp automatically. Tons of rock go into the cars at each trip.

When the first tracks were laid, storage battery trains were the last word in underground hauling. By the time work had reached the 400 foot level, they were replaced by overhead trolleys operating like riveting cars.

Though every pound of ore mined comes to the surface by the central shaft, there are more than twenty shafts altogether. The levels branch off the shafts one below the other, like corridors in a skyscraper. They in turn, are connected by cross-cuts, by miner shafts linking two or more levels far below the surface, by a whole network of subterranean hallways starting off in all directions. An underground tourist left to himself, could be hopelessly lost in a few minutes. More probably he would tumble to the next level and kill himself.

There are more miles of streets, so to speak, in this little section of the earth's insides than there are avenues, alleys and roadways of all sorts in any one of a whole host of Canadian towns.

This maze of tunnels is constantly changing. Statements concerning it, which are fact while this article is being written, might be fiction before it is published. New levels are constantly being cut and old ones altered. A vein may be exhausted, filled with waste sent down from the top, abandoned and to all intents and purposes, forgotten. No one man could hope to know, with mathematical exactness, the geography of Hollinger's subterranean workings. The veins alone already opened number more than eighty. Thirty-one surveyors are always on the job. Every week they plot on a detailed chart in the general offices, the new developments, the alterations and all the changes in the underground railways and highways. Were this not done regularly, Hollinger could easily become a muddle, and its underground operations hopelessly tangled.

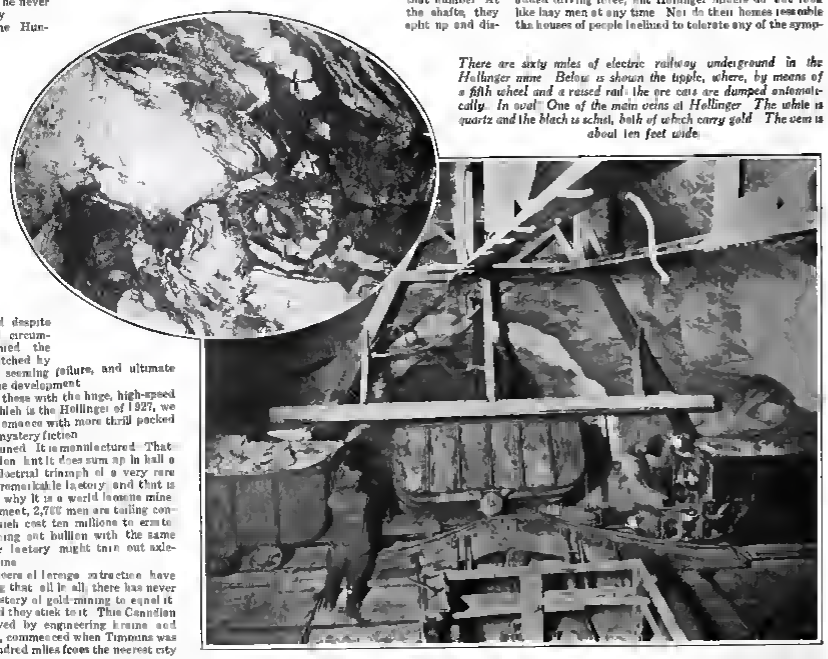
The actual mining goes on within a quarter mile of the surface. But shafts are already down 2,320 feet, and steadily going deeper. Engineers are blocking out the ore which will be untouched for months and even years. Getting it out is a factory process. When one vein is cleaned another is ready.

As the gangs blast and drill, tests are made every few minutes. By means of fifteen hundred assays a day the exact value of the ore that each little group of men is tearing loose is known almost to the cent.

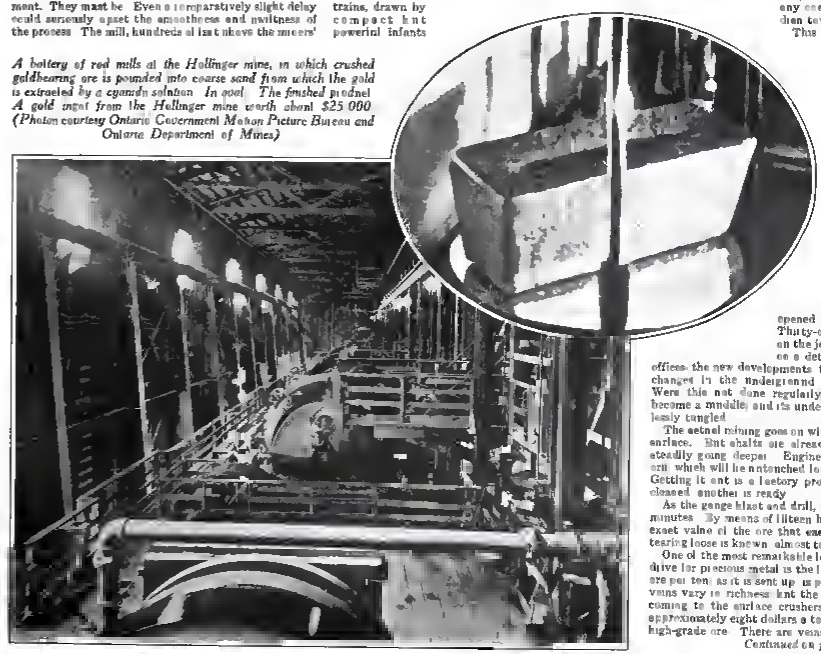
One of the most remarkable features of this large-scale drive for precious metal is the fact that the value of the ore per ton as it is sent up is practically constant. The veins vary in richness, but the riders are that the rock coming to the surface crushers must always be worth approximately eight dollars a ton. This of course is not high-grade ore. There are veins in Hollinger which run

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There are sixty miles of electric railway underground in the Hollinger mine. Below is shown the tipple, where, by means of a fifth wheel and a raised rail, the ore cars are dumped automatically. In oval: One of the main veins at Hollinger. The white is quartz and the black is schist, both of which carry gold. The vein is about ten feet wide.



A battery of rod mills at the Hollinger mine, in which crushed goldbearing ore is pounded into coarse sand from which the gold is extracted by a cyanide solution. In oval: The finished product. A gold ingot from the Hollinger mine worth about $25 000 (Photos courtesy Ontario Government Motion Picture Bureau and Ontario Department of Mines)



Mr. Penne Becomes Immortal

In which Mr. Penne, the lover, fights it out with Mr. Penne, the theorist

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Illustrated by ORISON MACPHERSON

CHRISTOPHER PENNE unbuttoned his overcoat and walked the station platform in an expansive mood. He felt light, happy and inclined to whistle. This symptom alone should have warned him. Had he been a Celt he would have known that he was "in love." As it was he merely wondered why he should want to whistle. Ordinarily the fact that his car was not drawn up by the slope to meet him would have precluded any thing remotely resembling a whistle. But to-day he was complacent. He would walk up to meet the car.

"Hi! Mr. Penne!"

The shrill call caught him at the very end of the platform and he turned to see a bare-headed station clerk waving a yellow envelope. Something urgent—otherwise the clerk would scarcely have ventured on Hi!

"A telegram for you, Mr. Penne," said the clerk with more personal interest than Mr. Penne relished. "There was as other one a couple days ago. Sent it right up to the house but they said you hadn't left any forwarding address. Been away, I guess, haven't you?"

Mr. Penne did not trouble to corroborate the self-evident fact. Taking the envelope with a brief "thank you", he paused for a moment before opening it. The clerk waited expectantly. Deplorable manners, but what can one expect in these days? Mr. Penne's impulse to put the telegram in his pocket was checked only by the reflection that the clerk, having taken the message, knew all about it anyway. There is no privacy now, none at all. He opened the envelope.

> 'Miss Chelmsford wishes inform you operation entirely successful.—Jevons.'

Mr. Penne raised blank eyes.

"Maybe I'd better look up the copy of the first one for you," suggested the clerk helpfully.

"Please do," said Mr. Penne.

He looked at the telegram again.

"Jevons" that would be Jevons the surgeon, since he spoke of an operation. But what operation? And on whom? *"Miss Chelmsford wishes inform you."* It must be someone then in whom he and Linda took a great interest. Otherwise she would not have wished him informed. Linda never informed him of irrelevant trifles.

Well, the clerk was bringing the horror message now. It would explain.

> This message was longer a night letter, he had. He read:
>
> 'Sorry to have caused you on Monday stop Dr. Jevons in consultation advises immediate operation stop Strathclair Hospital stop No cause for anxiety stop Will write you at once stop Love—L. C.'

It was like Linda, he thought, to sign initials only. Thank Heaven she disliked the modern intrusions upon privacy quite as much as he did. Though of course putting the two messages together the clerk would guess that L. C. stood for Linda Chelmsford. But—but what on earth was she talking about? Operation—had she had an accident then? And didn't she know that he did not approve of operations?

There's a train to the city in a quarter of an hour if you're going up," said the clerk, but under the stare of Mr. Penne's astonished eye his helpfulness evaporated. "Sign here—" he directed briefly and shruggingly returned to his work. "Bout as human as a black beetle was how he put it to himself.

Mr. Penne stood irresolutely at the end of the platform. All the brightness of his mood had died. He buttoned up his overcoat. With the hastening something of his ordinary efficient grasp of things came back. The news of the telegrams arranged itself as a series of definite facts. It was Linda who had had an operation. The operation had been successful. How fortunate, in a way that he had received the second message first. It had spared him much anxiety. On the other hand—well on the other hand, surely Jevons had taken a great deal on himself? Advising on operation all hand like that? Surgeons are far too ready to order operations. What did Jevons mean by it? Linda hadn't a thing the matter with her—not terribly robust, perhaps, but perfectly sound and healthy. He had convinced himself of this before he—well when he had left himself free strongly attracted to Linda. Naturally he had been solicitous regarding the health of his (possibly) future wife. If all men were to show the same common sense the race would improve by leaps and bounds. Not that eugenics as such, could ever expect to do more than suggest and direct. He was far from approving of compulsion of any sort. But when a man has once realized children as the end and aim of marriage apart from the purely sentimental side everything else adjusts itself. And the first adjustment is, plainly, the choosing of a perfectly healthy bride. Linda had been his choice and she had been perfectly healthy. What was Jevons thinking of?

Of course there might have been an accident—a leg, an arm, something which necessitated setting. He supposed that they might call that an operation. And Linda would drive in traffic. He had warned her many times about driving in traffic.

What had that clerk said about trains? He had better run up to the city at once and see what really had happened. Strathclair Hospital. He would go directly there although if it had been the mere setting of a bone Linda might have returned home already. She knew how he hated hospitals—all those nurses—no privacy—not even in the most private wards. Perhaps he had better go to the house first.

When the train came in Mr. Penne entered it mechanically without buying a ticket. Obscurely he felt that he couldn't give that clerk the satisfaction of seeing him buy a ticket. But he did not realize this. He was absorbed in a vision of Linda at home in her own bed, propped up with pillows telling him how sorry she was that she had not listened to his warnings about driving in traffic. "So foolish of me to get my collar bone (or arm or leg) smashed up like this" not that it was really at all serious—he mustn't worry.

Linda looked very attractive on the pillows. She was so little and light. Her hair spread out around her. It had never been cut. She knew how he hated bobbed hair. He saw himself touching it gently. After all, Linda was young. He wouldn't say too much about her foolishness in driving in traffic. He would let it go scarcely pointing it out in a serious word or two before he kissed her—no, he would kiss her first—just to show that he wasn't holding it against her.

It was like Linda to sign initials only. But what did she mean—An operation? Didn't she know that he did not approve of operations?

"Dear, foolish Linda!"

The train was stuffy and, closing his eyes, he must have dozed a moment for suddenly, without warning, the vision of Linda on the pillows with her hair spread out changed. The bed was still there but different—narrow, high. The pillow was there but different, flat, stained. Linda was here, but was it Linda?—that small ghastly face and tight-shut eyes? An operation? Great heavens! Linda!

His eyes snapped open. How horrible! He had dozed a nightmare. Those telegrams had upset him. People should be careful how they send telegrams. Mr. Penne drew the yellow slips from his pocket and read them over, the second one first. *'Operation entirely successful'* that was plain enough, surely. It meant that Linda was perfectly all right.

How annoying one's mind can be! Why on earth should his mind persist in remembering that silly joke, "Yes, the operation was successful but the patient died". He had always thought that joke in bad taste. Nothing in it, either. People did not die from successful operations. And Jevons' message said *entirely successful.'*

Nevertheless for one awful moment he had thought of Linda as dying—a nightmare. It was gone now. His nerves steadied. He re-read the first telegram. That was Linda—he recognized Linda speaking *'Sorry to have missed you.'* It had been her fault that she had missed him and she was generous enough to recognize it. *'No cause for anxiety.'* She had been perfectly frank about it. Other women might have liked to make him anxious. *'Love.'* It was hardly like Linda to put love on a telegram. However did it get in? But Linda was seldom consistent. All there had been any danger at all she would have said so, wouldn't she? She would have asked him to "come at once" or something feminine like that? Linda was very feminine. Good mothers ought to be. One made allowances—but it was trying at times. Linda, for instance, had a way of shirking serious issues. From the very moment of their engagement he had tried to explain his views to her with small success—with no success at all! He had spoken of life and of death and of the vain hope of any personal immortality. He had told her gently that the only immortality vouchsafed to man is the immortality he attains through his children and his children's children. She must see, then, the tremendous importance of the child? Linda hadn't seen it at all.

"But," he had protested, "Your children are you!"

"Not me," said Linda, shaking a charming unbobbed head. "No one is me but me."

He had forborne to correct her English. "But doesn't the thought thrill you?" he had almost pleaded. "Think—a little bit of yourself to go on living until the race dies out?"

"I'd rather think of every bit of me going on living long after the race dies out," said Linda, "All of me, just myself, always."

The old, narrow, personal view! He had never been able to shake her. But there was a great deal of biological explanation which he had not considered suitable to produce. After marriage he could make the facts of life more plain to her and she would see the logic of it as he did.

It wasn't as if Linda was not fond of children. She adored them. To see her pick one up was proof enough of that. He himself, in spite of his realization of their sacredness as life carriers, was still with children. He could out romp with them as Linda did, nor whisper things into their ears, or kiss them in the right places.

Once, taking advantage of the new freedom of talk between the sexes—a freedom which nevertheless he deplored—he had said to her as she lifted a rosy laughing boy into her arms: "How wonderful to think that some day such a child may be—us."

Linda had raised the significance of the pronoun altogether. She had blushed, as was perfectly proper, and whispered "Yes—ours."

"More than that—us," he had insisted.

Her lips had lifted confidently in a delicious Linda like way. "Or, your Uncle Abner—or my Aunt Jane," she laughed. "What terrible things ancestors are!"

He had noticed though that she kissed the baby very gently as she set it down.

The train was slow. It crawled. Mr. Penne felt an idiotic desire to get out and run. He opened his window wider and got a cinder in his eye. When he shut it the stuffiness became unbearable. He was afraid to close his eyes again. Nightmares are nasty things—people never looked like—like Linda had looked in that nightmare, do they? Not unless there has been something very, very serious—something much worse than collar bones or broken arms? Perhaps it was tonsils. Tonsils may happen to anyone. But no. He remembered casually asking Linda about her tonsils one day after reading an article on "Tonsils as a source of infection." Linda had laughed and opened a round pink mouth and showed a curled pink tongue. "Haven't got any," she declared. "never had." It wouldn't be tonsils.

What then?

A word jumped at him and he seized it eagerly. 'Appendicitis' Why, of course! Appendicitis is very sudden. That was why he hadn't known that anything was wrong. Perfectly healthy people have appendicitis. One moment they are quite all right and the next—hospital. It is quite simple and has nothing to do with the constitution, really. People who have it get well quickly and are better than ever before. He understood it all now. It quite explained the word 'immediate' in the telegram. The one thing about appendicitis is that you have to take it in time. That was why Jevons wouldn't let Linda wait. And perfectly right of Jevons. A stitch in time—heavens, had he made a pun? Was his brain going?

THE city at last—a taxi. Mr. Penne gave Linda's address as he sprang in. "And hurry up!" he said curtly. It was not his custom to tell a driver to hurry. He held that good citizens respected the framed notices in the taxis which requested that no driver be asked to disregard traffic rules. But to-day he did not think about being a good citizen. He wanted to get to the house as soon as possible. He wanted to see Linda on her pillows with her hair spread out—one recovers from appendicitis very quickly. Though he still hoped it might prove a collar bone.

He rang the door bell and fidgeted. There was a delay. And then the door was opened, not by the maid but by Linda's companion-help, Mrs. Piper. Mrs. Piper was dressed for going out. She looked white and worried. Her expression on seeing him was one of pure surprise. Mr. Penne found himself stammering.

"I—I have just heard of Miss Chelmsford's accident," he said. "Is she—has she returned home yet?"

"Home—yet" repeated Miss Piper in a thin blank voice. "How could she be? I am just going down to the hospital now. Will you come in?"

Her tone implied that she sincerely hoped Mr. Penne would not come in, but he found strength of mind to ignore it. He wasn't going to ask questions about Linda on the steps.

"How did the accident occur?" he asked, "Was Miss Chelmsford driving in traffic?"

"Accident?" Miss Piper had an annoying way of repeating his words. "It wasn't an accident. It was an operation. I thought you knew."

Mr. Penne let the broken collar bone go and parted reluctantly with the fractured arm.

"Appendicitis?" he asked calmly.

The answer seemed a little long in coming. Then, "No," said Miss Piper adding hurriedly, "I don't know just exactly what they call it. But it's more than that, Mr. Penne. I'm going down to the hospital now."

Mr. Penne took a firm hold on himself.

"I have kept the taxi," he said. "We will go together."

When they were seated in the car he managed the conventional, "How is she?"

"They say she is doing nicely," said Miss Piper. "But one never knows. They always say that. They won't let me see her."

"But you are going to see her now?"

"No. I don't expect to. But I shall see the nurse. Though you can't tell much from nurses either. They say what the doctors tell them."

Evidently Miss Piper had no opinion of doctors. Mr. Penne found his own opinion hardening.

"I can't understand Jevons," he declared. "I can't understand why I had no warning of this. Miss Chelmsford was in perfect health ten days ago."

"She didn't show anything—much," agreed Miss Piper, "but, of course, there were those terrible weak spells and the pain in the back of her head."

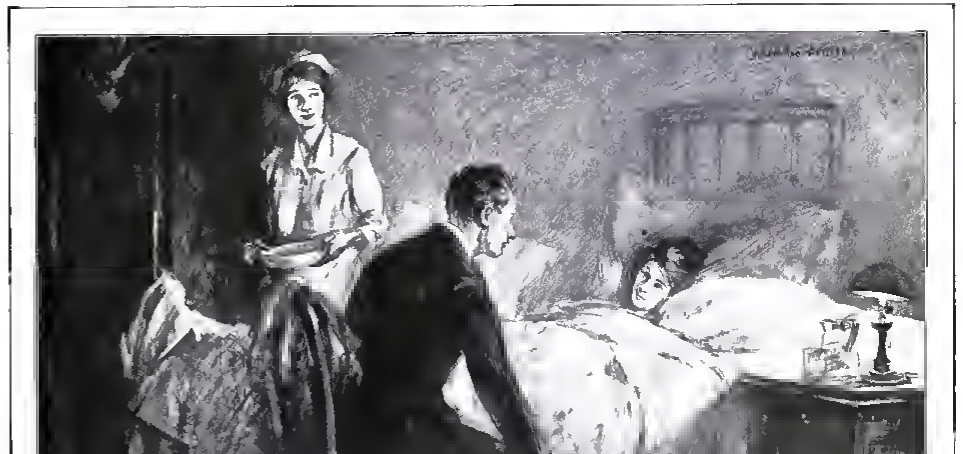
Mr. Penne was conscious of a tightening of the nerves.

"She never spoke," he said, "of a pain in the back of her head."

"She couldn't think from me," Miss Piper's voice held a wild triumph. "Dr. Jevons wanted something done months ago. But she wouldn't hear of it. Then a week Monday when she was to have met you for lunch and had that blasting spell instead, she was so bad afterwards that I expect she got frightened."

"Sorry to have missed you Monday"—the words of the night letter flashed before Mr. Penne like living things.

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A very weak voice—"Kit!—Oh, my dear!" No words at all from Mr. Penne.

Voted Greatest Living Canadian

MacLean's readers give first place to Dr. F. G. Banting, discoverer of insulin. Saunders, Borden and Foster are placed next in order

IN THE opinion of a majority of *MacLean's* readers who answered the question "Who is the greatest living Canadian?" Dr F G Banting discoverer of insulin is that man. Letters received since the last issue appeared have not altered the ranking than published Dr Charles E Saunders to whom Canada owes the gift of Marquis wheat is the nominee of the second largest group Sir Robert Borden comes third, and Sir George Foster fourth.

It is significant that Drs Banting and Saunders—two scientists the one in medicine the other in agriculture—should head the list Neither of these men has attained prominence in politics neither of them has made the accumulation of riches his goal neither of them accumulate the power that comes to the successful politician or financier but both of them have wrested new knowledge from Nature which makes life more livable in Canada or in the world for that matter If the letters received are representative—and there is every reason to believe they are—it is obvious the Canadian mind is that of service, as opposed to personal aggrandisement a striking valuation to come from a people contented at every turn by the starkly material.

One other point Letter after letter commends Banting and Saunders for refusing to leave Canada in order to assure themselves of large financial returns Canadians it would seem admire most those who elect to stay in their own country and devote their genius to its service.

More than sixty other names, in addition to the four mentioned were submitted They included

Sir Arthur Currie Rt Hon W S Fielding Rt Hon Arthur Meighen Sir George E Foster, Premier King Hon George P Graham, Henry Wise Wood, Sir Robert Borden, Lord Beaverbrook Hon J A Robb Hon Charles A Dunning, Canon F G Scott Sir Henry Thornton Herman Trelle, Canon H J Cody Ralph Connor, Jack Miner E W Beatty John W Dafoe J R. Dougall Miss Corman Charles G D Roberts Wilson Macdonald James Woodsworth T B Macaulay Alfred Fitzpatrick Senator Dandurand, W S Stant Honorable W R Metherwell Dr Angus Mackay, George Young Abbe Casgrain, Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes, John L McNamee W F Nickle Sir Herbert Holt Judge Emily Murphy John Pringle Honorable R B Bennett Pat Burns Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux, Lieutenant Colonel John Bayne MacLean Honorable H H Stevens, Honorable Robert Cook Robert W, Service C W Jefferys, Excpriate Tommy Holmes V C, Sir William Mulock, Sir Robert Falconer Rev Doctor Chown Dr Maurice Seymour and Agnes Macphail

Readers letters dealing with twenty five of this number appeared in *MacLean's* May 1 and May 15 issues Five dollars has been paid to the writer of each letter published The final selection of letters is presented below

Dr F. G Banting

I BELIEVE Dr F G Banting to be the greatest living Canadian because

By his discovery of insulin he has saved the lives of a vast and ever increasing number of sufferers from diabetes and prevented the economic loss their illness and death would have caused

His discovery was not for Canada alone but for the whole world His discovery is not of temporary value but of value for all time.

There is no hurt to anyone by his work However great soldiers sailors, statesmen and politicians may be their triumphs are other men's losses Dr Banting's discovery is a gain to all

Most other men of this generation will be forgotten but posterity will never forget Dr Banting —T L Gillespie, East Kelowna, British Columbia.

Dr Charles E Saunders

IN MY opinion Dr Charles E Saunders is the greatest living Canadian because

In working assiduously for the improvement of Canadian wheat he discovered Marquis wheat He has directed and advised the men who have made Canada the granary of the world. His work has enormously increased the earning power of the wheat farmer and made available for settlement countless acres of land otherwise of little value. Increased yields have meant increased prosperity for the nation its railroads its ports and its manufacturing industries. His work has a bearing direct or indirect, on the life of every one of Canada's nine million people—A C. Holmon 1208 11th Ave West, Calgary, Alta

Dr F G Banting

I NOMINATE Dr. Banting, Toronto, as the greatest living Canadian, because

He has added something to the store-house of human knowledge

He has alleviated pain and distress.

He has helped to conquer a dreaded disease.

He has given his knowledge to the world gratuitously

He still seeks quietly and meritoriously to conquer other of mankind's ailments

Because such a man is worth to Canada in every way is priceless and immeasurable and because his service to mankind is comparable to Pasteur Lister and others.

—Kathleen Healey 14 William Street, Kingston, Ontario

Dr Charles E. Saunders

THROUGH the development of Marquis wheat about 1909 Charles Saunders literally made possible the development of the Prairie Provinces. He short growing period and early maturity banished the spectre of frozen crops from the limited area then under cultivation and added millions of acres to the Canadian wheat belt Furthermore Marquis wheat established Canada's reputation as a producer of hard red spring wheat and gave to the world a new standard of quality which has never yet been excelled

Belatedly granted an inadequate pension by the Government, forgotten by his own generation and unknown to the rising one, show me another living Canadian whose contribution as have influenced materially as many lives or meant more from the national standpoint than those of Charles Saunders —D L Bailey, 736 Somerset Ave, Fort Garry, Winnipeg



Acclaimed the two greatest living Canadians. Left Dr. F G. Banting, discoverer of insulin. Right Dr. C E. Saunders originator of Marquis wheat

Dr F G Banting

I CONSIDER Dr F G Banting to be the greatest living Canadian.

The discovery of insulin by Dr Banting brought to a successful culmination a long series of researches having as their object the relief or cure of diabetes one of the most dreaded diseases of man. Thanks to Dr Banting's patience and skill, sufferers for whom formerly there was nothing but despair and death, may now hope and live. In medical annals this discovery marks an epoch yet his world-fame as a scientist is further enhanced by his unselfishness in giving his discovery to be used freely for the benefit of humanity without thought of pecuniary reward for himself —Myra MacLean, 83 Wellington St., St Catharines

Dr Charles E Saunders

I CONSIDER Dr Charles E Saunders the greatest living Canadian because he is the inventor of Marquis wheat— the man who made two blades of grass or two grains of corn grow where only one grew before Dr Saunders, with two sons, toiled for years to produce wheat to withstand cold and drought, and which would have quality and quantity He succeeded Now Canada is becoming not only the granary of the British Empire but the granary of the world Thanks to him, men can go forward in spite of Nature and room has been made for Canadian homes in the limitless North where he has opened new sources of inexhaustible wealth —Lawrence F Jones, 87 Strathcona Avenue, Ottawa Ontario.

F W Beatty

I BELIEVE Edward Wentworth Beatty is the greatest living Canadian Born in Thornhill, Ontario, Mr Beatty attained the high position of president of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the age of forty-one His administrative talents and exertive ability have proved more than equal to the demands of the position and his statesmanlike grasp of Canada's peculiar problems, and his utterances thereon have given him a high place in the national life of the Dominion He is filling a big job—probably the biggest of its kind in the world—Mrs Arthur Dickie, Centreville, Nova Scotia

Charles G D Roberts

TO CHARLES G D ROBERTS belongs the undisputed honor of being the Inaugurator of the First Renaissance in Canadian Literature In his first volume of poems there was recognized a technical quality unparalleled in the works of previous poets. This distortion of verse marked a significant era in Canadian poetry Although political social, and commercial leaders play a great part in the life of Canada, yet as a young nation wholly without a classical background in literature I think he who is greatest among us does most to give us a national literature For that reason I nominate Dr Roberts as the greatest living Canadian —Miss Eleanor Blakeman 33 Wrenson Road, Toronto

Pushing Back Canada's Sky Line

Stripping the 'mystery' from Mystery Mountain proves a hazardous undertaking

By A. M. NOTT

NEW horizons in Canada still await the first white man's gaze and some of the present day seekers of new horizons present just as romantic figures as ever those explorers whose achievements are tinged with the roseate glow of the historic past. It comes as a surprise that there are still comparatively large unexplored areas in Canada within fairly short distances of well established routes of travel Recently within about 150 miles of Vancouver a mighty mountain range has been discovered, with one of its great peaks even higher than the famous Mount Robson, the magnificent 13 000-foot monarch of the Canadian Rockies The story of the stripping of the mystery from 'Mystery Mountain' shows that the spirit of the pioneers of old still lives on

If another race than their fair share of adventure has fallen to the lot of Mr and Mrs Don Munday, of Vancouver, leaders of the party that explored Mystery Mountain perhaps it is because they have so often put themselves in the path of adventure All British Columbia thrilled two winters ago on hearing their tragedy-laden story of how at extreme risk to themselves, they carried a youth with a fractured skull up an icy precipice, down which he had plunged for 600 feet His life hung in the balance while they nursed him for weeks in an isolated cabin on a mountain-top, until he recovered sufficiently to be brought down the rough foot trail For her very considerable part in this hazardous rescue Mrs Munday received the only Bronze Cross ever awarded in Canada by the Girl Guides. It is granted only for outstanding valor in life-saving

Single-handed Munday rescued another too-venturesome youth whose plunge down a cliff had been miraculously checked on a ledge at the very brink of the final abyss. Mountaineers called it a fine bit of work, but he discussed with a casual "I wasn't particularly dangerous" This view seems to be held only by him, however

Vancouver climbers are frequently called upon to search for lost or injured hikers in the mountains overlooking the city and Mr and Mrs. Munday are always among the first to respond. They lived for three years on a mountain top and often completed the work of rescue before news of the need for it got down to the city. Mrs Munday was the first woman to reach the top of Mount Robson, and last summer was one of the pair of women who were the first of their sex to scale the great Mount Geikie in Jasper Park.

The interest of the Mundays in Mystery Mountain was aroused by a trip made to Mount Arrowsmith Vancouver Island, with a friend, T H Ingram, who in view of his advancing years intended it to be a farewell trip to the mountains On the summit, an hour of crystal clarity of atmosphere revealed the seaward peaks of the Coast Range for 200 miles, rising in a glittering rampart for seven eight and nine thousand feet or more above the wide, violet moat of Georgia Strait Nearly 150 miles away to the north one lofty summit seemingly overtopped all its fellows visible at the time The mapmakers knew it not, so here adventure beckoned!

Seeking this monarch of far horizons three months later up Bute Inlet, they failed to identify the alluring peak with certainty among many big peaks Even to these veteran alpinists the trip brought new thrills and hardships. Not the least unusual of their experiences was that of being marooned for two days without drinking water on the precipitous shore of lonely Bute Inlet, owing to hostile Indians damaging the boat and engine of the white trapper who had landed the climbing party Fortunately for them the somewhat battered trapper Jack MacPhee was able to make his way to the only other white resident within twenty five miles and together they rescued the explorers after Indians passing in their boats had refused help on any terms. This sudden hostility of the Homalko Indians toward all whites arose from a determined attempt to stop the farmer's illegal visitations of fisheries regulations A patrol boat was fired on from ambush shortly this time



Mystery Mountain, British Columbia

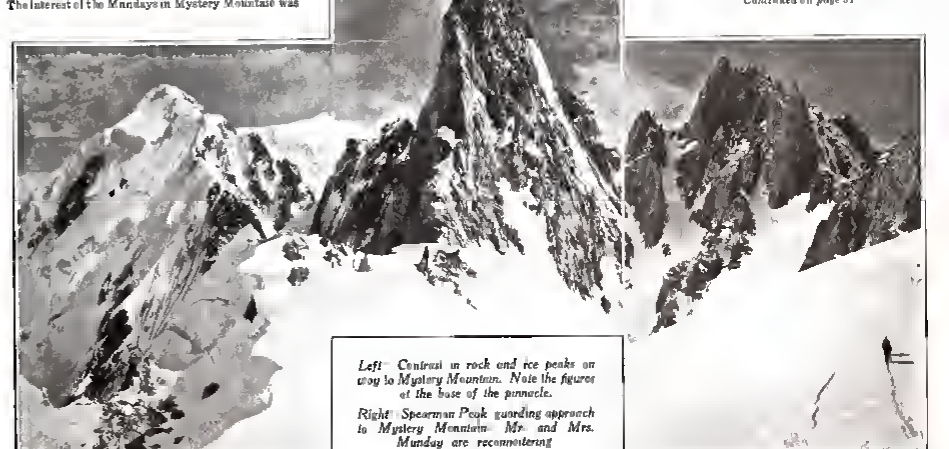
While pathfinding ahead of the party on this expedition, Munday suddenly emerged on a windy ridge commanding an awe-inspiring view for thirty miles up the 6 000-foot gorge of the Homalko River. The vista was closed by huge glaciers of a range of rock and ice peaks ten to eleven thousand feet high But above them rose a still more distant dagger tipped peak in unchallenged supremacy. Interest in the unknown mountain which had lured them north, naturally turned to this new monarch, now known to be the apex of the Coast Range

Mr and Mrs Munday were not inflicted to accept the task challenge Both are veterans in exploratory climbing When it seemed probable that Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Foster would be unable to go on the Mount Logan expedition, it was Munday whom the Vancouver section of the Alpine Club of Canada nominated as his substitute Once on a difficult 8,000-foot winter ascent of a virgin British Columbia peak Mrs Munday reached the top in a blizzard, although two men turned back far below the summit.

Than it was that in the spring of 1926 Mr and Mrs Munday made an adventurous trip to get outfitting information about the Homalko Valley in company with their trapper friend MacPhee, whose hospitable cabin became the Mystery Mountain expedition's headquarters

For many years a huge log jam had barred the Homalko River four miles from its mouth, but they surprised the oldtimers by taking a small boat through 'Pitchfork Gap', a surging twisted channel, bristling with splintered timber It is a wild mountain river in a wild land, but at this time it was well

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Left Contrast in rock and ice peaks on way to Mystery Mountain. Note the figures at the base of the pinnacle.

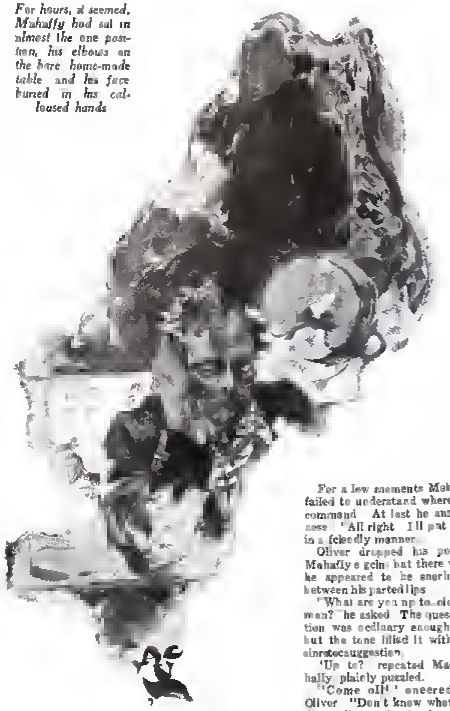
Right Spearman Peak guarding approach to Mystery Mountain Mr and Mrs. Munday are reconnoitering

Handcuffed!

Fear and hate, born of the haunting solitudes of the north, provoke a tragic sequel in the lives of three men

By JOHN HUGH REGAN

Illustrated by A. C VALENTINE



For hours, it seemed, Mahaffy had sat in almost the one position, his elbows on the bare home-made table and his face buried in his calloused hands

FROM where he lay Chesney could watch old man Mahaffy at the table and Oliver in his bunk. For hours, now it seemed, Mahaffy had sat in almost the one position, his elbows upon the bare home-made table, his face buried in his calloused hands. At intervals a peculiar little sound escaped him—part sigh, part quench indrawing of breath—and he straightened in his chair and his eyes darted to the bunks of his two partners, who were apparently fast asleep. Satisfied Mahaffy would then return to his former position. The light from the lamp—only a few inches away—made the canned-hair patch upon the crown of his head glisten, and turned the gray in his hair, not very noticeable by day, into gleaming threads.

Things had been bad enough between the three men before Mahaffy had taken to sitting at the table most of the night, and Chesney realized that they could not go on indefinitely as they were; that sooner or later something would happen; and he cursed his luck in picking two comrades like Mahaffy and Oliver for partners. If only he could get shut of them!

Chesney turned slightly, and the bunk creaked beneath him. Instantly his eyes closed—and he breathed deeply. After a time he knew that satisfied or not, Oliver was no longer looking at him, and cautiously opened his eyes—Mahaffy had not changed his position, and Oliver had returned to watching the old man.

It seemed to Chesney that Oliver's almost unblinking watch of Mahaffy was sinister; that his eyes gleamed evilly. Chesney wondered what was in his mind. For God's sake why didn't he turn over and go to sleep? Why didn't Mahaffy get into his bunk? Why couldn't he go to sleep himself? What was happening to them?

Except for an occasional movement of the heavy blocks of wood in the heater as they burned and Mahaffy's infrequent sigh, the silence was profound. Even the cattle in the nearby ravine were unusually quiet. Once a coyote howled, but there was no answering chorus, and as if abashed at his temerity in disturbing so perfect a silence, he howled no more.

The clock seemed to tick very loudly: 'tick-tock, tick-tock.' A Mouse commenced to gnaw, and the sound rasped Chesney's nerves. He knew that it had the same effect upon Oliver; saw his body twitch beneath the blankets. Just then Mahaffy gave his peculiar sigh—and a second later Oliver was on the floor. His thick long hair was all awry, and his eyes gleamed wildly. He pointed to the lamp.

'Put that damned thing out!'

For a few moments Mahaffy appeared dazed, as if he failed to understand where he was or to grasp Oliver's command. At last he answered with surprising meekness: 'All right. I'll put it out,' and smiled at Oliver in a friendly manner.

Oliver dropped his pointing finger, and returned Mahaffy's grin; but there was nothing friendly about it, he appeared to be snarling—his teeth showed white between his parted lips.

'What are you up to—old man?' he asked. The question was ordinary enough but the tone lifted it with sinister suggestion.

'Up to?' repeated Mahaffy plainly puzzled.

'Come off!' sneered Oliver. 'Don't know what I'm talking about, don't you?'

Mahaffy stood up slowly. He was a tall man, taller than Oliver, and much more powerfully built and although his partners called him old, he was old only in comparison to their youth, being not more than forty-five.

'What's eating you, Jack?' he inquired mildly.

'You can't bull me,' retorted Oliver. 'What are you figuring on doing old man? What are you working out in that old head of yours? Aiming to get me out of here?'

'Figuring on?' repeated Mahaffy.

'That's what I said,' snarled Oliver. 'You're aiming to make it so's I'll get fed up and get out, and leave all the stock, ain't you? And let me tell you,' he shouted, 'I'll see you in hell first!'

'You're crazy!'

'Come off!' sneered Oliver. 'You ain't fooling me any. I'm on to you. What are you getting up for, and sitting at the table with that damned lamp going pretty well all night? Just because you think it'll get my goat. And just to make sure I won't sleep you have to grunt every so often.'

Instead of flying into a rage as Chesney expected, Mahaffy seated himself again and then gotten evidently confounded. Oliver. Yet Chesney could see that he was not in the least convinced that he was wrong in his suspicions—he had the air of one baffled by a cunning he cannot fathom.

The older man's body appeared to sag. There was a drawn expression on his face, and he stared moodily before him. Presently he said:

'Maybe what you think of me you have been figuring on yourself.'

Oliver stared at Mahaffy for a moment without speaking. 'Eh?' he gasped at last.

'I said,' Mahaffy went on, the moodiness leaving him, 'that maybe you thought I was thinking those things because you was thinking them yourself. Maybe you want me to get out. You ain't been as friendly.'

'You're a liar!'

Chesney sat up, prepared to leap between them; but again Mahaffy behaved unaccountably. 'I ain't so sure. Maybe, maybe,' he returned in a quiet tone, as if the matter were of no importance. Then laughing a little he added: 'But I ain't going till I get good and ready. I'll go then.' And began to unlace his moccasins.

Mahaffy presently went to his bunk and Oliver suddenly glancing up saw Chesney looking on.

'Hello, Reg!' he said. 'Seen all you expected?'

Chesney could see that Oliver was prepared to quarrel. 'Better go to bed, Jack,' he advised.

"Don't get on friendly all at once," scoffed Oliver. 'Why have you been lying a-watching me? What's on your mind? What are you figuring on? Think I can't see? There's the pair of you at it. You're figuring on something.'

'You're crazy!' said Chesney, startled that Oliver should suspect him.

'Crazy or not, you won't find me so easy if you want to start anything,' Oliver warned.

CHESNEY was awake next morning before the alarm clock rang, and lay thinking over the events of the previous night—which now seemed to him to be hovering on the edge. Here were the three of them, each suspecting the other. He resolved that he, at least, would give his partners no cause for suspecting him further; he would do his best to get back to the old footing.

It was Mahaffy's week to get up first, to see that the heater was functioning properly and to prepare breakfast. As soon as the fire was roaring Chesney slid to the floor. Mahaffy was already sitting by the stove stirring blankly before him, and Chesney pulled a chair close and sat down without breaking the silence. At last he ventured:

'Anything wrong, Pete?'

Mahaffy straightened himself with a jerk, and the pained look in his eyes was disconcerting. Yet a moment later he smiled. It was a kindly smile, reassuring; certainly not the smile of one who was plotting. Chesney thought a smile conveying embarrassment at being discovered in an act of weakness more than anything else. 'No,' he replied. Then asked the faintest trace of anxiety in his voice: 'What made you think so?'

'Just the way you were sitting, I guess.'

Mahaffy laughed, but not convincingly. 'That ain't nothing.' As if disinclined for further conversation he got up, and began to make a fire in the cook-stove.

Shortly afterward Oliver, obviously in the bad temper that was usual with him now, took the empty chore. The fire did not please him, and he opened the door of the ash-pit to increase the draught, and a little ash fell out upon the floor. It was Mahaffy's duty to empty the pan, and Oliver began to curse; not at Mahaffy directly, but in a manner that left no doubt at whom his curses were aimed. Mahaffy, however, took the pan away without a word.

'I wonder what's come over him?' Chesney remarked to Oliver. 'That ain't like him to take what you said, and not come back at you.'

'He's got something up his sleeve,' Oliver replied. 'Let's go to the barn,' said Chesney impatiently.

There was not a breath of air stirring outside, but it was piercing cold; so cold that for a moment Chesney caught his breath, and his skin tingled as if stung by numberless ducts. When he drew out the peg that held the stable door closed, a cloud of vapor, warm with animal heat issued from the building.

Oliver hung the lantern on a post at the end of a stall and began to clear the mangers, while Chesney took a seat on the oat-bin and rolled a cigarette.

'Say Jack,' he began.

'Yep.'

'I believe Pete cooks.'

'Sick!' exclaimed Oliver contemptuously.

'I'm sure of it,' persisted Chesney. 'He used to act like he is acting now. You know that. This getting up at eight and making those funny noises, and running his hands over his head.'

'He's doing that on purpose,' said Oliver stubbornly. 'I've told you that before. He's out to get my goat.'

Chesney treated the answer as if it were a joke. 'You don't believe that, Jack. You know old Pete isn't a bad sort. You used to like him well enough—well enough to come in with us on this cattle business.'

'I wish I'd hocked the money first,' Oliver declared bitterly. 'But I ain't going to be driven out—he done out of my share.'

'No one's trying to do you out of your share. I guess old Pete knows you well enough not to try anything like that.'

Oliver came to the end of the stall and faced Chesney, his expression sullen, bitter and suspicious. 'Say, what's the idea?' he inquired. 'What are you up to now? What are you trying to put over? You've been hating me like hell, both me and Pete. Now you're coming the soft stuff. What's the big idea?'

'I ain't got no idea.'

Chesney returned. 'I don't hate you and I don't hate Pete. You're crazy to think the way you do. I'll tell you this though, being shut away from everybody is sending us all crazy.'

'I ain't crazy.' Oliver's tone implied that he only was normal.

'I didn't say you was,' Chesney replied, disregarding the implication. 'It's getting on your nerves though. It's making all of us imagine things. Why, I began to think that you was trying to work up some scheme to get me.'

'Me!' cried Oliver startled.

'Oh, I got over it all right,' said Chesney. 'I don't fancy that no more. But why should you think that way of old Pete?'

'It's the way he acts. I've seen you watching him, too, and looking as if you'd like to hit him over the head.'

'That's before I knew he was sick.'

'Sick!' sneered Oliver again, but with less conviction.

Chesney continued more hopefully: 'Look here, Jack. Let's try and get him to town and see a doctor. It don't matter if he was—if anything was to happen to him out here.'

'How are you going to make him go?' asked Oliver, weakening. He wouldn't go ill he knew what he was going for.

'I'll fix him some way. You leave that to me. You go with him, and maybe the two of you will have a good time in town afterwards. Then maybe I'll go for a spell. That's what we need—to go away and have a good time. We'll get over this stuff of suspecting each other then.'

Chesney could see that the idea appealed to Oliver. 'How are you going to make old Pete go?' he inquired again.

'You leave that to me,' replied Chesney. 'I'll come right back here for you after I've cleared the waterhole, and we'll go back to the shack together, and I'll talk to him. Maybe you can help, and then he'll see that we both want him to go; that neither of us want to do him any dirt.'

'All right. Go to it,' said Oliver, still doubtful but Chesney could see that he was secretly excited at the thought of going away.

The cold seemed more penetrating than ever to Chesney after the damp warmth of the stable. At first he had difficulty in following the narrow trail that wound through the slender poplars with which the sides of the ravine were clothed, but as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he went on more surely. Arriving at the bottom of the cavine he walked through the cattle which lumbered clumsily to their feet at his approach. Chesney felt a glow of pride that they were partly his, and the slow quietness of them was soothing to him after the ceaseless jangling in the cabin. 'I'll only mess were as peaceful as cattle,' he thought.

A heavy poplar log lay beside the water-hole, and to this was driven the axe used to free the hole of ice. It was a double-edged axe with a long, straight handle. One of the edges was sharp while the other, that used for chopping the ice, was comparatively dull. Wrenching the blade from the log, Chesney cleared the hole, and forced the fragments of ice beneath the surface of the water for the swift current of the creek to sweep away, then drove the axe into the log again. The handle, when released, vibrated like a taut wire.

Wheeling, Chesney turned toward the barn, and when he had climbed the ravine could see, far to the south east, signs of the coming dawn. He was not an imaginative man, but the flashing colors reaching upward, engaged, it seemed, in combat with the apparently overwhelming mass of blackness overhead, stirred something in him akin to awe and for a moment the sight humbled him. Then the dawn seemed to him an augury, everything was going to come out all right yet, and he went on his way whistling again, hungry for his breakfast.

Oliver was waiting at the stable, and the two went on together. The path broadened as it neared the shack and close to the building the snow was tramped hard so that, as they approached the door, they were able to walk abreast. There unexplained feet made no sound.

Oliver turned the handle of the door noiselessly and, followed by Chesney, stepped into the shack. Within, stood Mahaffy. As if paralyzed he stared at his partners. There was a little box nailed to the wall at about the height of a man's head, in which were kept a few simple horse medicines and among the bottles was one containing gopher poison. This bottle Mahaffy was in the act of either taking down or of replacing.

Fear, confusion, defiance, guilt, and at last cunning came and went in his face. His hand clutched the bottle as if he was unable to relax his grip. Then he broke the spell that held them all by grinning. It was weak and inane, and he said:

'Well, what're you sticking there for?' His tongue was thick in his mouth as that his tone was unnatural.

Without answering Oliver went to his bunk and from beneath the sack of hay which formed his pillow, took a revolver. His face was pale and drawn lines had come about his mouth.

Continued on page 53



Oliver had listened as if his eyes would start from his head. "I 'me't got nothing to hide" he declared impetuously

As clearly as he could now and then prompted by a question—Chesney told all he knew

Our New Tariff Chairman

As author, publisher, lawyer, agriculturist and railway magnate, William Henry Moore is a man of many parts

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IN THE foyer of Hart House Theatre, Toronto, there is a photograph of the actor Bourchier as the detective in a play called La Ville Rose. At first glance I thought it was a portrait of W. H. Moore chairman of the Tariff Board in Ottawa. There was the same broad face, large head, sloping brow, tilted smile and penetrative glint of the eye from behind an inscrutable mask only the mask of the actor was less subtle than the one usually worn by the chief priest of the Tariff in Canada.

For a few years I used to hear Moore talk about three times a week. He was always smoking. He could visit half a dozen offices a morning, each with a different sample of the old-fashioned habit of arguing for its own sake. Those who agreed with him were still people; those who differed must be made to agree. With his boots on a desk or leaning over a chair-back, he smoked and talked, seeing the world as a vast, bewildering show.

In one office he may have built up a thesis of pure optimism. In the next he might prove that the particular business meshed used by those in charge was fundamentally wrong. In the next he might argue that no matter how hopelessly one might contend for a reasonable solution of a problem, no such solution could be found.

"Don't you see how the whole business of conventional thinking comes down in this case like a child's house of blocks?" he would say, as he swept the whole edifice away with an amused grin, grabbed his stick and thumped out of the room, down to his motor which he never drove himself, to spend the rest of the day being very practical.

Of all problems in Canadian politics the tariff is most like the man who lost his donkey by trying to please everybody. Maybe the elusive tariff has at last met its match.

To a few Canadians Moore is best known as an author. He is not to the Canadian Authors' Association. He has written three books. His first, *The Clash*, was written during the first excitement over Regulation 17, and was not intended to be diplomatic. I reviewed the book for the Canadian Courier of which Moore was then the financial backer—with the comment that it was a fine brief for the French Canadian and, therefore, a poor judgment on the question. He took it as a compliment. An expert in practical diplomacy, he did not care to be the judge of one's pertinacity, large minority containing as many of his friends.

I often wondered why he never learned to sing the *chansons gaudrières*. The Clash helped to keep Moore from getting an ultimate Cabinet portfolio.

Son of a Baptist preacher, part of Moore's boyhood was spent in the town of Blenheim, Ontario, near which is Shrewsbury, an allotment of the Chatham negro colony founded in 1831. Moore always has been interested in black men. For years he had a black sphinx door-man at the Canadian Northern, whom once he financed as editor of a little Negro paper. His sympathies are always with the underdog.

When Gipsy Smith first came to Canada with his weird song-sermon revivals, Moore spent half an hour one morning discussing the evangelist.

Why, I could swap with Gipsy Smith, over people who want to get to heaven," protested the secretary of the Canadian Northern Railway, who yesterday might have been conferring with Sir William Mackenzie on a new line from somewhere to nowhere in Canada.

He once had a series of Hindu janitors in whose studies he took a keen personal interest. He had a high regard for the ensemble of these brown men, and he often talked about the magnificent fatality of sixty million white folk in the British Empire trying to manage the eternal affairs of the other four hundred millions. He loved to contemplate paradoxes.

Keen Student of Economics

WELL—the Tariff awaits him.

At the University of Toronto he once was lecturer in political science. He graduated in '94, a year ahead of the present Premier of Canada. Both these tariff experts were among the first students of political science under Prof. Ashley. Tariffs at that time must have seemed as fantastic to this young visionary as Tories were to Mackenzie King.

As one regular preacher in a family was enough, Moore chose law. His first shingle hung out in the block next the old Toronto Street Railway office, near the



WILLIAM HENRY MOORE.

inscription Boston and Moore. As a criminal lawyer he would have made a hobby of hanging penitentiaries empty. The law to him was simply a curiosity, to be investigated—like a tariff.

Early in his career he took up a side line as the first editor of Gagnier's *Cigar* and *Tobacco Journal*.

An early expert with the scissors and the paste pot and the wicked weed" said the consumer of a hundred thousand cigars, who has always been a votary of the pipe.

Later he was assistant editor of the *Monetary Times*, and in 1894 he became the first and only secretary of a corporation that no financial paper could ever reduce to common dimensions—the Canadian Northern Railway. The Canadian Northern Railway was spreading its tentacles at that time up the Saskatchewan Valley from Winnipeg and down it from Edmonton.

"I suppose you know Billy Moore?" I asked Charles Cross, Attorney-General, when I met him in Edmonton in 1907, soon after the fur-town became capital of Alberta.

Da I?" Cross gave a gloating smile. "Yes, I've met a good many clever lawyers, but I never knew one that could sew up a municipality as tight as Moore did this one over the Canadian Northern deal."

The secretary of the Canadian Northern Railway was then a lean young man whom no Mackenzie and Mann trail ever could tire. He grew up with the system. He knew every item in its abnormal psychology—even William Mackenzie. At the game of railroading in adversity Moore discovered that any man is inherited party politics was a vain thing for safety.

In the latest *Morgan* he is set down as a member of the Albany Club, but not as a Conservative. But if ever I knew a Liberal who could assimilate the fine points of Tories, Radicals, Progressives, Ultramontanes, Freemasons and hucking bronchos, it was W. H. Moore. He could talk with passionate enthusiasm to any politician when for the time being old party lines all ran over the Canadian Northern. Mackenzie found the money. Mann built the roads. Hanna managed the lines. Moore managed the politicians, whose prime business sometimes was to see that governments guaranteed the bonds without which loans, roads and lines were impossible.

At that time Moore became well acquainted with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who to him was not only a great personality, but the golden gate to Quebec. It was part of his program for the Canadian Northern Railway now and then to argue before the Quebec Legislative Assembly in French. The members always rose gravely when he spoke. But his knowledge of Quebec was much more intimate than he could get from any crowd. He could talk to a curé about his flock as fervently as to an avocat about the rights of the Quebec minority, or to an Ontario minister about Regulation 17. He was on as good terms with Godefroy Langlois, who, in his *Le Pays*, was the enemy of bishop-ridden schools, as he was with Sir Lomer Gouin, the great friend of bishops. Langlois became friendly the moment I mentioned the name of Billy Moore; so did Gouin, so did Aime Geoffrion, Rodolphe Forget, Madame Martin—all with varying angles of interest. So did others whose names I have forgotten, the kids judge from the small town down near the border, the red-nosed boy never alderman hoist to grand seigneur as-Mayor Armand Lavergne was the only French Canadian I met who seemed critical of Moore. At Lavergne's summer home on a Sunday afternoon I heard an excited pow-wow in French led by a fiery avocat from the Cabinet who, the moment the name of Moore was mentioned broke into a broad smile repeating the name Billy Moore with obvious affection as he began to speak in English.

To all and sundry in Quebec, except extreme Nationalists, Moore was the big brother from the Anglo-Saxons, who sat behind the mask of common business into the *camaraderie* of bigger things. Hence there emerged The Clash which with all its prejudices is a glowing book of romantic history.

A Hectic Career

DURING his period with Markeaux and Mann, Moore also was an active official of the Toronto Street Railway, one of the many allshoots of the Canadian Northern Railway, along with ore from Moose Mountain, Ontario metals in Ungava and coal in Nanaimo, British Columbia. For years he was manager of the York Radials running out of Toronto; and he was president of the first automobile company in Toronto. No man in Canada has had quite as hectic a life. The fixed ideas of yesterday became the explosions of to-morrow, when Mackenzie wanted as much of the earth as possible for his railroads. Banks, parliament, cabinets, boards of trade, manufacturers' associations, newspapers, city councils, low courts, labor unions, immigration agencies and elections were to him so many helps or hindrances to new lines. Moore was the one man expected to co-relate these things—for he had his troubles. He probably thanked heaven for a tireless, big body, a nimble brain, and a sense of humor in predicaments. So many things about the Mackenzie epic were so obviously paradoxes—and predicaments.

Yet his chief interest, when at home, was among his books and it was his great delight to hold after-midnight symposiums from which one could never feel sure as the

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Slain huddled dead and wounded alike, leaving the mopping up to those who followed.

Gas and Glory

Concerning a famous gas-mask raid and the heroism of Private Lemuel Bolster

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by G. H. CHARLES

OF THE four battalions of the —th Brigade of Canadian Infantry the "Raspberries" were the last to gauge the trench-system opposite—but when they did get around to it, precautions and conditions were such that they not only shook the enemy's morale but made short hail a page of military history. Their commanding officer a thirst for glory and hostile blood was not so sudden as it appeared to be. It was in reality the result of nights and days of uneasy consideration. The fact is, our Lieutenant-Colonel Bingle was no fire-eater—but he had been painfully conscious for weeks past, of the growing impatience of his officers and other ranks, and of the increasing dullness of the inquiring glances of the slightly pretrukerent eyes of the general officer commanding the—th Brigade.

"It has to be done," he decided, and straightway he called upon the brigadier in his new trench-coat and best pair of boots.

"Sir, I feel that my lads are now ready to show their mettle," he said, advancing his chest.

"Huh!" returned the brigadier. "Hmm!"

"They have proved their steadiness to my complete satisfaction," continued Bingle. "I feel that we should now be afforded an opportunity to show our dash. A chance is all I ask, sir."

The G.O.C. opened his mouth—but nothing came of it. His round eyes clouded and—at the same time—appeared to recede. His expression was of baffled bewilderment, as if something that had long been hot in his heart, ripening for utterance, no longer applied. He gagged, and shut his mouth, and smiled feebly, and Bingle fastently produced and spread a map and began to point and explain at top speed. He continued to point and explain and expound for twelve full minutes.

"Go to it," said the brigadier.

Thus it happened that five officers and fifty other ranks of the Raspberries were excused four days of a tour in the front line, and devoted that time to rehearsing a raid over taped ground, under the eye of an expert from the brigade staff. This was no new thing, though it was new to them. Odium had instituted this scientific method away back in November 1915.

Private Lemuel Bolster was one of the chosen and transcendently. In civil life and a small town he had clerked for a retail tobacconist, and enjoyed a reputation for perspicacity. At the commencement of his military career he had wondered that a commission was not thrust upon him, for he was a snappy dresser and in England he had him a pipe and puzzled by the colonel's neglect to make a sergeant-major of him—and even now he sometimes asked himself why he was not even a corporal. If he had questioned others he might have learned something of the truth, which was that he was generally considered by equals and superiors alike to be a damned fool.

The fifty-five were all ready to go over and out, and into the hostile works. Our guns and bows light and heavy were preparing the way for them. Lem Bolster felt uncomfortable—as put it mildly. He would gladly have given a leg to be safe back behind the tobacconist's counter.

"What ails you, Lem?" asked the man on his right. "Shakin like a wet dog. Cold?"

"Who, me? I was laughin' to myself. Just thought of a good one."

"If you know anything to laugh about, let's hear it."

But something else was heard instead. Above the rushing and trundling and whining and grumbling of our shells—a sudden desperate frantic clanging and whanging arose along the trench and swelled to volume momentarily, as sentry after sentry hammered out the gas alarm. On went the masks, like winking.

"That's all for to-night anyhow, thanks God!" thought Lem.

He was vastly relieved. He thrilled with the sensation. He felt a throb of gratitude almost of affection for the projectors of the timely gas, the participants of the offensive operation. But he was reckoning without the colonel. The colonel was right there in the fire-trench on the spot and on the job, and despite the last that his head was in a respirator, his mind's eye continued to see the love of the brigadier. Inspiration came to him. Here was his chance! He saw it and he seized it. He dashed along the line of masked men, paused at every officer and at every non-com and grabbed him about him, pointed to the illuminated dial of his watch—and flourished a trench stick in the direction of the enemy. The dullest could not fail to get his meaning. The raid was to be launched and carried through as and when planned in spite of the gas.

Our guns lifted from the hostile wire and front line, to farther features of that intricate system of defence. The fifty-five went over. Lemuel Bolster hesitating, was assisted in the escalade of the parapet by a powerful sentry. So vigorous was that assistance that he landed on the other side on his hands and knees. Surprise and indignation jolted his heart even as the violent contact with the strip of earth between the parapet and wire jolted some other organs. What the Hell! A reid in the love of a gas attack? All wrong! Never been done before! And who was Bingle to take it upon himself to fly in the love of accepted military usage? Bingle. Preadrily Bingle! But he would step back in the trench, would Bingle! It was shameful. It was unjust. He, Lemuel Bolster would protest. He would return to the trench and go back beyond the gassed area and remove his gas mask and lift his voice in righteous protest. The sympathy of fifty of the fifty-five at least would be with

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MARSH LIGHTS

A crusty old curmudgeon was Lawyer Quercus Cottonby, but two lovers discover that you can't always judge a potato by its overcoat

By VICTOR LAURISTON

Illustrated by A. WYNNE CLARKE

AGAINST the sombre background of Quercus Cottonby's ancient law office Ruth Dahl glowed fair and sweet and young and lovable.

That sombre office at the head of the shadowy stair had housed lawyers for more than seventy years. Its very atmosphere was redolent of musty litigation.

Here the great Edward Rollestou, afterward member of the legislature and senator, had first hung out his shingle as a callow graduate. For two decades the impressive partnership of Rollestou, Graham, Shaw & Wand had carried on busy practice, had trained a flock of eager students of whom a youth named Cottonby was one, had defended notorious criminals still unforgotten, and had prepared briefs in cases that were fought to the privy council to establish new precedents. Here, later, the firm became Rollestou, Graham, Wand & Cottonby, and still later when Rollestou died outright, Wand and Cottonby carried on.

Now, Quercus Cottonby, a hard-faced man in his gray sixties, sat alone in an atmosphere of vanished days and mighty traditions, while the notorious criminals and rich lawsuits of these later times went elsewhere.

He wore a rusty black suit of ancient pattern, did Cottonby, a white collar very still and straight, a plain black tie quite shiny, hard and scrupulously clean. He was the only man in Carisford to wear a silk hat week days as well as Sundays.

Pettifogger! whispered the public. Hard as granite! Crooked as a dog's hind leg! Apt comparisons voiced in the street below likened Quercus Cottonby, in his gloomy office at the head of the shadowy stair, to a hungry, chattel mortgage shark lurking about financial reefs, or a rusty black spider spinning a tangled web for hapless flies.

This was his repute, when sweet-faced Ruth Dahl came to work for him, and to feel sorry for him—sorry for the lonely old man his imagination pictured behind the hard faced lawyer she actually knew.

She discovered a queer loneliness for the gloomy office that came to be part and parcel of her life. She loved the wide fireplace with their smoke from smouldering logs or crackling coal on a sharp winter day; the old walls, black with the grime and dust of seventy years; the walnut panellings still revealing, despite neglect, the rich, dark gleam of early days; the rounded doors of private offices from which the name-plates of great lawyers had vanished; the huge vault with its clanging heavy door and its musty pigeon-holes filled with yellowed documents.

Her glistening typewriter clunk-clunk her clattering machine her neat hair self furnished the sole hint of discordant newness. But when, at the close of a winter day she shunned her brown furs and paused before the little mirror, to a flash the diligent business girl was transformed into a great lady serenely beautiful against the rich, dark background of old and leisurely years.

"Ah!" breathed Cottonby, huskily. "Now, my dear, you fit into the picture." His hard old eyes grew dreamy, and Ruth Dahl questioned again if he were indeed the tight fisted, cold blooded oppressor even she had pictured him. She had still to learn how pitilessly calculating he was.

Her athletic soul had always inclined her to the salvage of things repellent. As a little girl, she had carried warty toads from the perilous, lighted sidewalks to the safety of grass and shadow; she had fed and fondled hedgehogging canines; she had tried to give a home to every homeless kitten. She had carefully planted and tended her mother's discarded geraniums, and rejoiced to see their glowing blossoms illumine an ugly corner. All his life fervently believed, was like that. She strove to see the best in the worst. So subconsciously, she persistently labored to find some good in Quercus Cottonby.

"My dear," said the old lawyer, frowning, "did Mrs. Mason pay her mortgage interest?"

"Yes, Mr. Cottonby."

"The payment was two weeks past due, you remember? There was seventeen cents interest on account."

Ruth made a wry face.

"That—that was paid, Mr. Cottonby." Which was true in a sense, after poor Mrs. Mason had gone with her tale of sickness and trouble, sympathetic Ruth, knowing her tight-fisted employer, had paid the seventeen cents out of her own purse.

"Oh," she told herself, still making excuses for Cottonby, "it's not his nature, but his training makes him hard. Has lived all these years just for his business. And he's good to me." So fighting her losing fight she defended Cottonby to herself. "Why, he never swears when I'm around."

So she went on making excuses for old Quercus Cottonby, till the affair of young Alec Grant revealed Cottonby just as he was.

THOUGH Ruth Dahl knew young Alec Grant by repute, she loved him without embarrassment. Her business assets included a superb aloofness—calculated to keep fast young men at a respectful distance.

She motioned Grant to a chair, and turned to summon Cottonby. Normally Cottonby made no haste to meet clients. This time, though, he had caught the client's name, and came stamping out of his private office.

"So," he began, "you're Alec Grant? And you've come to me—at last? I knew you would."

His tricky, gray eyes cunningly analyzed the dejected young man, who tried to smile back, and ended by staring at the floor.

"Come in here," commanded Quercus Cottonby.

The old lawyer, assisted by Ruth Dahl's facile calculations, spent a dreary hour analyzing young Alec Grant's financial tangle. At the end of it all he gripped the girl's penciled tabulation with taloned fingers, and gazed at young Grant across the old-fashioned walnut desk.

"Your problem," he said, surprisingly, "is anything but financial."

Grant vented a bitter laugh. "Not financial! When I'm fifty-five hundred in the hole, and the police court affair has brought my creditors down on me like a flock of buzzards!"

"I said it—not financial. You see the problem. Solve that, and the financial tangle will automatically straighten itself out. How much have you been making?"

"Close to six thousand a year."

"Six thousand, easy money. No one but yourself to keep—on a town like Carisford, where there's no costly diversions unless you unvent them. Six years at it, making more and more money all the time. You should have saved $20,000."

He referred to his tabulation.

"And you've saved nothing, or, to be exact, fifty-five hundred dollars less than nothing! Where has the money gone?"

Ruth Dahl could have told him. She heard all the gossip. There had been poker parties at the Carisford Club where sharp professionals fleeced again and again picked a young man who blandly insisted on playing for the game and not for the winnings. A joy-ride had ended with a $5,000 car hopelessly wrecked, and several people in the hospital—and, it whispers were correct, the car owner without question footing the bills. There had been orchids for Edith Elliott—hair, stately Edith Elliott who, after the episode of Policeman Penta, had promptly retired to the young man's diamond.

Cottonby referred witheringly to that incident. "Why," he rasped, "try to thrash a policeman twice your size?"

Grant shrugged his shoulders. He had refused to explain, had faced police court, had paid his fine, had gone his way unjustified in Carisford's eyes. But Cottonby persisted, so now the truth came out, reluctant, like a sore tooth.

"I just had to play the game, don't you see, Mr. Cottonby? I promised those fellows I'd stall off Penta while they made their getaway, and wouldn't squeal on them. I just had to keep my word."

After they got you into the game—oh? You know Ben Cedar is nothing but a bum. He'd have been sent down. So you stand up to a policeman twice your size, get beaten up, go into police court, pay a fine, keep your mouth shut, and open every other month in Carisford—all to save a drunken scoundrel who wouldn't be worth hanging if hemp cost nothing!"

"But I'd promised him—why, can't you see, Mr. Cottonby, I just had to play the game?"

Cottonby, rising acutely, clasped up and down the office.

"What a pity," he growled, "you didn't promise once in a while to do something worth doing. You make me tired, with your Idiotic heroism. D'you like to sell cars?"

"It's easy money—"

Quercus Cottonby sputtered. "Son, I promised Miss Dahl I'd take off work here. I wouldn't cuss—but when I think of the grandson of old Alec Grant—"

Ruth Dahl noticed that the grandson of old Alec Grant stared at the floor, and flushed.

Cars were easy to sell, he protested, and it meant big money if it calculated on a few years I'd save enough for what I really wanted to do.

Then haltingly he told what he wanted to do.

Back of the old Grant homestead on Lake Erie stretched a vast expanse of marsh. Fifty years ago the first Alec Grant had dreamed of a deep channel to the lake draining the marsh land. Up this channel ships would come to carry to Port Stanley and even to Toronto the products of thousands of acres reclaimed from marsh grass and bulrushes. The first Alec Grant had grown to manhood, had cut his deep channel, and built his wharves, had seen the rich muck-land grow huge crops. And then his son's death had shattered the old man's purposes.

"When I was a boy," said young Alec Grant, "I could see the old wharves rotting, the old channel silting up, and the wide acres going back to bulrushes and marsh grass. I could see myself growing to manhood, to finish what my grandfather began. Some day I will."

There was silence.

"But," said Grant at last, "is the one thing I want to do. There must be ditches and cross-cuts and dykes to shut out high water, and a pumping plant. It will cost thousands. That's why I've sold cars when I'd rather be on the land. Some day, when I get a few thousand ahead—"

"Some day," retorted Cottonby, "you'll—Ruth my dear—ahem!—will you please retire? I simply must cuss."

TEN minutes later, Ruth Dahl, returning, met a moody young man with bowed head emerging from Quercus Cottonby's office. The moody young man did not look up at her.

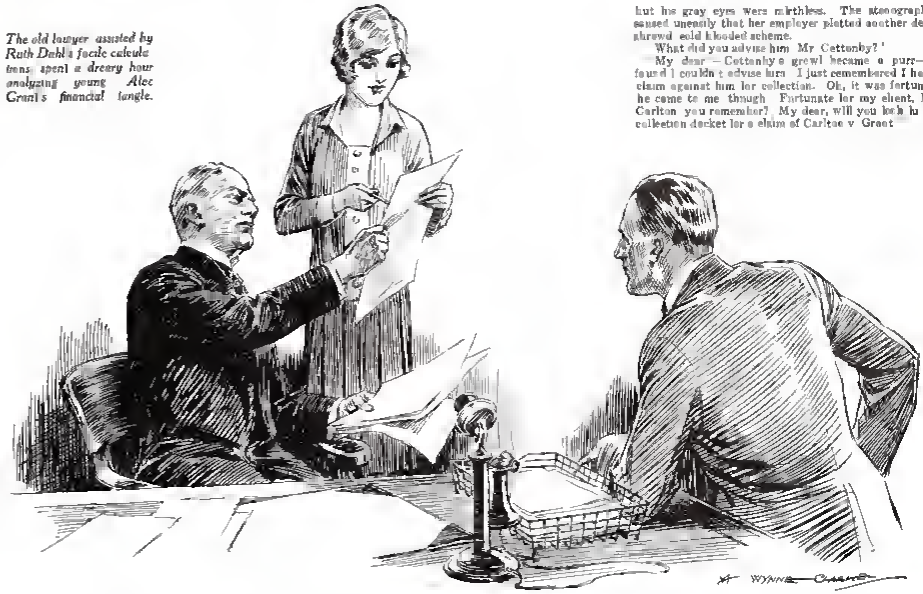
She found old Cottonby chuckling at his desk.

"Alec Grant!" The old lawyer shook his gray head, to her question. "He is impossible. A spoiled child, my dear. His old grandfather made much of him. He never knew the curb. Then he came to Carisford. Too much money here, and no curb either. That Elliott girl might have helped him, but she just laughed at the things he did. It is a pity," concluded Quercus Cottonby. "His grandfather and his father were fine men, both, but—ah, this Alec Grant is a spoiled child."

Quercus Cottonby chuckled deep down in his chest, but his gray eyes were mirthless. The stenographer sensed uneasily that her employer plotted another deep, shrewd cold blooded scheme.

"What did you advise him, Mr. Cottonby?"

"My dear—" Cottonby's growl became a purr—"I found I couldn't advise him. I just remembered I had a claim against him for collection. Oh, it was fortunate he came to me, though. Fortunate for my client, Mr. Carlton, you remember? My dear, will you look in the collection docket for a claim of Carlton v. Grant."



The old lawyer, assisted by Ruth Dahl's facile calculations, spent a dreary hour analyzing young Alec Grant's financial tangle.

But there's no such claim, Mr. Cottonby."

"Tut, tut, my dear! In the private pigeon-hole."

Incredulous Ruth Dahl did look, and found in the private pigeon-hole alongside velope endorsed in Cottonby's scraggly chirography: Carlton v. Grant.

She felt irritated. Cottonby had a bad habit of taking claims for collection, and telling her nothing about them and of keeping secret, even from her half of what the office did. Like Providence, he moved in a mysterious way.

This claim, though was not new. It had—so Cottonby claimed—lain dormant in the private pigeon hole nearly two years. Before the young woman's wondering brown eyes the rusty lawyer spread out the following document:

$16,000.00 Carisford, April 22, 1919.

One month after date I promise to pay to Robert Carlton or order the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars, value received.

Alexander Grant.'

Cottonby purred. "We will sue on this at once, my dear."

Ruth Dahl's close, young soul found something singularly repellent in accepting young Grant's confidence, and next moment taking this mean advantage. Grant might be had—but Cottonby was worse.

"In the Supreme Court of Ontario," said Cottonby, like a bo pandora on the Grant homestead and attach everything in sight."

"But," she protested, "is that fair, Mr. Cottonby? He came to you, Mr. Grant did—he—"

"Ah, my dear," corrected Cottonby, "Mr. Carlton was my client first—I couldn't act for Mr. Grant, too. To think a young man with no one to keep should make away with six thousand a year, and go fifty-five hundred in the hole, and drop this ten thousand also. That young man must have been a veritable sink-hole for money. Will you draw the papers, my dear, while I call on Miss Elliott?" I expect she will settle this for him, but we might as well be ready, be whatever happens."

Ruth Dahl busy drawing the papers during Cottonby's absence, knew in her heart of hearts that Edith Elliott would not help. The police court affair had been too disgraceful. What Grant had done would not have been so catastrophic but for the unexpected climax of huge Policeman Penta's butting into a game for high stakes and arresting the one player who stayed to lose him. That made Alec Grant's reputed lightness a matter of official record.

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'There,' said Alec Grant, 'was my dream.'

The Odd Page

Did you ever see lightning cut loose like this? Or a beach of herring eggs?

ON MARCH 31 1926 Edwin Newsome of Western Ontario lashed out of the window of his house and noticed that the sky was darkening A distant rumbling of thunder gave warning of what was to be a memorable electrical storm Being an enthusiastic amateur photographer and having just seen some rather unique pictures of lightning Mr Newsome decided to try an exposure on his own account He did with an ordinary model A 4½ by 3½ folding Kodak A day or two later he finished the roll took it out of the camera put in a drawer and forgot about it A year went by Then a week or two ago he came across the film and had it developed with the amazing result depicted in the picture alongside Careful investigation by photographic and scientific experts has proven that the design actually was made by lightning A letter from W C Blackwood head of the Department of Physics Ontario Agricultural College Guelph says—

As one of the members of the staff said 'I bet it were not Newsome's picture I should pronounce it a lake paint but it must be O K So far as we can see there is no interpretation that can be given for the weird curves as distinctly shown on your print If I were you I should guard the negative religiously as it will probably be a thousand years before a similar one may be obtained Who knows? I shall be glad indeed if you choose to let me have a copy to insert in my text book on Physics of the Air It will prove very interesting to anyone who chooses to look within its pages.'

Note the amazing symmetry of the design



The Storm God goes figure-skating The extraordinary snap was made by Edwin Newsome, of Western Ontario



Billions of herring eggs left in windrows upon a British Columbia beach

Our Readers' Page

Short, snappy accounts of odd true adventures and experiences photographs of unique subjects and brief descriptions of unusual things in or near your community are invited for The Odd Page.



Willis Holmes of Amherst, N S, at work on a model of an old time Nova Scotian square-rigger.

The Herring Spawn

HISTORIC Departure Bay on the east coast of Vancouver Island ranks as one of the beauty spots of the island But from the practical standpoint it is famous also as being the centre of the herring fishery of the Strait of Georgia On the inner westward side of the bay there is a long stretch of gently-sloping sandy-muddy beach with extensive eelgrass beds several yards out from high water tide mark On the afternoon of Friday February 24, it was apparent through the actions and noises of the innumerable gulls that something out of the ordinary was occurring along this beach A passing salmon trawler paused in his rhythmic rowing to call The herring are spawning And as they were The water for twenty five yards out from shore was a greenish creamy color so dense that it was impossible to see through it This was the milt shed by the males It is stated that such discoloration may be seen with glasses at a distance of nearly five miles.

On the day following the spawning the water had cleared somewhat and scattered herring could be seen in places along the shore at depths of a yard or more But of floating eelgrass were covered with the small, glassy eggs about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Two days later a strong easterly wind blew in through the entrance of the bay and the waves pounded upon the beach throughout the day The following morning the ebb tide left long windrows of masses of herring eggs and eelgrass and left the sand everywhere sprinkled with the glistening globules The beach presented a curious mixture of weaving colors as the many hundreds of white and brown gulls and black crows moved in and out among one another feeding upon the eggs.

For days following, at each ebb tide masses of eggs were left, piled in heaps six to ten inches deep, and millions additional were turned over and over by the gently rolling waves.

The size of the school is unknown but some conception of its possible size may be gained from the fact that during a day and a half in the last week in January the fishermen took 1,400 tons of herring from one school in the bay Taking the average weight of a herring as four ounces then about 11,200,000 were captured Eight approximately half of these would be females each of which would produce about 20,000 eggs, this school then had a potential production of 112,000,000,000 eggs. And this is only one of many spawning areas — W A Clemens Nanaimo B C

He Rebuilds Our Clippers

DOWN in Nova Scotia they may have lost the art of building the big, wooden square-rigged ships but at least one man is continuing the business and launching a shipper about every two months His name is Willis E. Holmes, his shipyard is located in his home at 78 Spring Street Amherst Nova Scotia and the handsome products of his eye and hand are finding ready purchasers in the United States and that in spite of the American law which apparently forbids such transfers. But no law is being broken—for the Holmes creations are in miniature—in other words, he is a builder of ship models

Born and brought up among the shipyards at the head of the Bay of Fundy, Holmes saw his originals learned launched rigged and sail away In many cases he saw them return after years of world-wandering strained useless worn-out, and burned on the beaches for the metal that was in their fabrics. Thus when the last Bluenose windjammer vanished he dug out his notes and photographs and old builder's block models and began whittling out a new fleet of tiny ships for those who cared for such things.

Unfortunately they do not seem to care for them in Canada Holmes has carved some truly splendid models of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick vessels but has

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Out in the Great West where men are men and canaries are canaries these lusty divas roll and trill their merriest in the open air at 50 below zero

Can We Stem the Exodus?

ARTICLE TWO

LOST—From eight Canadian universities: $247,000,000 earning power

By W A IRWIN

Cartoon by W GORDON WALLACE

IN A recent issue of the *University of Toronto Monthly* J M R Fairbairn chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway writes as follows concerning emigration of Canadian-trained engineers to the United States

'Our governments, both federal and provincial, are giving a considerable amount of attention just now to the problem of immigration. One sees many estimates or guesses of the productivity of each immigrant. There is great hope in sight that by adding to our numbers we shall thereby add to our own and the new arrivals' prosperity and happiness But let us examine what is happening to the young engineers trained in Canada at a cost of $2,000 per head most of which comes out of the pockets of the provincial (Ontario) government. Twenty per cent of the class of '23 in Applied Science at the University of Toronto found employment in the United States Each graduate (taking the average man rather than the leader) has a capitalization value to the state, of, at least, $90,000 in earning power alone and this without reference to the effect of his work on industry in general. The logic of the situation is obvious—Canada needs immigrants, not emigrants so that we need to put an end to the migration of technically trained men to United States both for patriotic and economic reasons'

Mr Fairbairn's estimate of the potential value of the young engineering graduate is a modest one Over a period of thirty five years it works out at about $2 570 a year. Most university graduates are optimistic enough to believe that their future earning power will average at least $2 570 a year no matter what their profession Accepting that figure as a basis let us see if we can secure some concrete idea of the extent of the economic loss suffered by Canada through her failure to hold her trained brains.

In the initial article of this series detailed figures were given showing the extent of the exodus to the United States from eight representative Canadian universities. Out of a total of 31,101 graduates from these eight institutions, 4,132 were recorded as now being resident in the United States

Some of the 4 132 exiles are women whose money-making in many cases, will continue only until marriage and whose total earnings therefore will lower materially the general average To be on the safe side let us reduce the $90 000 to $60 000 thus ensuring ample margin against over-estimate and then compute the aggregate of this particular debit item in our national profit and loss account.

Even when this conservative figure is used as basis the result is sufficiently startling *The drain on these eight universities represents a loss in potential earning power to this Dominion of more than $247 000 000*

Two hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars! This on but four eight universities, and there are twenty three universities in Canada not to mention eighty three colleges and professional schools! Small wonder that the chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway declares that, 'we need to put an end to the migration of technically trained men to the United States, both for patriotic and economic reasons

One we put an end to it?

Is Our Higher Education High Enough?

READERS of this preceding article will recall that it attacked the problem from the point of view of the exile himself, from the point of view, in other words, of the university trained Canadian now in the United States Summarizing the results of a questionnaire sent to 1 000 graduates now living south of the border, it was stated that fifty-seven per cent of the expatriates labelled economic advantage as the cause of their departure from Canada Twenty per cent maintained that their going was due to a desire to avail themselves of better opportunities for advanced education and a wider field for the specialist

Ignoring for the moment the purely economic aspects of the question what lies behind the departure of the last mentioned twenty per cent.? Why did they consider it necessary to go to the United States in search of better opportunities for advanced education? How does our system of higher education compare with that of the United States? Is it adequate or inadequate? Is it turning out the right kind of trained brains? In short, is there any room here for the application of a remedy for the exodus?

In the main the answers to these questions indicate that our university system is superior to that of the United States up to a point

Not all the comment is eulogistic but there is no lack of evidence to show that the great majority of the graduates are satisfied with the kind of under-graduate education Canada gives them

You ask if I have any criticism of Canadian education, writes a public utilities engineer now in New Orleans I have not. On the contrary I have nothing but admiration for it. One can best judge any educational system by its product and when measured by this yardstick, Canadians need develop no inferiority complex when comparing their educational system or systems with anything in this country

To take another typical letter here is the opinion of a medical graduate from one of the eastern universities who is now in Detroit

'Judging by the product it turns out, I feel assured that university education in Canada need take no second place In my association with United States interns, I see no evidences of superior intelligence in their daily work Moreover, the Canadian graduates certainly are more conscientious I speak from definite experience since my association includes graduates of the leading medical schools in the United States

Other evidence as to the general efficiency of our undergraduate schools is to be found in the fact that Canadian university graduates in competition with the graduates of American universities succeed in the United States to a degree which is little short of amazing. This phase of the question will be expanded in a contribution from another writer which will be included in this series, but a brief reference here will emphasize the point that I am trying to bring out

Ever since Sir William Osler one-time head of the Medical School at McGill established a reputation as one of the leading medical scientists of his age graduates of Canadian medical schools have been at a premium in the United States The Osler tradition still persists and of late it has been strengthened by the fame which Dr Banting brought to the Canadian medical profession by his discovery of insulin By way of concrete example note this observation from one of the exiles himself the head of the Department of Otology and Laryngology in one of the state medical schools of the South West

In this southern city of 150 000 there are several hundred physicians There are only four Canadian born doc-



Out of a total of 31,101 graduates from eight of our universities, 4,132 are recorded as being resident in the United States. This drain represents a loss in potential earning power to this Dominion of more than $247 000 000

tors Three of these are heads of departments in the University of ———College of Medicine Three ministers in the largest Protestant churches of this city have been Canadian born I might go on and mention similar conditions in other professions and in the business world.'

Similarly a Maritime graduate, now in Seattle, writes that

'There are many Canadians in this city of 380,000, not a few of them hold prominent positions One from New Brunswick is at present governor of the State, one a judge of the Superior Court one a superintendent of the municipal electric light system and another is county auditor to mention only a few of them

I have often remarked that Canada is educating her young men to come to the United States to work' adds an Anglican clergyman now in California

'This is especially true as regards graduates in divinity In this diocese one-third of the clergymen are Canadians and the dean of the cathedral is from Canada The present Bishop of Western New York the present Bishop of Chicago and the present Bishop-Coadjutor of Connecticut are all Canadians. There can be no doubt that the United States profits very largely from the migration of educated Canadians to this country'

More striking still is the fact noted by this Canadian now employed as a research worker by the Rockefeller Foundation in New York City

I am a graduate in Arts of Dalhousie University and of Medicine from McGill (1922) and am now holding a fellowship in medicine from the United States National Research Council' In passing I may mention that not all sixteen fellowships in medicine awarded by the United States National Research Council six went to Canadians a significant indication of the attitude of the council toward Canadians.

Why Twenty Per Cent. Leave Home

'BUT read the conclusion of that exile's lecture—

'I came to the United States to do research work in medicine in which field this country unquestionably offers greatly superior advantages largely because of the munificence of its philanthropists.'

There unerringly he points to where our educational system breaks down. He had to go to the United States for post-graduate work —and he stayed there And twenty per cent. of those who answered the query 'Why did you leave?' replied in like manner.

Consider, for instance, this latter from a graduate of Acadia University, Nova Scotia, now a technician in a large industry in a Pennsylvania city

'Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have been injured by the encouragement which their colleges gave to their graduates to go to the United States for further study Of course it is more expensive to go to Europe and our own McGill and Toronto do not offer the facilities that the graduate schools of the larger universities in the United States can Yet this is undoubtedly one of the main reasons why our young college graduates in Canada, and particularly in the Maritime Provinces, settle in the United States When they leave the American graduate schools there are opportunities for a position right at hand after several years of college they are anxious to be settled and take such positions rather than wait to see what there is in Canada Unconsciously, they have developed the idea that the opportunities are much greater than they could find in Canada When one reads over the lists of graduates of a Canadian college it is amazing to see the large numbers who are teaching in colleges in the United States or preaching in the larger churches Almost without exception they have gone into those positions straight from American graduate schools and theological seminaries.'

To corroborate all that opinion here is the experience of a Maritime graduate now taking post-graduate work at the University of Illinois

When I decided to do graduate work, I wrote to two of our Canadian graduate schools asking them for information regarding opportunities for graduate work in my line at their schools I inquired also as to the opportunities for a fellowship or scholarship or assistantship I received an answer from one university—in discouraging one The other did not answer at all I then wrote to some ten American universities I received encouraging answers from all and financial offers from five I accepted one my present position I am now doing graduate work and my position makes me enough to pay expenses

'My country educated me—and I know I should use any abilities I may have to help develop her My ancestors on both sides for two generations have been Canadian I would like to live there too, but I cannot find an opening there at present in my line of work I want to return and if I can at any time obtain a suitable position in Canada I shall return

'I would like to offer this criticism of Canadian universities in relation to graduate work I am a professor of economics, now in a women's college in Virginia. I think they are doing too little to keep Canadian students interested in Canadian problems I don't know that I favor altogether the idea of Canadian students doing their whole four years of work for a doctor's degree in Canada, but I think it would be of great benefit to Canada if one year of graduate work, or possibly two, could be given in Canada thus holding the student long enough to establish his chief scholarly interest around Canadian problems. Especially do I feel that an institution like Toronto could perform a valuable service in this regard.'

Time and time again the comments stress the excellence of the undergraduate training in Canada while pointing to the inadequacy of our post-graduate schools. Note this, for instance, from a clergyman now in California

'Speaking from observation, my conviction is strong that the Canadian colleges do more thorough work than is the case here This is especially true in connection with the teaching of English. Of course, the post-graduate opportunities here are superb, but on to that point, the Canadian schools do better work, in my opinion

And this from an agricultural graduate, now a professor of vegetable gardening in an agricultural college in New England

'Educational methods in Canada are in many ways to be preferred to those of the United States. Under the Canadian system I think the student receives a wider education and a sounder foundation to take up his work in relation to society. It does not however offer as wide a choice of specialization after that foundation is laid as is offered by the universities in the United States'

And this, from a Baptist clergyman also in New England

'I think the Canadian educational system is equal to that we have here in every respect save that there are fewer institutions in Canada where one can specialize From the point of view of my own profession I wish there were a theological seminary in Canada with a reputation equal to that of Union or Princeton or Chicago Had that been the case when I graduated, I might never have left my native land

The Specialist Neglected

ONE could go on multiplying similar examples, but there is no need to labor the point The immediate question is What is the significance of this evidence about our higher educational system? Has it any constructive meaning to the Canadian who realizes the importance of conserving Canada's trained brain-power for the benefit of the Dominion?

It will be admitted, I think that two facts stand out unmistakably.

In the first place, Canada can, and does, provide an under-graduate training that is equal to, if not better than, that provided by the United States.

In the second place, Canada is not taking the next logical step in furnishing adequate facilities for this advanced training without which no nation can hope to hold its own in a competitive world where knowledge and the application of that knowledge is an absolute essential to national success.

Note the qualification, 'adequate. We have made a start. Most of the universities in Canada do provide post-graduate training of some kind Some of them notably, McGill and Toronto, have lonely large post-graduate schools In some branches of knowledge valuable contributions already have been made as witness, again, the Banting discovery, the strides made in preventive medicine at the University of Toronto and the discoveries leading to the extraction of bitumen from the bituminous sands of the Mackenzie River, in Alberta, to mention only a few of them) There is an intent to disparage here the work already accomplished or in connection with these schools In many cases it has been carried through in the face of extraordinary difficulties, and the results even from the purely practical standpoint, are by no means inconsiderable.

The fact remains, however, that nowhere in Canada is there a graduate school that can compare in size, equipment or reputation, with any one of half a dozen or more such schools in the United States. For the purposes of this article it is not necessary to go into a long discussion on the why's and wherefores of the fact. Most of the reasons can be traced back to one source— the inability of the universities to get the necessary money. That in turn has been due to the indifference of legislatures on one hand, and the apathy of the general public on the other. There are those who will blame it all on poverty, but however good a reason that may have been forty years ago, poverty is a poor sort of excuse when applied to a people to-day rated as the third richest per capita in the world.

A more serious difficulty is our habit of looking at education provincially instead of nationally. Being a school for specialists, a graduate school by its very nature draws its students, not alone from the province in which it may happen to be situated but from all provinces. This fact has not been overlooked by provincial educational authorities in the past Why should we spend our money to train graduate students from other provinces?' they have asked 'Our first duty is to look after the people who pay their taxes to us.' So far as it goes this argument is unanswerable, but consider, for a moment, where it leads us.

A Headless Pyramid

OUR municipal and provincial governments spend upwards of $122,000,000 a year on education Most of us think we are getting fairly good returns from our money in the product of our public schools, our secondary schools and our universities but when it comes to looking for our own use the very cream of that product, we succeed only partially and our neighbor profits to the extent of our loss Year after year we go on pouring this huge amount of money into our educational pyramid and year after year we make only half-hearted attempts to finish off that pyramid at the top Looked at from the purely materialistic standpoint it is the same old problem of raw material and finished product all over again We refine the raw material of our educational machine up to the point where it is semi-finished—and then ship that part of it which we cannot use in the semi finished state across the border where the refining process is completed as is the case, for instance, with semi finished pulp and paper products With this difference—we do get some return from semi-finished pulp and paper products from our exports of semi-finished lumber we get not a cent. And who shall say that brains are not more valuable than pulp and paper?

What is to be done about it?

Obviously, the remedy is to build more and better graduate schools. If it can't be done provincially it ought to be done nationally with the co-operation of the provinces. Nor can we expect government to solve the problem unaided Much of the strength of the United

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Courage!
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FAR GOLD

A furious fight; the advent of a dashing Spanish Don; the stirring preparations for a wild adventure. Peaceful Arichat is a blaze of excitement

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THE STORY SO FAR—*Sproll Gubereau, erstwhile sail-maker and peer of the South Seas, is living in comfortable retirement in the sleepy Cape Breton village of Arichat with his ward, Yvonne, whom as a babe he rescued from an open boat adrift at sea For years Gubereau jealously has guarded a black chart-case, found in the boat with Yvonne This is stamped with the crown of Andrea Ferrara a Spanish swordsmith, a descendant of whom is known to have reaped the richest cathedral treasures of the South.*

One day, Yvonne appears with an old Spanish gold coin which Gubereau believes to have come from 'Dumroney,' the ancient house in which the buccaneer Ferrara lived for years With the spread of the news of the discovery of the coin, two unaccountable events occur Yvonne disappears and Gubereau is attacked by a giant Indian, who has ransacked the lower rooms of the sealer's house. Later, Gubereau discovers that the covering of the chart-case is missing He learns also that his villainous mate of the old days Dugas has returned to Arichat. Undeterred by these events Gubereau determines to search 'Dumroney'.

GABEREAU set out directly for the haunted house. Probably he was the only man in all that highly superstitious community that did not given a pinch of snuff for the unknown horrors that had been imputed to this spot.

He now went to church every Sunday on Yvonne's account. But the old-timers used to smile to see him there, remembering how he used to declare in his sealing days 'I'm afraid of neither God Man or Saint Michael.'

Ideas of a God of vengeful justice of haunting spirits, and returning ghosts of the wicked never bothered his dull matter-of-fact existence

In his earlier years, with blatant atheism, he had gloried in the chance to ridicule the superstitions of the simple folk of the town. Then something finer in his nature, awakened by the childlikefaith of Yvonne, had taught him at least the outward show of reverence, but there was nothing but contempt in his heart for the haunted house legends that surrounded 'Dumroney'

Swinging along, he soon came in sight of the ruins, and there, more enough shining through the tree tops, was the light that had caused such terrific fluttering.

"The poor fools thinks that's a ghost, eh? Well I know mighty well who that ghost is, what I want to know now is just what the cranky snake is doin' up there Bo'lt he up to no good, that's sure!"

Walking boldly past the stone gate posts, Gubereau entered the overgrown lawn in front, where he had to walk warily to keep from tripping amid the dwarf spruce and lichen

At the front door he paused and listened Not a sound except the whispering pines and hemlocks. The house loomed before him like some mighty sepulchre an emblem of death in the midst of living forest.

With stealthiness as not to betray himself, he tried the great front door but found it barred securely

Coming around to the wide-lows along the side, he grabbed hold of a rotten shutter which at the first strong pull came away and fell at his feet with a loud crash At this inside disturbance he crouched in the shadow and waited to be aware of what guard Dugas might have on duty. But there was neither sight nor sound of anyone, and reassured, he sprang up to the window, this time testing thoroughly before trusting to his grip

Letting himself down inside the haunted house he found the place full of the stifling odor of disuse Crawling warily over the rotting floors there came the sound of giant rats scurrying hither and yon The rats were more real and startling to him in that moment than a regiment of ghosts, and when one of these ghoulish creatures ran across his shoulders, he had his first yearning for the clear, outer air

There was thick darkness everywhere, and his progress at best was groping and uncertain On hands and knees, he worked his passage out into the hallway where he waited for some time listening attentively Reassured by the absence of any movement other than that of the rats, he lit a match as a guide toward the stairway

The stairs were in such rickety condition that he did not dare to trust himself, without lighting a match to make sure at every step Thus his progress upward was painfully slow

Once about midway up the plunking was so uncertain that he was prepared for an imminent plunge, but maneuvering in cautiously as though he were going aloft with frayed seizings on the rattlins he came at last without mishap to the upper landing

Above this was another narrower stairway in better preservation, which brought him to the top story. Here as his supply of matches was giving out he began to feel his way again

At the end of a long hallway impeded with lumber and broken furniture, he found a ladder leading to the cupola With relief, he saw that the ladder was new and had been recently secured at top and bottom, by pieces of stout cordin

Before committing himself to the last assault, the canny Gubereau made sure of his avenue for retreat. He was too well aware of the nature of his foe to leave the rear line unexamined

He found a window handy to the ladder and after considerable pulling he succeeded in detaching the shutter, which he was having inside when the decayed wood crumbled in his hands, and away went the bulk of the heavy screen crashing down with an infinite clatter

Almost instantaneously with the noise of the falling screen, he heard a moan stirring above

That fixed it,' Gubereau muttered to himself as he crouched hastily behind a couple of old boxes.

There was a sudden lifting of the slide above, and as a yellow gleam appeared, he caught a glimpse of Dirk Dugas climbing stealthily down the ladder

In the hiding place behind the boxes Gubereau pulled out his gun and waited but to his surprise there was nothing enormous in the movements of the fellow coming down the ladder bedaccended slowly, with utmost nonchalance, and once on the floor stood dimly outlined by the glow from above Turning on a flash light, he



Pistol in hand, Gubereau emerged from the trap door

made his way down the hall to some interior recess, where he disappeared.

Gabereau strained his ears to listen, and then, just when curiosity was about to get the better of him Dugas reappeared with a heavy bag upon his shoulder. Although a powerful man he staggered under the load.

Arriving back at the loot pile Dirk Dugas dropped the bag upon the ground, at which something happened that put even this cool and staid Gabereau into a state of wild excitement.

At the bag dropped there came the clink of coins. There was no mistaking that note. It sounded in the straining ears of Gabereau with overwhelming power.

In that moment, a blind, unreasoning lust seized hold of him. The same burning fever that had been started by the sight of that piece of Spanish gold returned to him with a fury that was increased a thousandfold. A very ice was rooted in the very soul of Sprott Gabereau, and now he knew what it was to lust after gold just as some men lust after women.

Seizing his heavy service revolver, he cavered the unsuspecting Dugas as he stood an irresistible target, fair under the glare from the garret lending.

In that burning moment all his being was consumed in blind, lachoate passion. Trembling with an excitement that ever never would have dreamed of imparting to his staid nature he gazed pentingly across the sight of his gun.

IT WAS the clinking sound that caused Sprott Gabereau to stay his hand. There was hypnotic power in the jingle of coin to awaken undreamed ecstasies within his soul.

Here was wealth beyond imagining a treasure vast and unlimited lying close to hand. At first glimpse of that bag he took it for granted that this was but one of an unnumbered bags that made up the hidden fortune of Andrea Ferrara. Then the thought flashed over him.

If Dugas had the whole of it here, why did he make such desperate attempts to steal from him the black rose?

If he had the whole treasure—why was he so consumed in his desire to arrive at the sealed secret?

With such questions flashing upon his mind the madness that had seized Sprott Gabereau passed like a March squall, and left him in the cool afterthought with his gun sagging impotently.

"My God, what's coming over me?" he mused, as he replaced his gun in his hip. "I'll have to watch myself again when I gain a place like this."

With hungry eyes he saw Dugas tie a stout rope to the precious load, and lift it hand over hand into the cupola. Once the bag had jingled down safely on that upper floor, the trap door leading thither was closed, and Gabereau, straining his every sense, found himself again in darkness.

For some time he remained in his hiding place, attempting to collect his thoughts and to view the whole affair calmly and with reason.

Obviously, Dirk Dugas was the one who had given out that Spanish coin that came ultimately to his hands through Yvonne. Where that golden doubloon came from there were hundreds, yea, thousands more.

As Sprott thought of this, his heart-beat quickened. A cold, calculating attitude was difficult indeed in sight of such untold reward. Already in his own mind he was the possessor of this gold. Whatever obstacles might intervene were swept away in the imperious assumption of one great desire.

A faint sound of someone counting out money above called him back to action.

"Yes, here get the first load on this fortune," he muttered. "But I've got something more or he wouldn't be coming after me so strong to get my secret."

"I'm going to see just what he's doing up there. But I won't start anything to-night, if I can help it."

With this resolve he came out from his hiding place and started to climb up the ladder to discover what might be passing in the place of the lantern light.

When he had come to the top, with his head against the trap door, he paused and listened. From somewhere within sounded the clunk clunk clink of counting out a steady stream of coins. Below, everything in the haunted house was silent as the grave.

At last, remembering himself to a decisive move, Gabereau put his shoulders under the trap door, and slowly lifted. At his head came through to the upper surface he noticed with satisfaction that the entrance into the cupola was in the shape of an outer hallway, beyond which Dugas was now busily engaged.

Thinking this fortunate arrangement, the invader was able to take up his station and spy on what was going on within, without being observed himself.

Leaving the trap open he crawled over all knees toward a pencil of yellow light that came through a large crack in the doorway.

Up in the high turret the wind was moaning dismally, while the place seemed to sway unsteadily like the lookout in a gale. But Gabereau now had ears and eyes for only one thing. Approaching the door stealthily, he knelt there and putting his eye to the crack gazed with avid interest at what might be transpiring within.

The sight that met his eyes was one to thrill the soul of the ardent, hardest miner. There, at a long wooden table sat Dugas, engaged in the pleasant pastime of counting out a small mountain of golden coins. There were Spanish doubloons, French louis, English sovereigns and many others which even the far-wandering Gabereau could not distinguish.

But he noted the fact that by far the greater number of coins that Dugas counted were a variety current in Spanish countries of South America. There was no doubt who had suffered most from the piratical fury of Andrea Ferrara.

Gabereau noticed that the old counting house table was fitted up with drawers, into which Dugas swept a small pile of gold as he completed this or that tally.

Over the long, broad table of mahogany, still well preserved, there hung the strangest contrivance, a combination of lantern and reading lamp, obviously from some princely Spanish galleon of the long ago. It was of Moorish design, of lantern brass, constructed in such cunning manner that the light was shed abroad from the front window of the turret, while, at the same time, a sort of burnished brass reflector caused it to illuminate the broad surface of the counting house table beneath.

So this was the secret of the star that had guided mariners for as many years. It was lit primarily by a miner who was engaged at the sordid occupation of counting out his gold.

Dirk Dugas, as he sat at the table was facing the door, so that he was in full view of Sprott Gabereau as he pressed up hard against the key hole.

Like Gabereau, Dugas was obviously infected with the lust of gold. If there was naught else to be respected here at least he was face to face with that which stirred up his deepest vexation. In that moment, he might, indeed, have been a high-priest performing some sacred rite so reverently did he handle each golden coin.

Impressed by that same worshipful spirit, Sprott Gabereau clean forgot all else he was, had joined with heart and soul in the love feast when without the slightest warning, the door against which he was leaning heavily, gave way precipitately, and the unsuspecting skipper, with all his two hundred and forty pounds, was plunged across the sacred threshold.

AT THE first alarm Dugas roused from his worshipful attitude leaped into fighting preparedness. With a quick lunge of a thick, lying close to hand, he smashed the hanging lamp, plunging the room into inky darkness. Then with a vault across the table he landed fair upon the intruder.



Dan Juan backed away from the furious skipper, exclaiming: "You wouldn't give us that case dernnfly, and like a gentlemen, so you may now bide the consequences."

Gabereau was aware of a pair of iron-shod boots that kicked his knee and head and chest. Maddened by this unscrupulous attack the ironbound skipper hastened upon one of the kicking legs and with a grunting heave brought his foe crashing down in a heap beside him on the floor.

In their fall they upraided the great mahogany table, and from its top massed up piles of gold went pouring forth in a perfect flood of jangling metal.

At the last of the march wealth, lopping up about them both lighters were filled with a sudden mad intoxication. In an instant, with the touch of gold, they had forgotten one another, forgotten their grudges, forgotten all else in one overmastering motive to grab the lion's share of that treasure spilled like such dust beneath their feet.

Working frantically with both hands Dirk Dugas began to shovel the coins into his own corner while Gabereau, retching the levers started at once in regularly frantic haste to sweep back the greatest possible amount into his own section.

Both of them now struggled more arduously for the floor where they had struggled for their lives. Their breath came in short panting gasps, their very pounding of their hearts seemed to be ruthless in their stifling lair.

Not a word passed between them, there was scarce a second's pause for respite. Gabereau knew that every last one of those many coins added to the toll of happiness, nothing else mattered, nothing else could matter.

Here was that for which men suffered cold and heat and storm and bitter seas. That for which they endured toil and drudgery unending.

Lack of this same gold had made his fathers and his fathers' fathers slaves and helots of the soil. Lack of gold had caused him to brave the Horn, and to trespass on the sealing preserves of the farthest ocean. Lack of gold made it worth while to endure the salt mines of Siberia, and it was worth while when mad lust to risk everything again on the same career of desperate chancing.

As in lightning flash Gabereau saw the entire past of his strenuous, far faring life as one continual quest for gold.

And after all the struggle, all the terrible what had he gained? How much had his lifetime of effort yielded him? Not a tithe of the wretch that lay in an inert mass beneath his feet.

Yes, here was a chance that gathered up into a breathless moment all the possibilities of many lifetimes! Here was such a chance as one had never had before, such a chance as one would never have again!

He could not fathom what was passing in the mind of his opponent, he only knew that Dugas was rising working like the furies.

At first there seemed to be plenty to keep both occupied, and then as the piles grew larger behind, and more returned before the spirit of emulation and cupidity was engendered.

Gabereau's hand closed upon a stray coin after which Dugas was also lumbering in the dark, and he was greeted with a sullen snarl.

"Keep yer hands off o' my stuff, will ye."

"Your stuff, eh?"

"Yes, mine, by God, every bit I hold!"

"Ay! where did ye get it?"

"By helpin' myself, the same as ye."

"But it's mine, I tell ye," snarled out Dugas. "It's all mine—held for the heir to the Ferraras."

"Umph! you mean for the heir to the Ferrols. Hell's ridin breeches. Don't come around here with any of yer hair stuff, Dugas. You're a left-handed son of the Barbery Coast, born on a woodpile and nursed in the hogwash. A room in the penitentiary is your estate and a corner of potters field, after the gallows, is your family burying ground. I know ye, and I know your jailbird breed."

At this torrent of denunciation Dugas momentarily ceased to be a maniac in a wild light for gold. With the utterance of that well remembered voice he was back again as mate under Sprott Gabereau, under the only remplete master that he had ever known.

In that moment, over his passion clouded brain there came a ray of sense.

Against all expectation he suddenly dropped his fanatical whine and spoke with calm conciliation.

"Look at here, skipper, you and me are a couple of jays."

"Umph! ye are all right."

"And so are you."

"What's comin into yer mind now?"

"Well, I was just thinking what looks we two were to keep on fightin' each other, when if we had any sense we might both be in any with money and have more than we might ever up in Kitty Hielaman's."

"What in the world are ye driving at?"

"Just this, the gold which we're fightin' for here like a couple of idiots isn't a tithe of the gold that's still hidden away waiting for us to get and find it."

"And where are we going to find it?"

"Ah, that's the secret that you got locked up in that black case which you took off o' the dead woman down all the Horn."

"Ye seem to know a hell o' a lot."

"Aye, I ain't been on the trail o' the Ferraras treasure this twenty year without finding out some secrets. I've got a pretty good idea where the old feller landed his chests off the *Commercio*. All I'm needin' now is the chart to guide me to the exact spot where he buried 'em. And you're the one skipper as has that chart."

"And what a more. I'm the one that's goin to be damned well hung on."

"But where the good in hangin' on. It ain't done you, nor me, nor anyone else no good hidden away in that black case. I told ye that down Seath three, twenty year ago, and I'm tellin' ye here again to-night. There's plenty for us both, skipper, an what's more we've got the money to fit out the expedition to go and fetch the rest o' the treasure."

Here Sprott Gabereau's curiosity overramed antipathy.

"Tell me where ye got the bundle. How did ye come by that bag o' gold?"

"We got it through the last hurricane of the Ferraras."

Gabereau let out a snort of disgust. "I didn't ask ye, Dugas, for any more o' yer lying tales that ye cooked up when ye was down time. I asked ye straight and plain to tell me how ye come by this bag o' gold."

"That's my own business, Sprott Gabereau. Ye can play with me as I told ye, and get rich as the best, or ye can stick along by yerself and die a poor lunkhead of Ardbat, to be buried with nothin' in the berth beyond."

"You're gettin old, skipper, and no room. I'll never going to get this treasure we've wasted altogether too much time. For pity sake, let's be reasonable. Let's make a decent arrangement while we can."

"A decent arrangement with you?"

"Sure."

"Well I'd just as soon make an arrangement with the Arch-fiend, or Hell."

"But look at the money you'll have if you will only come to satisfactory terms with us."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that if you will only agree to let us in on the secret of that black case of yours we'll agree to let you have half of the gold in this room right now."

"Oh ye will will ye. Ye always were a cruel cucumber. Let me have half o' what's in this room, eh? Already I got more than three-quarters of it behind me, and where's more I'm goin' to have the whole bag o' tricks as my very own, before I get out o' here this night."

"But every cent of this money is mine!" The voice of Dirk Dugas rose to an outraged scream as he sprang at the other biting and snarling with all the fierceness of a cornered rat.

Gabereau shook him off, and sent him crashing across the floor. But with a sob of overmastering rage he was up and at him again.

Thus began one of the strangest fights ever staged between two hated rivals. Surrounded by impenetrable gloom in narrowest quarters, over a quivering floor that rang ever with crashing gold, the two fought with mad frenzy.

In the fight Gabereau could have broken the spine of Dirk Dugas, as he might have broken a stem stalk, but darkness was the ally of the quick. Once twice thrice, Dirk Dugas nailed in landing vicious kicks at the mighty skipper, causing him to roar like a maddened bull.

"If I get my hands on you—I'll be threatened" the devils will be playing hurley with your head to-night on the streets of hell."

Nothing daunted Dugas flung himself upon his opponent, the other time burying his teeth in Gabereau's throat, wherein the other started to grope out his eyes causing him to let go his death like grip at the throat.

With his adversary still clinging to him the skipper by far the abler and stronger of the twain rose and sent Dugas crashing the room with a thunderous jar causing their eerie perch to give forth an ominous note. Cross beams and rafters had all retired until the cupola itself was rather more secure than a house of cards. And still, grandly oblivious to the threatenings under their feet, the money-maddened pair fought on.

Recovering from a momentary daze Dugas pulled out a knife and crawling along stealthily—attempted to disembowel his foe with a nigger-twist trick familiar in low sailor divas.

In the darkness he missed and the point of his knife was broken sharply off by the leather holster on the other's hip. By the same motion the gun was jarred out of its pocket and rattled away at their feet.

Quick as lightning the skipper reached forth with his foot and kicked both gun and knife out of the room, growling:

"Ain't goin' to hit at weapons here but fists an' feet. But by God there ain't goin' to be another barred! Come on, ye low down dirty dog, your coffin's hangin' on the cellar beams!"

The slippery snake-like Dugas was edging and crawling toward the door.

Realizing his intention Gabereau caught him with a terrific kick that nigh unshipped his jaw.

"None o' yer crawlin' after the gun. Get away from that door, or I'll smash every bone in yer sneaking carcass."

With the odds against him Dugas stopped back warily into the farther corner, where he waited at bay. He

Yvonne stood listening breathlessly to every word that passed.

expected imminent attack—but once more the master mind returned to the nose bone—and Gabereau began to help himself in a calculating manner to the largest pile of specie. Again something more dominant even than the instinct for preservation urged Dugas to the fray. He came at Gabereau this time with head down, adopting the ramming tactics of a goat. As they crashed together, under those all other noises there arose the unmistakable protest of straining rafters.

In a moment of horror Dirk Dugas became aware that the ceiling floor was giving away.

"My God! look out—or we'll both be gone!"

But Gabereau, in that moment, had become a plain lunatic. For him all thought of safety had completely vanished. With Dugas trembling from point the mighty skipper leaped into the air and landed upon him with the clatter of a thousand bricks. At the impact, a first dull groan of pain rose suddenly to a shriek of horrors as outraged nature burst asunder, while victor and vanquished with a tangling flood of gold went plunging down into a black abyss.

GREAT alarm was felt at the Skipper's absence from home that night. Baptiste in a moment of smoking hardihood ventured as far as the gates of the haunted house, then something snapped in his overwrought nerves and turning pell mell, he did not cease running until he was back again in the safe precincts of the village.

After that first effort nothing could persuade the highly superstitious smith to venture out again, during the hours of darkness.

On the following morning, observing every injunction, he waited not merely until the cock had crowed, but also until the sun was well across the yardarm, before trusting himself again to that dread abode.

Walking warily, ever on the daylight, he came crossed to the bark of the haunted house. Forcing open a door, he entered as charily as though he expected to be greeted by the sight of a corpse laid out on the stretching board.

Within, he found nothing but silence and shadows. He called, and only the scurrying rats gave answer to his hollow echo.

"Don't like the look of it," he muttered to himself, "but I s'pose we got to take a chance, so here goes."

With muscles tensed, carrying a two-pound hammer, the giant smith came up the dim stairs, and there, at last on the upper floor, he discovered the prostrate Gabereau, still unconscious, sprawled out where he had fallen in a heap from the caved-in rafters.

There was no sign of any other person, nor of evil spirits—and Baptiste began to breathe more easily.

Bending over to examine his friend, the smith was suddenly struck by the yellow glint of a couple of gold coins lying beside him on the floor. Picking them up hastily, he started to march the place for more, but to his great chagrin found that someone had evidently just swept the floor.

"Whoever it was done the job up well," muttered he.

As though in answer to his ruminations, a sudden creaking of the wind in the empty rafters recalled old fears. Forgetting the two gold coins, and leaving lest the ghosts which had done such evil to his friend might also leap forth to wreak vengeance upon him, Baptiste shouldered the prostrate skipper, without further delay, and started to struggle laboriously down the rickety stairs, and at last, with a vast sigh of relief, he issued forth into the clear, clear light of day.

Once outside in the barnyard, he placed his burden in the buggy and drove straight back to the Gabereau home.

Yvonne was almost beside herself at their arrival, but the injured man by this time had partly regained consciousness, and was able to speak thickly.

"Ish—unthin'—floor fell in—nuthin'—Ill' girl."

Doctor Fisette, who arrived a short time later, was afraid at first about his ribs, but a further examination showed that no bones were broken.

"I guess the trouble is that he has suffered from a severe concussion," said the doctor. "He must be kept quiet, with nothing to cause undue excitement. The trouble has been the shock to his system. Whatever happens, don't let him leave his bed for several days."

Seeing that his friend was in safe hands, and with complete confidence in his recuperative ability, Baptiste muttered forth, and answering to a sore urge, turned his footsteps toward the village. There was something burning in his pocket, which had to be declared, to all and sundry, something which seemed indeed worthy of a town-crier.

It was mail time when Baptiste arrived outside the general store. As usual, at that hour, the congregation of gossips was complete.

Bursting with great tidings, the smith approached them. News of the mishap to Captain Gabereau had already been noised about the village, and he was plied with questions, which he answered in a tantalizing manner.

"What's up with yer, Baptiste?" inquired Gus Terrio. "You're generally the biggest gas bag on Isle Madame, an' now by gosh you're as dumb as a clam! Did them ghosts have yer tongue out?"

"How many of 'em did ye see up there?" chimed in another.

"I seen somethin' a blame sight more'n ghosts," snorted the smith, significantly.

"I'll bet ye did," encored Gus. "S'pose ye seen half the folks from the churchyard who was up there to roast ya."

"I seen somethin' that you'd give yer eye teeth to see, Gus Terrio."

"What was that?"

The smith could not restrain his secret longer. Plunging his hand into a pocket, he pulled out the two gold coins which he had picked up beside the recumbent Gabereau, and passed them round among the crowd.

There you are," he announced triumphantly. "Now ye can see with yer own eyes."

At once the spark of casual interest was fanned into flame as all hands bent over the undreamed discovery.

"Mon Dieu, it's the same kind o' Spanish gold that Andrea Ferrero used to bring down to the fishery stores."

"Aye, it's the very same."

"An' what's more, there must be lots up there where these come from."

"Ain't no doubt about it."

Everyone was speaking at once, with the hushed tone of vast excitement. Everyone's imagination was already tiptoeing along the threshold of a fortune. The very air had become murmurous.

Just as the crowd stood there in that pregnant moment, who should appear but Monsieur le Curé.

"What have we here, my children?"

Baptiste slid the gold coins into his pocket, and stood back sheepishly, while each waited for the other.

"Is there none to answer?"

Finally, Gus Terrio offered a halting explanation of what had happened.

At tidings of the discovery in the haunted house, the brow of the priest clouded darkly.

"I'm sorry to hear this news, my children."

"For what should ye be sorry, Monsieur le Curé? Don't ye want us to have the good things that money will buy?"

"Ah, I wish you to have all the good things that come as a reward of honest toil from the soil, or from the sea. But I tremble for you when I see in your hands gold which rest you nothing."

"We don't understand."

"Well—what does it say in the Good Book? By the sweat of your brow ye shall eat your bread. Those that learn that lesson live contented. Dreams of that, our land has been a happy blessed land. But I tell you, my children, a blight shall rest upon this little island if the love of gold once drops its poison in our veins."

"But, what's the matter with this gold?" persisted Terrio. "It's all the same. There ain't no difference in there?"

"Aye, and there is though. There is good gold that is the reward of the good workman. And then there is the bad gold, that comes with evil that can never bring aught but evil in its train."

Someone grunted dolorously, but the priest continued.

"This idea may be old-fashioned to the modern world outside, my children. But thanks to the guardian angel of our happy isle, we have been able to dwell apart, a peculiar people, possessing that poem that is beyond the price of pearls."

"But look at the good things that ye can buy with this," demanded Baptiste, holding out the coins in mute appeal.

The sight of the shining metal at once seemed to outweigh the words of the man of God. His counsel smacked of the remote, but the gold seemed near and real.

"When ye want food or shelter, it's gold that speaks."

"Aye, or when ye need shoes, gold gets 'em."

"Whenever ye ask for anything, nigh on it gold that pays the price."

"Nay, nay, my children, it's work that pays the price. If you want clothes, you must work for them. If you want food you must work for it. Yes, and I'll say more. If you want happiness, you must work for it."

"I'd be happy if I had nothin' to do, and plenty to pay with," broke in Gus Terrio.

"No, you wouldn't, Gus, my lad. God ordained that men should get up in the morning to find their toil, that they should lie down at night, weary, and content. This has been the way in our parish for over a hundred years. God grant that it may never get to be old-fashioned here to pay with toil for our desires."

"The worst thing in the world, my children, is the tiring business of doing nothing. That is part of the emptiness that comes to those who try to buy things with fools' gold."

"From the time your fathers started to clear away the stumps and till the soil, we've been learning not to expect something for nothing. Woe betide us now, if any of our people are lured away from the fisheries, and from the plow, to seek after that which satisfieth not."

The crowd before the general store turned away, unpersuaded, all except Paul Gabereau, he alone found perplexity in the warning of Monsieur le Curé.

AS SOON as Sprott Gabereau had recovered from his misadventure in the haunted house, he returned thither to spy out the land. But outside of the broken rafters and the caved in floor, not a clue remained to mark out the strange happenings that had occurred there.

What of the midnight visitant?

What of the bag of gold?

These questions harassed the skipper successfully but on that final battle in the gold-room the curtain had been rung down as on an evanescent dream. Gone all hint of treasure. Gone the light. Gone the sinister shadow of Dirk Dugas.

In season and out, Gabereau's mind was forever reverting to this vexing problem, which always left him mystified.

One evening the skipper was seated in his garden as usual, waiting for the closing hour when his quirk carought the sound of Yvonne returning with someone, the sound of whose tread was unfamiliar. He could hardly believe he heard right. Paul had been keeping company with his adopted daughter so long that it seemed incredible to think of another courting in.

Who was the gallant that dared to make so bold? What right had he to attempt such a thing? Conduct like this was not allowable in Arichat.

Continued on page 26



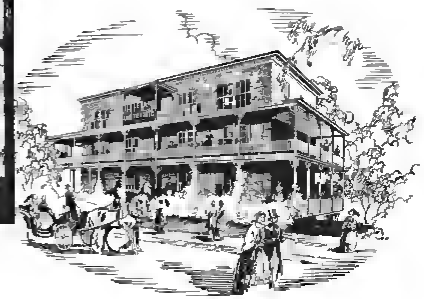
"Are you really going after the treasure," panted Yvonne. "Am I going!" exclaimed the skipper. "Why God bless yer soul for opening up the secret!"



Barrett Specification Bonded Roof on Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal. Architect, Ross & MacDonald, Montreal. Contractor, The Thompson Starrett Co., Ltd., Montreal. Roofer, The Carmichael Waterproofing Co., Toronto.

Sixty or seventy-five years ago the height of hotel luxury was the uncomfortable three or four story building of brick or wooden construction with one copper bathtub to a floor. An air of musty gentility was all pervading.

Sentimental memories still cling to many of these out-dated structures. But who for a minute could prefer them to the modern Canadian hotel!



Emblems of Canadian Prosperity—Canada's Modern Hotels

AMPLE evidence of Canada's prosperity can be found in the Dominion's great modern hotels—buildings which offer the traveler comfort and facilities unsurpassed anywhere in the world. And prominent among them is the eye-arresting Mount Royal Hotel, a famous landmark in Montreal.

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REVIEWS OF REVIEWS

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His Happy Days in Old Hankow

Manager of Cigarette Factory in Chinese City Finds the Job a Hard One

CHINA WEEKLY REVIEW

THERE are not wanting men who declare with great vehemence that Labor is getting together too firmly seated in the middle that the demands of the various unions are intolerable that the business of manufacturing has become a nightmare.

Such harassed and perplexed souls may derive some comfort from the following recital of the troubles which overtook the manager of a large foreign cigarette factory in Hankow China. It appeared in the *China Weekly Review* from which the following extracts are taken.

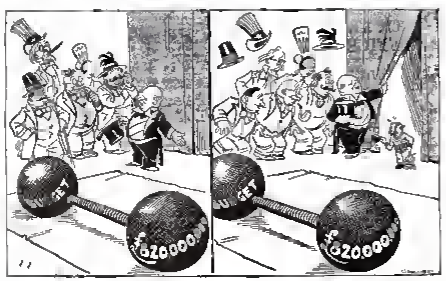
"The first serious strike occurred back in 1924, the incentive being a demand for higher pay. Finally the proprietors of the concern agreed as that everything was settled nicely. But still there was a hitch somewhere. The reason for the hitch was shortly disclosed when one of the leaders of the newly formed Cigarette Makers' Union came in and said that before the employees would consent to go to work they demanded a holiday. "A holiday!" exclaimed the manager. "Why you have already had nearly a month for which we have agreed to pay you full wages!" "Yes," replied the labor leader, "but now we want a regular holiday to celebrate the settlement of the strike, and we want you to come along and help."

Well, the manager did not know what it was all about, but he decided to go along and see the fun. Hence he was on hand early the next morning at the appointed place and was surprised to find all of his three thousand employees lined up in marching formation with banners, a brass band, and everything. The leader of the Union insisted that the manager, an American, should walk at the head of the parade. He was considerably perplexed at the situation, not knowing what serious-minded directors in New York and London would think of this exhibition; but decided to proceed, especially if it would assure the reopening of the factory. So they started out, and they marched and they kept on marching for two or three miles through the Chinese city, much to the enjoyment of the multitudes assembled along the route.

Finally they reached a place where a large mat-shed had been erected, and where refreshments had been provided. The leader of the Union then informed the manager of the factory that it would be necessary for him to make a speech to the employees. After having marched for three hours through hot, dusty streets, the manager was scarcely in a condition for oratory, but still, thinking of the necessity of getting the factory open, he climbed on the platform and made a speech in English in which he congratulated the laborers upon their decision to return to work. He spoke for about three minutes, following which the head of the Union who could speak English, of a sort, mounted the platform to translate the manager's remarks into Chinese. The leader of the Union quickly proved himself to be a master of oratory, for it took him exactly three hours by the clock to translate the manager's three-minute address. And the interpretation went over big, for the laborers frequently applauded, often so enthusiastically that the manager is still wondering to this day what the Chinese interpreter did to his little speech. The oratory was finally finished, following which the head of the Union explained that it would be necessary to have their pictures taken. Then followed another march with more music, for about two hours to the place where the photographers were waiting. The place selected was along the railway embankment on the outskirts of the foreign settlement. After considerable posing—with the American manager in the centre—the picture was taken, following which party broke up.

"The laborers, every man, woman, and child of them, true to their promise, were on the job bright and early the next day at the factory ready to go to work, and everything was lovely—that is, everything was lovely until about three weeks later, when Marshall Wu Pei-fu arrived on the scene with his army and decided to put an end to 'this labor-union foolishness.' When the old Chihli general declared to be nothing less than a political move instigated by his opponent Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Marshall Wu got to work immediately, and after his spies had rounded up most of the labor leaders he marched them out to the railway embankment where the photograph had been taken, and had the whole crew, some twenty-five of them, executed without further ado. Immediately following the execution Marshal Wu also had a photograph taken, which he posted throughout the district to serve as a warning against further "foolishness" of this kind. It should be explained in passing, however, that the leader of the Cigarette Makers' Union who staged the big celebration managed in some way to escape Marshal Wu's firing squad.

But to get back to the factory manager and his troubles in trying to keep some three thousand Chinese laborers happy and satisfied. All went well for several weeks when one day one of the superintendents detected one of the employees stealing some of the company's product. Since there was a strict rule against thievery—a rule with which every employee was familiar—the manager immediately ordered the culprit to be discharged. Immediately there were remonstrations, and the manager was informed by a committee of laborers that the whole force would walk out unless the man was reinstated. After some thought the manager decided to compromise, so after a conference it was decided to reinstate the man accused of theft, but to dock him one day's wages. Everybody was happy, and all returned to work. About a week later a woman employee was caught stealing, and was brought to the manager. Upon questioning her the manager found that she was very poor, and was the sole support of five children. Under the circumstances he decided that it would not be humane to cause her to lose her job, so he gave her a lecture and told her to go back to work. But complications again developed, for a committee of laborers came in and insisted that the woman be fired, the reason being that the Union had held a meeting and adopted a resolution against thievery. "Therefore," declared the leader, "unless you fire this woman, all men quit work!"



—Daily Express, London.

Prof. Churchill: "Now, let me introduce you to Mr. Bull, the world's strongest man, who will lift the enormous weight of over eight hundred million pounds. Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Bull!"

Are the Unions Losing Ground?

American Writer Says Company Organizations Have Taken Up Work of Unions.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

SINCE 1920, the membership of the American Federation of Labor has been decreasing almost steadily from its peak of 4,078,740 to 2,803,968 for the fiscal year of 1925. Writing in *The New Republic*, Abraham Epstein attributes this decline to the mushroom growth of the movement during the War. "What is not so easy to understand," he says, "is the diminishing attendance at union meetings and the decadence and spiritlessness of the movement." This, he attributes to the growth, within the last ten years, of the company unions which now are estimated to embrace about as many workers as are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. He proceeds thus to analyze this transference of allegiance:

Throughout the history of the American Federation of Labor, its outstanding leaders have helped to sow among the working classes the doctrine of individual action and distrust of the state as against the doctrine of social and state action generally accepted by the workers abroad, and by students of labor and progressives in the United States. As a result, the insecurities arising from our present economic conditions such as the risks of sickness, old age, widowhood, orphanage and unemployment have remained constant terrors to the wage-earner. Our higher standard of living has not banished these fears. On the contrary, the American worker may feel them even more keenly because of the greater disintegration of the family unit in this country, and because of the higher standard of living to which he has become habituated. While there is hardly another industrial country to-day in which these hazards have not been ameliorated by constructive social action little or nothing has been done in the United States through action by labor to remove these dreaded apparitions. At least, the labor movement would keep its skirts clean from such 'socialistic' measures. The American worker was to be kept away from his brethren abroad, and like his employer he was urged to provide from his own meager means against all these emergencies. If in the end he was forced to become a recipient of charity or go to the poor house, at least he could be proud that he remained an "independent American."

A few figures are enlightening. In the year 1925 the American Federation of Labor and all its more than one hundred affiliated international and national unions paid out $1,842,292.48 in sick benefits to nearly three million members.

ONTARIO



IN variety of climate, natural resources and physical conformation, Ontario is one of the world's choicest regions. Every agricultural product common to the temperate regions of the earth can be produced successfully within its borders, and in addition, it has resources of minerals, forests, water powers and navigation which have already carried it far in manufacturing progress and which presage an industrial future of illimitable expansion.

Agriculture — Of 56,000,000 acres suitable for agriculture, field crops in 1926 covered 10,434,401 acres and produced crops of the value of $261,264,000. Dairy products have an annual value of around $95,000,000. About 216,000 acres are covered by orchards, small fruits and market gardens and vineyards with an investment of over $80,000,000.

Water Powers — The water power resources of Ontario are tremendous, and, in the development of Niagara power and others, has set the pace for the world in hydro-electric expansion.

The water powers developed total close to 2,000,000 h.p. and there is an additional 6,800,000 h.p. undeveloped.

Minerals — Ontario leads every other State or Province on the Continent in gold production and produces 80% of the world's supply of nickel. It has wonderful silver mines and a variety of other minerals. Of gold alone, this Province is now producing over $35,000,000 per annum.

Forests — The area of forest land is estimated at 260,000 square miles and Ontario shares with Quebec the distinction of being one of the world's largest newsprint producers.

Industry — There are over 9,400 manufacturing establishments, with invested capital of $1,800,000,000, an annual production of over $1,400,000,000 and a pay-roll of around $300,000,000 annually.

The development of hydro-electric power has hastened the industrial potentialities of Ontario. The Northern Electric Company is contributing to this industrial expansion by supplying much of the electrical equipment necessary.

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Information

This announcement appears in the press throughout Canada this month. An outline of Quebec reconstructions to the national wealth and resources will be published during July.

1867 • CANADA • 1927

Thinks Day of Soldier Is Over

Novelist Thinks That Armies of Future Won't Need Professional Warrior

H G WELLS

H G WELLS the agile-witted the ever entertainingly loquacious uses the columns of the New York *Times* once more. This time it is for the purpose of showing us—if we will but be reasonable and grant him a number of highly debatable premises—that for the waging of the wars of the future we do not need the soldier—meaning, of course, the professional soldier.

It is part of the general absurdity with which human affairs are at present cursed, that when we want to discussion of disarmament or the mitigation and prevention of war we consult "military and naval experts" as to the way and law for professional war, he tells us. In other words, what is the use of asking a man of a certain profession to put his profession out of business. Wells idea is that the scientist, who has proved and tested data at his fingers' ends is the man to be consulted. As an example of this he says:

"Mr. Haldane has written one of the most instructive and well-informed books about chemical warfare that exists. He knows about two times as much in this field as most of the worthy gentlemen in gold lace tabs, badges, labels, awards, belts and such like adornments who would in practice have to mismanage it and his brains are certainly ten times as good. Consequently his book which gives away every point of importance concerning gas warfare is treated as light literature, and the real professional soldiers will forlornly and kill scores of thousands of manuscripts before they learn, horribly and slowly, what he so charmingly tells them in his little volume.

"Just as in the great war—when in 1914 the French and British soldiers were a quarter of a century behind hand with trench warfare, and not a military expert in Europe would attempt the tank until 1916 although its use and necessity as a solution of the trench blockade had been quite logically discussed and set forth by civilians as early as 1903. Brig. Gen. Hartley still returns at times to read papers about gas warfare to the army folk he supplemented so effectively during the war, though no one supposes they want to take him seriously now. He has made it clear that a country in which everybody man, woman and child has a specially efficient gas mask handy may face the next great war with a certain qualified equanimity, and his anxiety about the gas discipline of troops trained since 1918 is only too manifest in all he says and does in this connection. Meanwhile, at the Royal College of Science in London, young engineers and chemists are boguiled away from their studies in order to learn saluting and messing about with swords, bayonets and battle axes, in a cadet corps.

"At present the British Army which is perhaps the liveliest most industrious technically, and according to its lights, the most nearly up to date of all the old armies now surviving in the world, is working out methods of fighting that are not much more than twenty years behind the level of contemporary thought and intelligence. Having resisted the tank for twelve years, having muffed the tank outrageously in the war, the British Army is now evidently quite enslaved by the tank. It plays with tanks all day and dreams of them at night. It exhibits them with childish pride to Colonial Premiers and London princes. It has dinky one-man tanks now and great big land battleships and transport tanks and shock tanks. Cavalry is at last at a discount and the air force practices deadly stunts and does musical drill at pageants very prettily. Perhaps a new generation of military men accustomed in their younger days to driving motor cars, to the public danger, is responsible for this change of heart, this sudden glorification of the once hated tank. But it is to be hoped for the sake of England and all the world that these exercises will never get beyond the gravity of an expensive amusement for the British military authorities.

"Drill, uniform, salutes and the segregation of soldiers from most human interests and all mental strands in barracks and camps have always been so deeply impressed upon our minds as the proper way of war that it is only nowadays that this question becomes debatable. Few of us realize how much of the old soldiering is already superseded. Flags have long since disappeared from the modern battlefield. To-day they wave chiefly for public occasions, at political meetings and to the advertisements of goods not otherwise attractive. Military bands leave their instruments at home or take them only as far as the base, and the common soldier is deprived of all his conspicuous regimental characters and clapped into a practical outfit directly fighting begins.

Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

CULLED BY J C R

Ignominy—Very few human failures equal that of trying to look dignified in a rumble seat.—*Montreal Star*

Tin Hats Are More Durable—The most expensive and least durable ruffing is a lot.—Kitchener *Record*

Minus Zero—No man is as insignificant as he looks in a Pullman dressing room at eight a.m.—Toronto *Star*

First Aid—To open a can of sardines and for a turnkey and apply iodine to the fingers.—Stratford *Beacon-Herald*

This Much Can Be Said—The only good thing we know about winter is our straw hat doesn't blow off.—Edmonton *Bulletin*

Why the Delay?—The leader of a Paris jazz band was arrested in the middle of a selection. It seems a little late.—Didsland *Times*.

Self Examination—Every man has moments of depression when he wonders what an appendix and he were made for.—Oshawa *Reformer*

Careful Girls—It may not be long now before you read about a girl being choked to death by the hem of her skirt.—Orillia *News-Letter*

Trusting the Trust—A man who decides to put his trust in riches should be careful of the trust to which he puts his riches.—Kingston *Standard*.

Embittered—An authority remarks that there is not much change in men's clothes this winter. Aren't those married men bitter?—Montreal *Star*

Changing Landmarks—People used to get married when they knew each other thoroughly. Nowadays that is when they get divorced.—Vancouver *Sun*.

Ineffective Rights—The pedestrian has the undisputed right of way—but they go right on making tombstones just the same.—Windsor *Border Cities Star*

She Wanted a Short Term—Woman seeking for a divorce who was ashamed for a definition of the word matrimony said matrimony wasn't a word but a sentence.—Ottawa *Journal*.

Conversational Starters—When a man tips his hat to a woman his wife doesn't know she asks more questions in the next five minutes than a child asks on a railroad train.—Saskatoon *Star*

Treating the Company Rough—The following sign is displayed in a prominent drug store:

Take a brick home. It's fine when company comes.'—St John *Times-Star*

Settled Fingers—Some of these modern girls act as if the finger was the only part of her engaged.—Brandon *Sun*

Torpid—I asked if she thought he was in earnest, she said he talked as but he kissed like a relative.—Galt *Reporter*

Still Watchfully Waiting—American policy in China: Watching Britain and waiting to see which way the cat jumps.—Toronto *Star*

They Have It—However, the styles would indicate that it's woman, and not man, who wants hot little hem below.—Kitchener *Record*

Low Enough For Comfort—No politician ever builds his fences so high that they can't be comfortably straddled.—London *Free Press*

Solving the Hired Man Problem—A Waterloo county farmer has two hired men and eight barrels of cider working for him.—Kitchener *Record*.

Companionable—Misery loves company, and sometimes 'company' stays on and on as though they loved misery.—Smith Falls *Record-News*.

So That's That—Tests have proved that a woman can dress in forty-five seconds and a cat can swim if it has to.—St Catharines *Standard*.

A Helpful Hint—If all of the filling stations were placed end to end they'd remind us of how many grocers are unpaid.—Brockville *Recorder Times*.

Asphyxiated—The car conductor told one lady her transfer had expired and she wasn't surprised, she said, when the car was so badly ventilated.—Brandon *Sun*.

The Doctor's Friend—The newest thing in the fruit world is an apple with a cucumber flavor. That's one variety that won't keep the doctor away.—Calgary *Herald*.

Enough's Enough — Boys don't usually rave about keeping That Schoolgirl Complexion. That's the reason they brush the powder off their coats as soon as they get home.—Fernie *Free Press*.

Stubborn Evidence—The window of the waiting room in a suburban station was recently broken. An enthusiastic realtor who declares that all his houses are within a stone's throw of the station is under suspicion.—Melita *Era*.

On Careful Observation—One feminist says, "Even the short skirt is an expression of one of the finest things in nature."

And—very often two of the finest things dearie!—Windsor *Border Cities Star*

Earth's Steam Is Free Energy

Engineers Plan to Make Use of Huge, Latent Natural Force

UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

NATURE has bestowed still another bounty on favored California and other western states, which may play a revolutionary part in future industrial development within the area. Engineers recently have discovered that the steam which issues from the ground at certain points is unharnessed motive energy, largely free from impurities, which may be directed to productive purposes at comparatively reasonable cost. The steam originates in huge subterranean power plants, and reaches the surface of the earth as potential motive power, in the semi-finished state, Uthai Vincent Wilcox, writing in *Business* (Detroit), says.

Industrial development on a large scale seems to be likely in the thermal regions of Alexander Valley, in Sonoma County, California. Even now there is under way a plan as carefully and laboriously prepared, and scientific as to effort, directly, population centres throughout the country.

Familiar mostly to tourists, Sonoma County long has been a Mecca for addicts to mud baths, springs hot and cold, mineral waters of all kinds. But now, it seems, Dame Nature in this locality is destined to furnish, as well, live steam with which to drive the wheels of industry.

Engineers are investigating the strange forces that spout steam into the air, under tremendous pressure, through the geysers and steam vents that dot Sonoma County and certain localities in other Western States. Unlike similar phenomena in a number of other countries, the steam that issues from the ground in California is comparatively free of impurities.

Years ago these strange steam vents were treated as scientific phenomena and no more. No one thought seriously of putting them to work, as the idea struck J. D. Grant, a large property owner of the valley, and others with a scientific turn of mind, that here, beneath their feet was a source of power whose potential commercial possibilities might be unlimited.

The Carnegie Institution's geophysical laboratory undertook an investigation that has lasted for many years and is now nearing completion. Dr. E. T. Allen, chemist of the geophysical laboratory, and Dr. Arthur L. Day, its director, have spent considerable time seeking to obtain an accurate measure of the possibilities of the steam wells ready for harnessing.

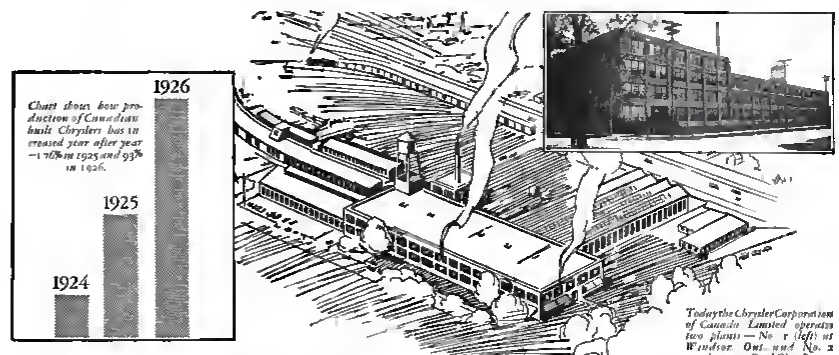
"Six wells," said Allen, "have been drilled to depths of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, cased in and completed. The capacity of four of these wells averages 1,000 kilowatts, and the two others although somewhat less powerful possess a valuable store of energy. One of the wells produces 50,000 pounds of steam an hour, and the roar of the escaping steam may be heard for miles.

The geophysical laboratory has undertaken a great amount of work testing temperatures and pressures within the wells, determining the kind and amount of gases that accompany the steam, investigating the hot springs and natural steam vents of the area and their radiation to the rocks and other geologic elements, and the natural chemical processes that are in progress. All this has been undertaken for the purpose of determining the ultimate cause of the phenomenon.

"The subject is intensely interesting from either the standpoint of science or of economics.

More Canadian-Built Chryslers

delivered in One Month of 1927 than in the Entire Year of 1924



SWIFT—remarkably swift—has been the advancement of the Canadian-built Chrysler in the esteem of Canadians.

In three years, people have shown such an eagerness for Chrysler ownership that Chrysler growth is registered in a sharply ascending line, while older concerns of large production have steadily given way.

Every year has witnessed an important increase in the volume of Chrysler production—176 per cent increase in 1925; 93 per cent increase in 1926. *In March, 1927, there were actually more Chryslers produced in Canada than during the entire year of 1924 when Chrysler upset all precedents.*

This increase is so tremendous and so impressive—so clearly an expression of public choice—so directly due to the discernment of the average Canadian on finer appearance, performance and value—that there is no need to draw a moral.

In order to meet Canadian requirements even more exactly and to keep pace with this constantly increasing demand, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada took over in January, 1927, an additional plant—securing 300% increased facilities and realizing the long cherished dream of having Chryslers built largely of Canadian materials in Canadian factories by Canadian workers.

In this expansion which contributes to the expansion of many and various industries throughout the country, Chrysler is proud to have a hand—proud and appreciative of the privilege to assist in creating a greater and more prosperous Canada.

It is Chrysler's determination to continue deserving the widespread confidence which Canadians have already evinced for Chrysler cars—to apply so rigidly the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality that each succeeding year will find Chryslers still higher and higher in the esteem of the Canadian public.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

CHRYSLER

Chrysler "50"	Chrysler "60"	Chrysler "70"	Chrysler Imperial "80"
SIX BODY STYLES	SIX BODY STYLES	NINE BODY STYLES	ELEVEN BODY STYLES
$1045 to $1220	$1470 to $1770	$2010 to $2590	$3635 to $5225
50 miles and more per hour	60 miles plus—with ease	70 miles plus	80 miles plus—92 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added), including all taxes and complete equipment.

THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS

FAR GOLD

Continued from page 22

Gabereau swung around heavily in his chair. He was prepared to give the high handed village humpkin a cool reception. But he was not prepared for the gay Lotharic whom Yvonne led up the pathway.

Gabereau's first impression told him that the approaching stranger was about the finest looking fellow that he had ever seen. Indeed this chap was altogether too good-looking to suit the rough neck strain of the seafaring skipper.

Tall, dark, trim, there was about him the courtly grace of a Spanish don, unmistakably of the ruling class, instinct with pride and power. His lean figure adumbrated splendid physical fitness. The brightness of his eye, the freshness of his skin, the sprightliness of his step spoke of youth but a graying about the temples hinted at maturer years. A young old man or an old young man. He was dressed to the correct appointments of a Corinthian: blue serge jerkin, white duck, white shoes, peak cap with gold badge of fouled anchor on its sleeve a command of four rows of black braid.

Noting this, rows of braid, Gabereau muttered to himself: "Admiral of the window frame pinkeys eh!"

In the next instant Yvonne summarized the skipper to the common civilities:

"Uncle Sprott, get up and meet my friend, Captain Don Juan."

Although the Skipper hated this stranger at sight, there was one person from whom he took no orders. Accordingly he rose with a good deal of bowing.

"Good evening, sir." The stranger bowed slightly. His manners were as correct as his clothes of which Sprott marked him down a peg lower in his estimation.

"What are you a Spick?"

"You mean Spanish?"

"Yes, Spick or Spanish, they're all the same to me."

"I have the honor, sir, to be a citizen of the Argentine."

"Here there, were ye?"

"No, my family came from Virginia, emigrated to South America when I was a lad."

"And what's the idea o' them glad rags yer wearin'? They've got ye all dolled out like a Christmas tree."

In spite of Yvonne's frantic signals from behind the other's back, Sprott tried to be as insulting as possible, but his threats drew only a bland smile.

"I expect a yachtsman's rig does look a bit like musical comedy to a real old sea dog like yourself, captain."

"Umph! afternoon tea regattas is all right for them that likes 'em, but it ain't to me a game."

"I agree with you there, sir. This harbor for stuff's no good. I'd never smash around outside in a hard blow. There's where you'll find who's keen, Polly."

"You really go out to sea, then, do you?"

"Oh yes, occasionally." The face of the stranger still wore its bland unruffled smile. Sprott found himself increasingly vexed by his invincible poise.

"What's your business down to the Argentine?" he inquired.

"I graduated from the Naval School and for many years was an officer in the navy."

"But you're only a sprig o' chicken. I'm older than I look, sir."

"Are you still in the navy?"

"No, I'm on the retired list, on account of being on the wrong side in a recent revolution."

"What are you doing now?"

"That's my own personal affair, sir."

This last was spoken with an even, fierce tone, that went through Gabereau like a knife. Hating anything that savored of the Latin countries he yearned to kirk this Spanish cavalier clean over the sea wall, but something warned him that here was a type that could not be so easily disposed of.

Making the best of a bad job the skipper sat down and proceeded to play gooseberry for the rest of the evening. But the visitor was too much of a gentleman to ignore the host and throughout all his conversation was continually referring to Gabereau, who answered in monosyllables and elected to remain on the outside until talk casually turned to the subject of the Ferrara treasure.

"Did ye ever hear of Andrea Ferrara?"

"I should say so, ever since I was remember."

"And how did you happen to know of him way down in South America?"

"Why, that was where he left his indelible mark, sir. The golden statue from Lima Cathedral, the vanished crown jewels from the short lived Brazilian Empire, the Cardinal's diamond mitre from the Episcopal palace at Guayaquil—the men who got away with loot like that had one claim at least to announcing research."

In spite of his personal antipathies Gabereau was forced to admit that here was one who talked with authority. Drawing his chair into the circle he listened while Don Juan descanted further on the vastness of the Ferrara treasure.

"Do you think that anyone will ever find that treasure?" inquired Yvonne, with a wee small voice, almost whispering from the thrill of wee dreamy tales.

Of course not, my dear," answered Don Juan, with easy assumption.

"I'm not so sure about that," growled the skipper.

"No doubt about it, sir," retorted Don Juan. "Somebody will find it, all right, and when they do they will have more power in their hands than many kings and emperors."

Yvonne was not the only one that was fired by his easy faith. When the stranger had finally gone, Gabereau went to his room, determined that very night to open the chart case and find the secret.

He had been a fool. Procrastination would never get him anywhere. What was all this talk about the seal, and the curse of a dead hand? What was it but the invention of a master mind to keep back fools and cowards?

After closing the shutter, and locking his bedroom door, Gabereau took the inner case from its hiding place, and without further ado was preparing to break the seal of the dead hand when there came an unmistakable creak of someone walking warily in bare feet in the outer hallway.

With his fingers already pinching that fatal seal, a cold shiver passed through the captain's body, and in sudden awful dread he waited as though some fiend were crouching at his door.

For fully a quarter of an hour, in paralyzed impotence he sat there, while the bright moonlight flooded the room. Although he could not see what was without he felt certain that eyes were peering at him through the keyhole.

Finally, not daring to tempt the situation further, he placed the case beneath his pillow and spent the rest of the night in sleepless apprehension, starting up at every imagined sound, as though his bedroom itself were some beleaguered fastness.

The following morning at breakfast he was in bitter mood while Yvonne across the table at the coffee urn had as if she too had missed much sleep.

Half through the breakfast, Gabereau burst out: "Who was the Spick that you brought around last night?"

"He's the captain of the *Ushuaia* and I think he's simply wonderful. You weren't nice at all to him, Uncle Sprott."

"Umph! What's the *Ushuaia* that white schooner that's been lying in the stream for the past week?"

"No, she isn't a schooner, she's a private yacht," answered Yvonne, not willing to have anything but a gracious touch attached to the splendid Don Juan.

"Have you ever seen this Spanish guy before?"

"Yes, several times."

"You're not at all particular about your company are you?"

"Why, he's the most fascinating person I ever met."

"He's too damned fascinating."

The wrathful skipper brought his fist down upon the table with a crash that nearly broke the china.

"Now, listen, Yvonne, don't let me ever hear of your meeting that fellow again. D'ye hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Yvonne's proud head suddenly tilted upward, saucy nose dimpled, chin supercilious, eyebrows alike insolent with high disdain. The rough-neck skipper somehow did not feel at home at night of such lofty defiance. He could give categorical commands to a new-hat somehow this little Miss Independence was always flaunting him to his face.

With his first mandate already as good as repudiated he required: "What's that fellow done' soanin around here anyways?"

"I guess he's got as much right around as anybody," was Yvonne's tasty answer.

Much disgruntled, Gabereau went up on the back porch and getting out his spyglass, trained it on the *Ushuaia*, the four white schooner lying there like a pointed ship in the calm blue of the inner harbor.

Studying her clear lines and her beautiful sheer, graceful as the sweep of a swallow, he was constrained to admiration, her dangerous hull indeed called forth a thing of beauty. What took the captain's eye was the blending of grace and strength. Here was no mere pleasure craft, but a storm-bird in the truest sense, called forth to meet the grimmest testings of the ocean.

While the captain was still gauging the mightiness of her spars, he saw something which caused his heart to go plunk. Out of the vessel's forside there emerged a dark looking savage, almost naked, with copper colored skin, and painted face. Rising to his full height, he towered above the deck hands, one unmistakable Yhagon giant.

GABEREAU was still fingering his spyglass with a trembling hand when Yvonne called: "Someone here to see you, Uncle Sprott."

As he came down the stairs there seated before him in his front parlor, cool as an icicle, sat Yvonne's visitor of the night before. Beside him, Dirk Dugas smirked at his former Skipper with the assurance of a small boy thumbing his nose to a bully from safe security.

As he entered the parlor, what disgusted Gabereau most of all was the fact that Yvonne had gained the group and was seated on the arm of a chair, prattling away to the strangers.

Turning to her darkly, Gabereau suggested: "You better go out, Yvonne."

"Oh no, let her stay," pleaded Don Juan. "We mustn't have any secrets between us, you know."

"Secrets what d'ye mean by secrets.'

"Just what I say, Captain Gabereau. You have been keeping a secret hidden away here in your house for the past twenty years."

"What business is that to you?"

"That's just what I've come to talk to you about."

"Well, judging by the chunks that you keep company with, the less we have to say to each other the better."

"I know, sir, you don't care for Dugas my mate here, but he happens to be my *alter ego* when it comes to that, which is now the be all and end all of my existence. You asked me last night what my business was in South America; well I might as well tell you plainly, in the Southern Ocean in Ariahat Harbor, or wherever I happen to lay the keel of the *Ushuaia*, I have only one business."

"And that?"

"To find the Ferrara treasure."

"I guess you've bit off more'n you can chew, Mr. Spick."

"That remains to be seen, sir. At all events, I am not the kind of man to be deterred by slight obstacles."

"Like myself, for instance," growled Gabereau.

"Exactly. You will be a mere pawn on the board, sir, if you start to obstruct me."

"You seem to be most confident!"

"Aye, and there's nothing can stop me. I'd ride over my dead brother's carcass if he stood between me and the Ferrara fortune."

In the eye of the speaker at that moment Sprott detected a fanatical light, as of a smouldering fire that might at any moment burst into a conflagration. He was not the easy fellow that he had at first appeared. Under the gaudy garb of the Corinthian was a heart that beat with one all consuming purpose.

But Gabereau, a man of rock begotten of the hardy brine, was not the kind to give because of threatenings.

"And as for you coming up here this morning to bulldoze did ye?"

Gabereau's voice sounded sharp. His wrath was rising, but the other set cool and debonair.

"Don't lose your temper, sir. We are up here on a mission that calls for rationality."

"I am not askin' ye for any insults in my own home, Mister Spick."

"You are the one who appears to be doing the insulting."

"What the hell are ye givin' us, I'll damn soon—"

The stranger's hand was raised imperiously. "Please cut out the swearing."

"Wha d'ye mean?"

"Why, can't you see there is a lady present?"

Sprott had always prided himself on his department before Yvonne. There was something mortifying in this rebuke.

Sensing a momentary advantage Don Juan continued: "I can see, captain, that my mate is evidently *persona non grata* with you, but waiving such trivial considerations, why can't we come to a fair understanding?"

"Why should we?"

"Because the secret chart case which you have by rights is mine."

"How d'ye make that out?"

"I am the last of the Ferraras."

It was easy for Gabereau to pooh pooh this claim when advanced by Dirk Dugas, but somehow it carried now a ring of authenticity.

"You mean that you are their heir, eh?"

"Precisely. I wouldn't be coming to you claiming the case if I wasn't. All I am asking you, sir, is to be reasonable. Produce that case and I will give you my promise of your own fair share of the reward."

"My share of the reward. That's generous of ye, ain't it? But possession is nine points of the law, my friend, and what I have I'll hold. If that there treasure is good enough for you to chase all over the world after I guess it won't do no hurt for me to take a hand myself."

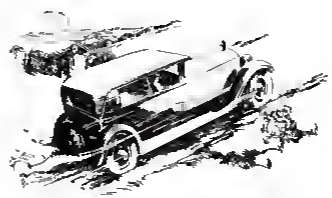
"You mean that you'd have the audacity to fit out an expedition on your own?"

"I always was a sky-high gambler, mister."

Continued on page 30

ETHYL GASOLINE

knocks out that "knock"..
..turns *carbon* into *power*



What Ethyl Gasoline will do in your own automobile

1. It will end all carbon trouble and make carbon formation an asset.
 As carbon forms, both temperature and compression (pressure) are increased. Ethyl Gasoline neutralizes the higher temperature and the increased compression becomes increased power.
2. It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.
3. It will make your engine operate more smoothly.
4. It will reduce gearshifting.
5. It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.
6. It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.
7. It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.
8. It will save the expense of carbon removal.
9. It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.

IN SHORT, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK U.S.A.
Knocks out that knock

IT is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines. Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after 8 years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries:

1. That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*, due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders.
2. That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound*. This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.

SO SUPERIOR is Ethyl Gasoline to other so-called "anti-knock" fuels that it has been adopted wherever unusual performance by a gasoline engine is required. That is why the United States Navy uses Ethyl Gasoline in its latest types of airplanes. That is why Ethyl Gasoline is used by the racing car drivers who are setting up new records.

Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada through leading oil companies and responsible jobbers. It is sold at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trade mark.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York

New Issue

$1,500,000

Godfrey Realty Corporation

6% First Mortgage 15-Year Sinking Fund Gold Bonds

Owners of Confederation Building, Corner St. Catherine Street and McGill College Avenue, Montreal

Dated June 1st, 1927 *Maturing June 1st, 1942*

Principal payable in gold at the principal Office of the Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., and of the Agency of the Royal Bank of Canada in New York City. Interest payable in gold, June 1st and December 1st, at any branch of the Royal Bank of Canada in Canada, at par of exchange, or at the Agency of the Royal Bank of Canada in New York City.

SECURITY—Godfrey Realty Corporation has acquired the property at the south-east corner of McGill College Avenue and St. Catherine Street in the City of Montreal, having a frontage of 125 feet 6 inches on St. Catherine Street by a depth of 108 feet 7 inches on McGill College Avenue and 88 feet on Cathcart Street. On this property is to be erected an eleven-story and basement building which will be modern in every respect, absolutely fireproof, of reinforced concrete construction with brick exterior and stone trimming.

VALUATION—The site has been valued by Messrs. Ernest Pitt & Company at $935,450. The finished building has been appraised by Ross & Macdonald, Incorporated, at $1,438,400, making a total valuation of $2,374,350.00.

EARNINGS—From the letter of the President of the Company, we quote the estimated revenue of the property as:

Gross Income, allowing vacancies of 10%	$251,000.00
Operating Expenses	$ 70,000.00
Net Income	$181,000.00

(More than twice the amount necessary to pay First Mortgage Bond interest.)

SINKING FUND—The Trust Deed securing this issue of bonds will provide that the Company will create a semi-annual sinking fund to be applied to the purchase or redemption of the said bonds amounting to the sum of $15,000 half yearly, plus an amount equal to one half year's interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on all bonds previously acquired or redeemed or which should be acquired or redeemed for sinking fund purposes. The first of said sinking fund payments will be made to the Montreal Trust Company on June 1st, 1930.

REDEMPTION—Bonds will be redeemable in whole or in part on thirty days' notice at 105 up to and including June 1st, 1932, at 104 up to and including June 1st, 1937, and thereafter at 103. In each case with accrued interest to date of redemption.

PRICE: 98.00 and accrued interest, yielding over 6.20%.

Write for special circular

W. A. MACKENZIE & CO., LIMITED
67 Yonge Street, Toronto, 2

MUNICIPAL DEBENTURE CORPORATION LIMITED
7 Place D'Armes, Montreal — 116 Mountain Hill, Quebec

The statements contained in this advertisement are not guaranteed, but are based upon information which we believe to be reliable and on which we acted in purchasing these securities.

Young Canada Booster Wins Bicycle

The three independent Judges, Everett C. Cameron, Secretary Toronto Y.M.C.A. Boys' Work Board; C. C. Letheran, Manager Ontario News Co., Toronto, and R. Austin Jones, advertising manager Harold A. Wilson Co., Toronto, have just announced their awards in the "Three Mystic Word" contest for Canadian boys.

Gentlemen:

As Judges in the "Mystic Word" puzzle contest for Booster Club Applicants, we have carefully judged all the qualified entries.

As a result, we now have great pleasure in announcing that Ross H. Maxwell, Kelfher Sask., is the winner of the Bicycle offered in accordance with the rules laid down.

The following entries are, in our opinion, worthy of honorable mention—

Lorrine Mustin, Alta., Richard Koester, Sask.; Lawrence T. Abra, B.C., Ronald Mullett, Alta.

We are pleased that all boys entering were privileged to receive a free start in business as a counselled girl and that you have through other prize offers and your booster catalogue given every boy a wonderful opportunity to earn money and win other prizes.

The following entries are, in our opinion, worthy of special mention.

(Space does not allow the printing of the 46 other names—Each Booster has been entitled to letter however.)

Signed by the Judges—E. C. CAMERON
C. C. LETHERAN R. AUSTIN JONES.

Other Contests are now going on. If you are not already a Booster, send in your application for a free start in business.

Address: Young Canada Boosters Club, 153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Here Yvonne who had been listening breathlessly to every word that passed suddenly broke in. "But Uncle Sprott, you surely wouldn't retain that case if it wasn't yours."

Turning ponderously in his chair, the big skipper cast a baleful eye upon the interrupter. "You just keep your ear out of this."

"Ent Uncle Sprott—"

"Whir—umm—ph—um!" Struggling with an overmastering rage the skipper let out a terrific series of deep grunts, like a sea lion coming to the surface.

"Not another word out of you, Yvonne, I'm master in my own house, and I'll have you know it. And as for ye, me two skinnies, that don't owe there what's you comin in through is the hole you can take to get out of, and you git, as fast as God Imighty'll let ye."

With the furious skipper rising ominously, Dirk Dugas hastened to make his exit.

Ent, Don Jnan, refusing to be stampeded, backed away slowly, exclaiming:

"You wouldn't give us that case decently, and like a gentleman—as you may now hide the consequences."

GABEREAU went away that morning telling Yvonne that he would not be back until late in the evening.

There was a schooner lying in the roads off Lennox Passage which was being put up for sale on account of an Admiralty claim. With ice-awakening of interest in such matters, the skipper thought that he might as well take a look at this vessel.

He started out on foot for the village of West Arichat, planning to get there in time for lnch with his friend, Captain Paddy Mack, an old crony of the sealing days who promised to put him aboard the schooner by motor boat.

About half way on his journey, for some inexplicable reason, the skipper had a presentiment that he should turn back.

In dogged persistence he still kept on remonstrating with himself, aloud:

"God only knows what's getting into ye these days, Sprott Gabereau. Seems ye can't start out to cross over into the next perish without some kind o' crazy ideas coming into yer head sayin'!

"Ye better turn back, ye better turn back!"

In spite of the efforts to reassure himself, the idea of something amiss began to grow upon him.

"It's always that pesky case," he complained. "Just thing in the morning, last thing in the evening and any time through the night. Never know when it's goin' to get ye. Dame thing's worse than a crying baby. Sometimes, by gosh, I think I'd a him wise if I'd taken the advice of Monsieur le Curé and chucked the thing into the sea."

Then the thought of his rivals began to come to him, and with the spirit of emulation which they engendered the chart case again took on its priceless aspect. The more Gabereau thought of the headlong Don Juan and his quest the more his own desire was wheeled, while still that inner voice kept urging him within.

"You better turn back!"

"You better turn back!"

Finally with an exclamation of disgust, as though he had ceased to be master of his own movements, he decided to postpone his trip to view the schooner and directed his steps again toward his own place.

It was about noon when he got back home. All was quiet in the garden. With no one to sight, he entered softly through the kitchen. At first there was no sound, and he had about decided that the house was empty, when a slight stir caught his ear from above.

In an instant he was on the qui vive. Tiptoeing to the landing, there came a stir as of somebody moving stealthily, followed by a slight, undetermined note, that sounded like a piece of parchment being straightened out upon the floor.

Running noiselessly up the stairs, without slightest sound of knock to announce his coming, Gabereau burst suddenly into his own room.

As the door was being pushed back a girl screamed, and there stretched out on the floor before him, Gabereau beheld Yvonne, with the inner case in the case of mystery lying open. She was stretched full length upon the floor, face forward, supporting her head with the weight on her elbows. Before her was an old piece of crumpled parchment grey with time, pregnant with significance.

The girl had gone into a sudden paroxysm at the unlooked for intrusion, but seeing that it was only her Uncle Sprott she smiled up into his face with the utmost unconcern.

Gabereau stood for a moment aghast, as though his eyes deceived him. The secret of the inner chest case, that unknown something which he had feared unspeakably, was there exposing harmlessly beneath the pretty elbows of Yvonne. The skipper really acted at first as though he expected the thing to bite her, because of his preconception the girl was delivered from a hurricane of wrath to which she might otherwise have been exposed.

"What are you doing with that, Yvonne?" His voice sounded hollow and tense.

"Just finding out what the black case had to say, Uncle Sprott."

"But don't you know better than that?"

"What do you mean, old Sunshine. I always liked rummaging through your things and you never forbade me."

"But, this is different."

"I know it is, that's why I like it as much more."

"And how in the world did you ever get the idea of that secret drawer?"

"By rummaging around, of course."

"But can't you read my child. Didn't you see what was written around the case? Didn't you realize the runes that was there sealed with a dead hand?"

"Pooh," said Yvonne with supreme indifference, "I'd been hearing everybody talk about this case morning, noon and night, ever since the stranger brought that gold coin in the store. Then at nights you got acting so funny, that I had to take a wee peek in the keyhole to see what was the matter with you."

"Whirr—umm—ph!"

The old walrus let out a snort, but she ignored it and continued, with most disarming frankness:

"You were so funny, Uncle Sprott, last night when you stood there in your night dress in the moonlight, with that case in your hand, I had to pinch myself to keep from laughing. You looked just like a small boy in school who was scared that he was going to get a licking.

"I never saw you scared of anything in the world before and I made up my mind, right off that I was going to open that case first chance I got. So here it is with its awful secret, a lot of gibberish that doesn't mean anything in the world as far as I can see. Come take a look!"

Forgetting his accustomed heavy, weight manner, Gabereau was promptly down on all fours beside her scanning the ancient grey parchment with hungry eyes.

He recognized at once the precise handwriting done with India ink and quill in the same hand as the first, a masterpiece of conciseness. Succinct and to the point. For the skipper at least there was no mistaking its meaning as in read the words in a voice vibrant with suppressed emotion.

Top of Cape Horn
Approach from Pacific side
Lat. 55°58' 4S Long 67° 16 W
Landing Dislocation Estuary
Shingle beach on South affords protection
Landing party haul up boats
Ascent advisable E N E side
Summit to northward locality gleam
Highest point of all,
In mist of granite rock."

Signed,
Andrea Ferrara.

Under the signature appeared the accustomed seal of the Spanish crown.

On the opposite side of the parchment was a chart denoting the approach by sea.

"Do you know what that means?" inquired the skipper, his eyes dancing with sudden madness.

"What does it mean, Uncle Sprott."

"It means that all we've got to do is to land on that shingle beach and follow out instructions, and as your Spirk friend said we'll have more wealth than many kings and emperors."

With that, the stand and dour old skipper, in an exultant rush suddenly seized Yvonne by the waist and started dancing her around the room, all the time letting out whoops of joyous delight.

"And are you really going to go after the treasure," panted Yvonne, the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them suddenly at her feet.

"Am I going!" exclaimed the skipper giving her a resounding kiss. "Why God bless yer soul I'm spinning up the secret. Now then, me Pretty, just watch the water boils' to my wahn. I'll hang my hat on top of the old Cape Still before they've time to settle down the riggin'."

"Whoop!"

"Hurrah!"

Once again the skipper was off in a whirlwind reel.

To be Continued

Pushing Back Canada's Sky Line

Continued from page 9

below normal levels. Hoping to profit by this, Munday returned a week later from Vancouver with the expedition's supplies and equipment. These were transported twenty-five miles up stormy Bute Inlet in an open boat from the last port of call of coasting steamers. Munday's only companion was R. C. Johnson who had many times proved his worth in trying timesin the mountains.

Peril In Darkness

BAD weather dogged them. Their trips up the river were made worse by dense fog on the water, and by the fact that the stage of tide required to "lion out" the usual tide rip opposite Graveyard Point at the river mouth came during the hours of darkness. Pitchfork Gap had narrowed now to ten feet at one point, and right close at any time. At every bend of the crooked river savage eddies boiled into the teeth of log jams. Cavernous whirlpools threatened to engulf the boat. There were rapids in navigating which minutes were required in order to gain yards. And everywhere was the peril of sunken snags hidden in the muddy torrent.

Work as a scout in No-Man's Land during the war won Munday a medal that did not "come up in the rations". So perhaps he knew the grim reaper by sight. At any rate, when the other members of the party arrived a week later he informed them that the walking was good from the log jam to the snippy cache, and he had hacked four miles of trail through tangled forest to make it so. The other members of the party were: A. E. Agur,

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BUTTERSCOTCH ROLLS—Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tsps. Royal Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt, rub 4 tbsps. shortening, mixing it in with a fork. Heat shortening as used and milk; Add milk or water to make a fairly soft dough (about ⅔ cup). Knead slightly and roll out ¼ inch thick. Spread well with creamed butter and brown sugar. Roll up as for jelly roll, cut into 1 inch pieces. Stand on end in well buttered gem pans or small greased muffin rings. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes. Frosting may be sprinkled in before rolling. Makes 12 rolls or 22 if baked in small rings.

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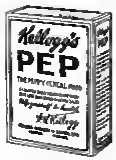
How you'll enjoy a crisp bowl of Kellogg's Pep! Pep is health in a package! A feast of flavor! Wakes up the laziest appetite! Full of nourishment to start the day!

Pep will make you peppy! A ready-to-eat cereal with all the goodness of whole wheat. Rich in vitamins and strength - building mineral elements

Pep with milk or cream is practically a perfect food. Contains enough bran to be mildly laxative. Helps prevent constipation. A wonderful food for young folks and folks who like to feel young.

Serve Pep often. Add fruits or honey, for an extra treat. Delicious with pears, prunes, bananas or raisins. Add them, fresh or canned. Put Pep into tomorrow's breakfast! Your grocer has pep!

Kellogg's PEP



Whole Wheat including the Bran

T. H. Ingram, the leader, a brother, and, of course, Mrs. Munday. All were members of the Alpine Club of Canada, and some of them members of the B. C. Mountaineering Club. It will be noted that Ingram had postponed his resolve about giving up climbing.

Somebody known as the "Terror of the North", the Homalko earns the name. Twice parties of surveyors lost their outfits in its wild waters. Two prospectors once returned starving and in their bare feet, their boots having been in their canoe when it went under a log jam. A Canadian Pacific Railway survey party had a bad time in the valley in the '70's, when there was more semblance of a trail than now.

In the '60's, Alfred Waddington, of Victoria, was granted a charter to build a toll road through the Homalko Valley as the most direct overland route to the Cariboo goldfields. This project came to a tragic stop with the midnight massacre at Murderers' Bar of fourteen men of the unarmed trail gang by Chilcotin Indians. The Chilcotin War ensued, and five of the murderers were eventually captured and hanged. But Waddington was practically ruined, and work was never resumed on the trail. It is not generally known that this route was seriously considered for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Narrow Escapes

THE Homalko River in flood is a silt-burdened torrent from 300 to 1,500 feet in width, forever gouging new channels through green timber, and with this debris choking old channels. Canoe transportation of supplies proved to be a constant hazard, both for the supplies and for the lives of members of the party. The river channels were choked with stranded trees of all sizes. By a fortunate decision, the party just escaped being overwhelmed on a midstream gravel bar when the river rose over three feet in one night. Even then, it was only by tremendous exertions that everything was saved, but it was two days before the party was reunited to resume the advance.

The water did not subside much, and perils multiplied. Twice bad holes were knocked in the canoe by hidden snags. Its back was nearly broken, and, repeatedly, loads of supplies were nearly lost. Had a paddle snapped one stroke sooner than it did, two of the party would have been swept to death under a log jam.

So the canoe was finally cached safely in the woods, and the hundreds of pounds of supplies were "backpacked" forward in relays of about a half a mile at a time, with the leader usually chopping a trail as well as carrying a pack. Cliffs dipping sheerly to the river had to be negotiated on mossy ledges, where a slip would have been disastrous. More serious obstacles were glacial tributaries of the river, which were rivers in themselves, and drained enormous glaciers, one of which descended right into the Homalko Valley. Trees tall enough to bridge these torrents invariably broke with their own weight on the builders. Delayed and foiled by Bear Creek, the adventurers skidded sixty log-lengths out of the woods by manpower, and contrived to slide them across on the doubtful support of a splintered trunk, projecting part way over the stream. But the leaping wave crests shrank this slender and slippery bridge so violently that, until the climbing rope was stretched across for a hand-rail, it was not possible to carry loads across.

The party had been warned that the valley was overrun with black, brown and grizzly bears, all of them reputed to be the very biggest of their kind. The enormous tracks proved that beam were at least plentiful. Tracks of timber wolves, cougar and other big game were also in evidence.

As the result of relaying supplies, the distance travelled as load averaged 100 miles for each member of the party by the time they reached Coula Creek, only about forty miles from Bute Inlet by the course followed, and about 600 feet above sea level. Exploration of Coula Creek canyon revealed the existence of an enormous glacier extending 4,000 feet below the timberline and to within 1,500 feet of sea level. For miles the surface was a jumble of broken blocks of ice, or a network of crevasses, and it filled the valley almost to the very crest of the mountain ride on one side. It was decided to call this Waddington Glacier. It is about ten miles in length, descending 8,500 feet in that distance.

Up this wild gorge, the party relayed supplies in the ram, established "Cliff Camp" beside the glacier. And still in chilling rain, relayed forward past the chaotic ice-cascade, where the glacier emerged from the heart of the range, dropping 5,000 feet in a mile.

At timberline, Spring's fingers still plucked feebly at the fringes of the wide snowfields along the south side of the range, and it was hard to find exposed a flat heather patch large enough for three small silk tents. Large pink avalanche lilies impatiently thrust flower buds through the tardy edges of snowdrifts.

Relaying of supplies ended finally at "Avalanche Camp", near the west end of the range, and in a high valley stripped of its stunted trees for half a mile by a mighty avalanche from a glacier above. To this camp, Mrs. Munday was literally led across the mountains farther into the wilderness, because she was now almost completely snowblind from the severe eyestrain imposed by dense fog on several exacting exploratory climbs among the mountains along Waddington Glacier. This helplessness was a new experience for a woman who had honeymooned in midwinter on a mountain above the clouds, who had later taken her eleven-weeks old baby girl on a mile-high climb at three months of age on a forty-mile climbing trip on foot above snowline, and at four months of age to an elevation of 9,000 feet on a glacier in the Selkirk Range.

A Desperate Struggle

MUCH of the work of original explorers in British Columbia has been lost because of the fact that the work was done by men who never recorded their information in permanent form. It was not surprising, therefore, that nothing had indicated in advance that the mountaineers would face such a desperate struggle to reach the vicinity of Mystery Mountain. Data for mapping several hundred square miles of newly-explored country was secured by the party, but contained unsettled weather on the high peaks of the range baffled all their attempts to find a way across the range to Mystery Mountain, which so far had remained unseen.

Although on short rations now, and risking starvation on the homeward trek, clearing weather led them to plan a last desperate effort to reach Mystery Mountain by way of two passes 9,000 feet in height.

Hoping for night-frost to harden the snow, the party left camp at eight p.m., Johnson breaking trail for them for 8,000 feet through recent avalanches to the crest of the leeward of Avalanche Glacier. He then returned alone to camp. The moon was practically at the full. The first pass was reached about one a.m., and a light meal was gulped down before the ice-laden wind encouraged the long descent to the mysterious unexplored depths of Waddington Glacier's immense upper basin. In this kind of work Mrs. Munday's usual place on the rope was next to her husband. She is capable of giving him more than moral support, too, for only her timely presence of mind saved all four persons on her rope from falling into a hundred foot crevasse on Mount Robson. In this respect they are a well-matched couple, for once when the rear man of a party slipped on an icy

Continued on page 34



FAMOUS FEET

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

Here's a vital "foot-note" A new way to *end* Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for *all* feet . . . Here, indeed, *is* an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay*, has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay in its new-style 1927 package has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the Blue-jay formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic woo which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . the comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks.

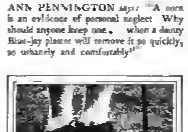
No other way is safe and gentle! There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

The new Blue-jay in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For callouses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters



ANN PENNINGTON says: "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty Blue-jay plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet*: "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on Blue-jay."

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE New Blue-jay



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Fort Grand Circus Park—Downtown Detroit

Continued from page 32

slope and in his toil dragged Mrs. Munday down, too, the leader unheeded in holding their combined weights when they had fallen the full length of the eighty-foot rope.

From Mystery Pass, reached at five o'clock, Munday says — We gazed, at last, fascinated, across ice-filled valleys to Mystery Mountain. It is the fitting culmination of a region baking man's mind in fantastic—granite crags that weirdly caricature man and beast and bird. The summit of one contemptuous little peak overhangs on every side. A slender flying buttress seemingly props the whole rimmonside of a mountain. Even Mystery Mountain has a freakish twist to its symmetrical majesty of form. Its bare black rock is shot through with variegated seams, so that the towering precipices bear a cracery so wild that they might appear to be the prison walls on which tortured fallen spirits had recorded their pain. Little play of fancy was needed to suggest the ice-plated form of a gigantic monster sprawled on the mountain top with leering head upraised watchfully high above the vastest network of glaciers yet encountered in America south of Alaska.

Far down into the still sunless Ice Valley they plodded, breakfasting in a small hollow in the glacier, where they were afforded some little protection from the searching wind, although there was a risk that the bottom would drop through into the underlying crevasse. Continuing far down the glacier, they finally turned up one of the steep tributary glaciers to essay at last the grimly repellent Mystery Mountain itself. Here the ominous the slopes with blinding glare as they picked an exclusive way among a complex system of crevasses many of which were dangerously hidden under unbroken surfaces of snow.

Agur and the Munday brothers shared the heavy labor of leading, and by 2.30 p.m. they reached a high notch, 10,000 feet above sea level. Mystery Mountain was now hidden behind Spearmore Peak, 11,000 feet high, the latter being clearly an effectual barrier to further progress. In all the vast scene, green timber was visible in only two small areas many miles away.

They had to admit they were repulsed, as this was the only route which had looked even possible under the circumstances. But it was not unfitting that such a monarch among mountains should not yield to the first attack.

Had the weather broken badly, as it threatened, the party's situation would have been serious in the extreme, with the nearest timber further down travel away. Hourly the avalanches were increasing in number, and in several places the pathway of the party up the glacier had been swept away completely, so that the descent was nerve-wracking.

Freebirn In Midgreenour

AFTER supper, the long ascent to Mystery Pass was resumed. More than one climber now began to suffer optical illusions and mental delusions induced by fatigue and strain. The responsibility resting on the leader was a heavy one; the more so as another member kept demanding to be left to sleep for a few hours in the snow. Later the bitterness of the night frost was indicated by discovery of a frostbitten toe—this on a midsummer night!

A wildly flaring sunset flung its glow into the snow-garbed gorge, its flame being reflected from wall to wall in crimson and orange lights, until the great cirque seemed full of a weird and unearthly glory. Upon this unreal background the rising moon poured lights and reflected lights, until its paler flame dimmed the glamor to a pure silver radiance.

Miles crept by slowly on the high snow-wastes above, owing to a troublesome crust on the soft snow. The moon went down, dawn followed, and at last, at four a.m., camp was reached. Out of the elapsed thirty-two hours, the adventurers had been roped together for twenty-four hours.

When a slim breakfast was eaten next morning, food for only a light lunch remained. They broke camp in driving sleet and rain and began the long retreat across the mountains by a forced march reaching the food cache at the Hemaiko River by nightfall.

The river had risen over eight feet, in keeping with flooding tributaries. The work of bridging creeks had to be done over again on the homeward trip under much more difficult conditions. Delays were serious, with the party down to a daily ration for each person of half a pound of bannock, a cup of boiled rice, plus any berries picked by the way.

At the canoe cache, Agur and Johnson volunteered to try to take the battered craft down the river with some of the less valuable equipment. Distances on the land party covered in half a day, the canoe party needed a half an hour, but at extreme risk. Where the river surged suddenly under sheer forty acres of fog jam, they escaped through a gap so narrow that the paint was scraped off both sides of the canoe. Once an undermined forest giant fell within yards of the canoe. The banks bristled with dangerous sweepers, which are fallen trees projecting low over the surface of the water. These were perilous addition to countless snags and the danger inherent in a swift and broken water.

The land party toiled through flooded swamps and a maze of high water channel, which often forced them to lengthen along mountain walls. Like a vindictive giant thrusting blindly with a spear, the river sometimes pushed the tops of floating trees into the forest—once exactly over the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Munday had slept.

Last Food Lost

FOOD came completely to an end when the last precious handful was accidentally lost, but fortunately by late of the noon of the same day, they reached a trapper's cabin which was well stocked with food. Next morning they arrived at the log jam where the boat was cached. It was soon launched. But threat of disaster still dogged them, for while the leader wrestled with the motor, the oarsman nervously staged a dispute with the steersman as to the right channel. A feeble but timely kick from the engine just saved the boat from swamping against a cluster of snags at the base of a sheer cliff. An hour later, on a foaming waves-crest, they landed on McPhee's rocky shore, their adventures at an end for a time.

Colonel W. W. Foster, of Mount Logan fame, and Howard Palmer, F.R.G.S., president of the American Alpine Club, term this the most important mountain exploration of the year. It is probable that Mount Waddington will be the official name of the big peak. Mr. and Mrs. Munday are busy organizing another attack on it for 1927.

Since the foregoing was written, Johnson and Agur were caught without warning in a snowslide on a mountain within sight of Vancouver. Johnson almost hooked into a small tree on the edge of a cliff, where he hung head down while the avalanche poured harmlessly over him. But Agur was buried to the foot of the precipice. Mr. and Mrs. Munday were the first mountaineers to take up the search for their friends, and, despite efforts to dissuade them, made a midnight trip over the mountain tops in a blizzard which forced them to feel for the trail at every step. Other alpinists took up the search later, but as the body lies under thousands of tons of snow the only hope of recovering it is to wait for the snow to melt.

It may well be said of the mountains that 'only those who brave their dangers comprehend their mysteries.'

The Odd Page

Continued from page 16

had to find his purchasers over the border in the United States, where such is the vogue for model ships, they are eagerly sought. And because of the appreciative he finds in an alien market, his commissions are for the Yankee Clippers of song and story. Instead of carving a *White Star*, *Marco Polo Shalimar*, *Mermaid*—famed St. John built packets of the Australian gold-rush days—or replicas of Nova Scotia's big skysailyarders, *Canada*, *Keren King's County* or such-like his skillful hands are engaged in fabricating the flying clippers which flew the Stars and Stripes.

Holmes is an artist to his line. I have examined samples of his work exhibited in New York. There I saw a finely-executed miniature of the Amherst ship, Mary Stewart, a thousand tonner built at Noppan, N.S. in 1878. This model should never have left the Dominion. Another of his models that of the celebrated St. John ship *Miles Barton*, an old Australian packet of the 'fifties, also longed a purchaser in the States—Frederick W. Wallace, Flushing, N.Y.

Where Canaries Nibble Snow

NORTHERN ALBERTA can hardly lay claims to being situated in the banana belt, especially during the winter months when the mercury sinks lower than the bottom figure on the family thermometer yet yellow canaries, whose natural home is the Canary Islands where bananas come from, are being successfully raised and reared to the open air at Edmonton by Professor William Rowan, head of the department of zoology at the University of Alberta.

These birds have lived for several years in a cage fully exposed to the bitter gales which blow lustily across the country and pile snowdrifts two and three feet deep against the inner walls of their home. Temperatures as low as fifty-two below zero have been experienced but during the several years of their life there has not been a single casualty from cold or exposure, and the rare birds have developed the habit of singing every day—rain, hail or snow.

Professor Rowan is conducting experiments in connection with a new theory regarding bird migration and the story shown in the accompanying photograph contains many species of finch caught in Alberta. The canaries are employed as a part of faculty of domestic science to the aviary as they have been found to be valuable in teaching the wild birds how to eat from an entomostir feeding box and drink from a patented glass fountain. In the winter all the birds nibble snow.

For purposes of the experiment the aviary is brilliantly lighted with high candle power electric lamps during a great part of the night.—Hubert Norbury, Edmonton.

Gas and Glory

Continued from page 18

him. The sympathy of the battalion of the brigade, of the division, of the army, of the entire British Expeditionary Force would be his. And what would Haig say when he heard that a green battalion commander, even Pierodilly Bingle had put fifty live gassed men over in the face of chlorine gas for his own glory but without personal risk? All of which went through Lane's head quicker than a parrot could tell it.

He scrambled to his feet, and tiptoed and clawed to the top of the parapet and there he was met and heavily repulsed by a second gas-masked sentry. He came to earth on his back that time and the jar of it cleared his brain. He rolled over, staggered up, negotiated a lane through the wire and doubled after his comrades. It was the only thing for him to do at the moment.

THE Fritzies felt secure, for they very naturally thought that the dose of gas which they had projected so successfully on the night breeze would keep the Canadians at home for the remainder of the night, at least. The wind was exactly right, as if the All Highest had ordered it for the occasion. The sentries stepped down. The garrison which had retired at the commencement of our preparatory bombardment returned to the fire-trench and there guttural jokes were cracked at the expense of the greenhorns opposite.

Then the Canadians dropped in. Sudden and heavy was the drop. Jokes went unfinished. Laughter was hitten off short. Chuckles darkened to groans. The rasping of bayonets was drowned by the crashing of bombs.

Captain Starlin led to the right. As soon as he was clear of the initial struggle, he advanced at a rate which could not have been improved on had a knave-train for Bandogne been all ready to pull out of the next bay. He was fully and variously armed. His primary weapon was a bayonet-tipped rifle, which he had borrowed from his batman for the occasion. His secondary armament consisted of an entomstir pistol and eight Mills grenades. Shooting from the hip, he emptied a clip in the first bay. He lobbed two bombs across the traverse, led five rounds more into the magazine of the rifle and dashed onward. The felines writhed before him. He hurdled dead and wounded alike, leaving the mopping up to those who followed; for he was in a hurry. His haste was considered, purposeful. He was looking for one or other of a certain brace of light trench-mortars with the intention of capturing it.

Captain Starlin was the battalion scout-officer, and he had observed the work of those two mortars very particularly on at least four occasions and from as many vantage-points. From what he had observed, he believed them to be British weapons—Stokes-guns, in fact. His brother officers had derided the idea. They had argued on high authority, that no Stokes had ever been captured by the enemy on the Western Front. But being a scout, he believed what he saw and knew than hall what he heard. So he had backed his belief heavily with money, and his bet had been taken by ten or a dozen of his mess-mates. No one but himself thought that there was the ghost of a chance that the wager would ever be settled—one way or the other. But he had seized upon this opportunity of deciding the issue. He had calculated the position of the desirable guns to be on the extreme right of the zone of the night's operations, and about thirty yards behind the fire-trench. That calculated point was his objective. In the hope of reaching it, he dartoned his comrades and acted as a combination of riflemen and bomber. He needed the money for a leave of ten days duration, was almost due him.

Starlin maintained his amazing pace from the second bay to the third from the third to the fourth. It was after he had entered the fourth bay that the fact that the Fritzies were not wearing their gas-masks first registered on the front of his brain; and, being a scout he immediately doubted the truth—which was that the trench was clear of gas. He immediately removed his own respirator. That was a great relief. He found the communicating trench he was looking for.



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lobbed one of his three remaining bombs up it, loosed five rounds rapidly after the bursts and then charged

Yards of that trench had been blown in by our bombardment. Starlin clerked to a walk, then took to crawling on hands and knees. He crawled over obstructing mounds of earth, clawing up and slithering down, with the stutter of machine-guns and the dry smashes of grenades in his ears. Something whizzed low over his head and exploded an alarm behind him that he dived from his knees at the flash. It was the dive that did it. Deep and head down between two caved-in sections of the trench wall his shin came into violent contact with something sharp and hard which protruded from the loam north, and, in an effort to get clear of the thing, his hands fumbled at it and it came away in his grasp. It was a dented tube of metal—a light trench-mortar bomb from its base. He investigated it with eager, knowing fingers, heedless of the pain and blood of his shin. It was a Stokes-gun!

He considered his position. Bombs were smashing both before and behind him, to the wrecked communicating trench. Mills grenades came from behind and detonated in front, and ploesppkes lobbed over from farther along the trench and crashed in his rear. Low overhead and to right and left whispered the thin zee-zip! of bullets, warning him not to leave what was left of the trench. Reaching his rifle, hoarded his last two bombs, grabbed up the precious wreck of the Stokes-gun, turned and crawled hastily away.

LEMUEL HOLSTER had also gone to the right. He too, had reached the fourth bay from the point of entry and gone on the communicating trench. As he hurled his last bomb the "recall" was whistled shrilly. The men behind him turned and retired instantly; but he, in the very act of achieving the quickest turn on record, tangled his feet in the sprawl of a dead Fritzie and fell heavily. As he hit the ground his sling rifle bounced up and smacked him violently on the base of the skull. He scrambled and staggered to his feet humping his shoulders and yanking desperately at the sling of his rifle, maddened and chilled by the ground-thought that on account of my bad given him the butt end was about to fellow it with the point. He visualized it as he squirmed to face it—the monstrous, deep-helmeted figure poised and ready to lunge with a bayonet notched like a hellish saw. His very soul sickened and shrieked in his flinching flesh. He faced about sweating and shaking like one who wrestles in a nightmare—but with his rifle in his hands at last. The menacing figure was not there. No enemy was in sight except the dead one over whom he had stumbled.

Lem stared stupidly. He was still groggy from the mysterious blow on the head, and before he could fully realize that he had not been on the verge of death by a cow-toothed bayonet an unmasked figure came suddenly into his obscure field of vision from beyond a break in the wall of the trench. Unmasked! And from the direction of the hostile support line. He snapped the butt to his shoulder and pressed the trigger. Nothing came of it. Chamber and magazine were empty. He clawed for a clip, found it—and dropped it. He fumbled and stalled another and still the unmasked man drew nearer. Panic shook him. Would he turn and run? Dared he turn? Or would he charge? Indecision paralyzed him. Would he run or would he fight?

He did neither. A blinding explosion against the wall of the trench sent him to the ground. There he lay helpless, dead and numb, wondering dully and pitifully if he were dead or only mortally wounded. He was brought out of it by a heavy and urgent hand on his shoulder. Then his gas-mask was pulled off, and he beheld the face of Captain Starlin within a few inches of his own. There was blood on the captain's chin.

"Wounded?" Where? No blood.

"Not a drop. Not a break. You're not wounded—but I am. Right leg. Get up on gimme a hand. Up with you!"

Lem obeyed. He was not wounded, not even scratched or sprained.

"Pick up that gun. It's a Stokes—what's left of it. Got it? Dame important. Away we go."

Away they went, Lem carrying the dented tube that had been a Stokes-gun, and Starlin clinging to him and hobbling desperately. Thus they gained the front line.

"We'll go over right here," commanded Starlin. "No time to waste."

They climbed the parapet. Holster hugging Starlin's trophy, and Starlin hugging Holster. Still clinging like lovers, they dragged their way through and out of the torn German wire. They were halfway across No Man's Land when the captain flopped at last, done in and sick and dizzy from loss of blood. His right leg needed a tourniquet. Nothing else could save him. He knew it and he said so.

"Right here. Bandage—handkerchief—belt—anything."

There was no response from Lemuel Holster.

"Be quick about it. Tourelquet. Bleeding to death. Anything will do—but get a move on. Tie it and twist it."

But Lem was not present. Lem had passed onward, intent on his own salvation.

Down through the black dizziness of exhaustion in which Starlin was submerged as in an opaque and swirling tide sank consciousness of the fact that he had been deserted. That stopped him out of it. What blood was left in him fairly boiled with indignation. Sitting up he snatched a handkerchief from a pocket, plored it around the thigh of the wounded leg and tied it. Now for a stick, or something like a stick with which to twist it tight. What had he of the kind? His brain searched practically. He had left his knife in his dugout. His pistol? There was not enough slack to the handkerchief to take hold of anything so short and thick. A pipe would do the trick—but he smoked cigarettes only. He fumbled despairingly at his pockets. Nothing! His right hand dropped hopelessly to the cold ground beside him, fumbling aimlessly. Suddenly the listless fingers thrilled and stiffened. The thrill struck straight to heart and brain. A stick! It was the stick of an old rifle-grenade—all a German rifle-grenade. He thrust it into place and twisted. It bent—but it did not break. He twisted again and tucked away the ends somehow. It held.

LEMUEL HOLSTER regained our fire-trench about ten minutes after the main party of homing raiders. The sentry who challenged him gave him a hand over the parapet. The wind had strengthened and the position was practically clear of gas.

"What you got there?" asked the sentry. "A war baby?" He tapped the thing in Holster's arms with a hard finger.

Holster dropped it to the dock boards with a clang and an oath. He had forgotten all about it. He had carried it unconsciously, so hotly had his attention been concentrated on the absorbing job of getting home.

"It's a trench mortar," Starlin gave me," he said.

An officer stepped close out of the gloom and peered into his face.

"You, Holster? What about Captain Starlin? Where'd you see him last? Where is he?"

"I run across him up a trench over there. He gave me that gun and told me to lug it home. I lugged him, too. He was hit in the leg. I got him out of that

Continued on page 58





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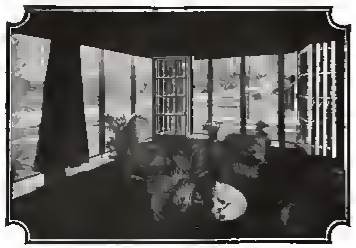
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Continued from page 16

trench all right—over the parapet an' clear of the wire. Hes back there somewheres."

"You left him out there?—wounded—and brought in that junk!"

"He told me to bring it in. I got 'im half way across, anyhow."

"Half way! You're a fool! That's your style is it?—every man for himself. That's your kind, Bolster. Well I could have guessed it. Scared blue, hey? So damn scared you didn't know what you were doing—and deserted a wounded comrade and carried in an armful of junk. God help you!"

"I—he—Captain Starlin said it was a Stokes-gun—sir."

The officer stooped and examined the trophy by the thin ray of his electric torch. Other vague shapes from the surrounding shadows also stooped and looked.

"Well, I'll be damned if it isn't!"

The hostile guns commenced a retaliation at that moment. The garrison of the trench stood to. After a great deal of noise and much unpleasant vibration of earth and air, the demonstration of hate and defiance ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the total damage was a gap in the parapet, which was immediately repaired.

A party of four volunteers went out for Captain Starlin. They found him in a small shell-hole, alive but unconscious and brought him in without accident. He came out of the swoon as they lifted him over the parapet. He opened his eyes, bright as glass, and rolled them inquiringly, and as they laid him gently on a stretcher he asked clear and loud, "Where's that hero Bolster?"

Don't worry about him, Alec, old scout," replied Carling. "He got us with your blasted gun all right, all right."

Starlin closed his eyes for a second. His expression changed.

"Brought it in did he? The Stokes? Got it home did he?"

"Surest thing I knew."

"I lend it up a commandeering trench. Make a note of it."

Then the stretcher-bearers lifted and carried him away.

THE Raspberries were each a-boop. Their chests and heads swelled. Forty-seven other battalions of Canadian infantry and innumerable units of the allied armies, had pulled off even bigger and better raids—but this one had been launched and successfully carried through in the face of a hostile gas-attack. This was different. This particular thing had never been done before.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bingle reported the operation to brigade, the brigade-major reported it to division, corps was officially informed of it, a selection of the facts went up and back to army, and in due course the commander-in-chief of the British armies on the Western Front received the intelligence.

"Splendid fellows!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief. "Now they'll all want to nurse hell in their box respirators."

Bingle's version of the affair was by far the liviest, naturally. The brigade-major left out the weights and ages of the prisoners. Division dropped a few names and a few adjectives. Corps ignored the identity of the captured trench-mortar.

As it was undoubtedly a Stokes-gun and just as undoubtedly should not have been a Stokes-gun, the loss said about it, the better, reasoned and argued the best minds at H.Q., Canadian Corps.

The rest of the story is soon told. Bingle received the Distinguished Service Order and many letters and messages of congratulations from high places, and a silver cigarette case from his own brigadier. Captain Alexander Starling too, got the Distinguished Service Order, not to mention a flock of his brother officers' cheques which reached him while he was resting comfortably in a hospital near London. Four Military Crosses, four Distinguished Conduct Medals and five Military Medals also came up to the Raspberries. As for Private Lemuel Bolster, with a Distinguished Conduct Medal on his chest, he now claims that the idea of making a raid in gas-masks originated in his own fertile brain.

Burrowing for a Billion

Continued from page 5

triple that figure, but by keeping steadily at the eight-dollar mark, and raising the output from the different levels, the rich with the low-grade almost all of it can be utilized.

Down on the 1,550-foot level a huge crusher has been built, close to the central shaft. Every bit of ore, from every part of the mine, comes here, spilling down chutes from the upper levels and hauled in from all parts of the workings. Here it is mixed for the mill. The orders, as mentioned before, are to make it average eight dollars a ton. Last year the average value of the hundreds of thousands of tons hoisted to the surface was seven dollars and ninety-nine cents.

From seven in the morning till eleven at night the gangs concentrate on getting the daily six thousand tons. From near midnight till morning, special crews go down to clear everything for the next sixteen hours' attack. They do all the repair work. They examine each level as carefully as the track-walker in the mountains watches each foot of railway he has. They handle the trickier jobs of blasting, check and re-check the past day's work—leave everything ready for the next day's operations.

Half an hour after a thousand men have gone underground, you may follow them and find that they seem to have been utterly swallowed up. You have the curious sense of being in the heart of some immense mechanism which is operating quite independently of any human assistance or direction. You hear the rattle and purr of drills in the distance. A headlight cuts through the level and a train roars past, the operator of the locomotive looking a part and parcel of the machinery. There is a rumble from the other end as the cars dump.

It would still be dim underground under the most powerful of lights and there is something spectral about a gang of miners, with their figures etched out on the rock wall of a tunnel by their working lights. But unlike many mines, the air is comparatively pure, and the workings are not wet—just damp enough to prevent dust. Nature has her own ventilation system in action, look-proof always working. The central shaft is a huge vent with a constant blast of used air pouring out of it, while the other shaft is automatically air-to intaken.

When work commences on the lower levels, two and three thousand feet down, artificial systems, already installed, will supplement the natural drafts.

The mill on the surface makes a deafening uproar after the comparative quiet of the mine. The building of the first mill was one of the crucial undertakings in the pioneer development. To-day it is a massive automaton demanding its thousands of tons each day—keeping up its never-ending pounding and turning out its bricks of gold as regularly as a clock striking the hours.

Once the ore strikes the surface its subsequent career can best be described in detail. There is no pause in the process. The ore comes up in buckets six tons to a load, in lumps the size of a man's head. The buckets dump automatically and the ore rolls into the crushers. It goes straight from the crushers to the grinders, but as it passes across workmen toss in limestone with each batch. So exact is every step in the process that a record is kept of the number of scoops of limestone added each hour by each man on the job.

No Chances Taken

THE grinders, a machine-age adaptation of the old mortar and pestle, wobbles about and crunches ruthlessly, seemingly crushing it with one-third the effort required to mash a boiled potato. After the grinders come the rollers. The ore is crumbled to half-inch sizes between two steel cylinders, and dropped on an endless belt, ready for the mill proper. But, as in a way one there is one interesting little incidental. A powerful electro-magnet, hanging over the belt, snaps up every bit of iron or steel which may have tumbled into the ore—nails, spikes, bolts, fragments of piping, bits of metal the size of a pinhead. It is just a passing example of the official policy of leaving as little as possible to chance.

Bottleneck to bits, the ore returns underground—this time to a 1,500-ton storage bin sixty feet below the surface. The bin is a reserve of raw material to forestall any mill tie-up should an unforeseen emergency affect production in the mine—another instance of the policy of giving chance little or no chance.

Though the ore is now about to pass through the final processes, there is nothing of the precious metal about its appearance. It is neither more nor less glittering than the crushed stone on our county roads.

Two cars, each carrying seven tons a trip, operate up and down an incline from the underground bin to the top of the mill. They, too, dump automatically and on the ore tumbles down to the first mills, the rod mills—a solution of cyanide of potassium is slowly added. The rod mills with their thick steel doors, resemble nothing so much as a battery of huge, round-domed bomb vaults in solemn revolution, as opened the mixture into coarse sand and passed it on to the tube mills, from which it emerges, after more cyanide solution has been poured in, as a liquid mud.

The cyanide performs a simple but important service. It is the pure gold dissolves as anger dissolves in water. To give the cyanide every chance to do its work the muddy mixture is poured into agitators—steel tanks fifty feet high—where blasts of compressed air are forced through, and it bubbles steadily for twenty hours. By this time the cyanide has dissolved all the gold worth getting.

The sediment which remains, therefore, is waste and the sooner it is eliminated the better. The mixture is washed and rewashed till it is clean of mud and gold-laden solution can be poured off into separate tanks. This solution, a liquid as clear as crystal, looks, to a casual onlooker, as if it contained even less gold than the waters of Niagara Falls. For all its innocent appearance it is deadly poison. A sip means death. Every part of the building is plastered with warning signs.

Even the task of disposing of the waste mud, which has now been taken out of the mixture, is a problem in itself. Obviously, there are more than five thousand tons of it to throw away each day—more than a hundred carloads. To haul it all and dump it, would involve tremendous expense. The whole lake which once sparkled beside the mine has now been filled with it. As traces of the deadly cyanide mixture may still remain in it, at least a year must pass before vegetation of any sort will grow in the mine waste. So it is again mixed up, this time with water, and forced by powerful pumps through three miles of pipe-line to be poured off into some abandoned claims.

All that remains to be done in the mill is to filter the gold out of the cyanide solution. Zinc dust is added to it, and the new mixture flows into huge box-like filters. It is squeezed through sheet after sheet of paper-covered canvas, which catch the gold and zinc while the cyanide drips on through. The filtered solution goes back to be mixed with more ore once more. Theoretically it goes on and on forever.

Once a week the sheets are removed from the filters. On them is seven days' production of gold. Even yet it is far from recognizable. Perhaps the most accurate description of it is that it is a dirty sludge. The final product of the mill it is carried to the refinery—gold, with the added zinc and a small amount of silver. The process of refining though complex is a standard one. The mixture is smelted and the gold poured off, molten to cool into bars of bullion.

Not So Simple

EXACTLY ninety-six per cent. of all the gold in the ore is secured by this process. To get the remaining four per cent. would cost more than it is worth. As described it sounds like a comparatively simple and certain method—simple at any rate when compared with the intricacies of some of the machines used in other varieties of manufacturing. Week after week it never fails.

Yet it was here, in the business of getting from the crushed ore to the semi-finished gold that the hitches came in the past. It was the seeming failure of the mill which, at one time threatened the future of all Hollinger.

It was not till Dominion Day, 1912, that the first real mill was started. Mr. F. A. Robbins, who was general manager from 1911 to 1916, was in charge and he tells of the first clean-up. "There was no gold, and the mine was thrown into an uproar.

"There were about fifty flasks of mercury used in that system," Mr. Robbins said, when describing the first mill. "This was retorted. No gold! No gold in the sales. No gold in the grinding pans. The total yield should have been about forty thousand dollars, but it was exactly nine dollars and forty cents. I still have the button of gold we got that day and have named it all *desperandum*."

Luckily the gold was not lost. A quick clean-up showed that it was still in the presses.

Other steps in the process caused more trouble. To-day, the giant agitators where the crushed ore and the cyanide had away together, need little more than casual watching. But in the first mill a gang was always kept near the tanks. The minute a workman saw an agitator stopping, he pounded on the gong, and all hands rushed to the rescue. Grappling hooks and lines always kept in readiness were dropped in the mixture and for hours sometimes for days, a gang of men would drag on the lines to keep the mill going.

Forerunner was then an untried scheme. Mass production of gold in Canada was new. Engineers and workers were unfamiliar with methods. New ones had to be devised and it was an era of experiment.

Hollinger's very first mill, a small stamp mill, is still in evidence. It is preserved on a slab of cut stone in front of the general offices. Mine its pedestal; it could be comfortably housed in a telephone booth.

Compared with the fortune in equipment which marks to-day's plant, and the broad acreage which the surface workings cover, the first machinery is almost comic. Yet it required a prodigious effort to get development started. The T. & N. O. Railway was forty-five miles away. Roads had to be cut through bush and swamp to get the machinery in. Eight hundred teams of horses and many yoke of oxen were kept moving during the entire summer of 1910, carting equipment.



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Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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Junket gives babies the full richness of milk. Easily digested. Easy to prepare Temptingly tasteful. Junket Powder, sweetened and flavored—Vanilla, Chocolate Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Coffee Tablets—plain. At grocers or druggists.

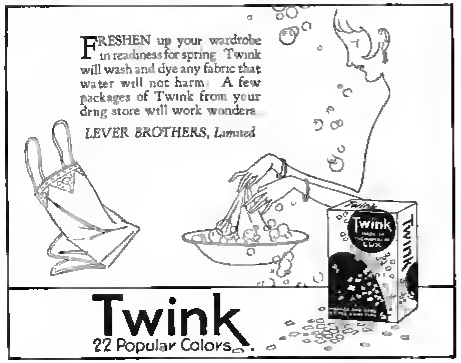
Send 5c. with your grocer's name for trial package and recipe book. 15

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MAKES MILK INTO DELICIOUS DESSERTS

FRESHEN up your wardrobe in readiness for spring. Twink will wash and dye any fabric that water will not harm. A few packages of Twink from your drug store will work wonders.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited



Twink
22 Popular Colors

on wash day~ soften the water with



Snowflake
It makes clothes whiter

3 places for Snowflake
Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry

Smiles mean they're happy

Woodward's Gripe Water brings smiles to baby's face. It banishes the pain caused by teething or digestive disorders. No fretful nights when Woodward's Gripe Water is used. For four generations mothers have found it the reliable corrective for Colic, Acidity, Teething, Looseness, Peevishness, Disordered Stomach, Constipation.

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WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"
KEEPS BABY WELL

and supplies. By 1911, erection of a thirty-stamp mill was well under way when bush-fires swept the property clean.

Further Complications

THE fires, as the rumor went, were inspired. Hollinger said the gossipmongers, was a lie, and the fire would enable those interested to cover things up after they had unloaded their stock with the help of the rich samples which had been brought.

In 1912 when things were once more under way, a six months' strike tangled it all up again. There were several times in its history when Hollinger's backers were about ready to throw up the sponge. No sooner had the mine recovered from its disastrous strike than the war came and swept it nearly clean of workers.

When someone refers to Hollinger, therefore, as a great piece of luck it is well to remember that the luck was of widely varying sorts. It could not have reached its present peak without perseverance that almost amounted to stubbornness, and engineering skill that had nothing whatever to do with chance.

Each twenty four hours, it is now worth repeating, eighteen hundred men pry loose six thousand tons of ore and send it up for nine hundred more men to treat. Ten millions were spent for mills, machinery, development and equipment, to enable these hundreds of men to do the job properly.

But as far as its bulk is concerned the finished product, after a day's work, might almost be wheeled off in a perambulator. Bulk, however means nothing. Each small brick is worth $25 000 and a week's production is valued at more than a quarter of a million. Should Hollinger stop suddenly, for good and all, the gold market of the world would feel the shock.

Benny Hollinger laid the foundation for this colossal enterprise on a grubstake of seventy five dollars, not enough capital in these days to finance a peanut stand. He got fifty dollars from John F. MacMahon, of Haileybury in return for a half interest in anything he might find. McMahon, in turn sold half of his half interest to his cousin, James Labine for fifty-five dollars, thus making thirty dollars on the deal.

Hollinger sold his claims to Messrs. Timmins, McMartin and Dunlap for $330 000 and Labine therefore got $82 500, while McMahon received a similar amount. The only comment McMahon had to make when he heard the final result of his investment was: "Well, I'm glad it stayed in the family."

Noah H. Timmins, one of the original group and now Hollinger's president, began his business career as a small country storekeeper at Mattawa, Ontario. In 1892 he was said to be worth twenty-five millions, and his yearly income is enormous. Almost entirely out of Hollinger, he is on the way towards becoming the Dominion's richest man.

Dividends of $36,000,000

HOLLINGER has already paid dividends of more than $36,000 000—more than any Canadian bank and most industrial concerns. To-day the original syndicate of Canadians are greatly commended for their enterprise, but in 1909 their flyer in Porcupine was publicly rated as a foolhardy undertaking. It was said that they were gentlemen who possessed either unusual nerve or superhuman foresight—but more probably the former. They were not then considered mining experts, for their only previous venture had been the La Rose silver mine in Cobalt, where they had made comfortable fortunes digging rich ore out of shallow trenches.

The courage which they showed in taking hold of the Hollinger claims, however, cannot compare with the courage required to carry on the development in the face of all the obstacles which steadily appeared. Even the accessories of mining involved a stupendous outlay.

There is, for instance, one machine shop, a whole factory in itself devoted exclusively to re-sharpening drills. Its capacity is forty thousand drills each eight hours. In another shop all the buckets, ore-cars, skips and tanks used in the mine are made.

Several hundred yards from the mill, in a solid concrete structure is one of the world's finest compressor plants. Inside, it is as spick and span as a hospital ward. Each one of its series of machines can produce at least ten thousand cubic feet of compressed air a second. Bedded in concrete, they run with practically no vibration. In one corner of this plant there is a group of oil-burning engines. They represent an entire fortune in themselves, and they have no part in the mine's daily operations. But they are always in trim and tested, ready to start on a minute's notice. Powerful enough to operate everything required in an emergency, they are held in reserve in case storm or accident should wreck the main transmission line and cut off the mine's supply of electricity.

At each shaft mouth, the hoisting machinery is the most modern and efficient obtainable. It too, represents, a staggering outlay. It is exact to the fraction of a foot. In the engine-house, a separate building away from the shaft, the engineer at the levers knows the exact position to an inch, of the cage which may be nearly a half mile below him. He can control its rise and fall within half an inch and check its drop almost instantly.

A. F. Brigham is Hollinger's present general manager. An American by birth, he has spent most of his life under the British flag. He works in the general offices at the front of the plant, a set of offices, incidentally, which are as simple as the rest of the organization. Though, in appearance, there is no resemblance, they have the atmosphere of a battleship cleared for action. They are stripped clean of all non essentials. They are bare of any elaborate office etiquette or any sign of the business finikey.

A caller stops at the switchboard and says that he would like to see the assistant general manager Mr. Knox. A man passing by, stops and asks him: "What did you want?"

The caller repeats that he wishes to see Mr. Knox. "You are speaking to him," he is told. The executives are on hand at the plant to work, not to appear as the central figures in an elaborate setting representing Industry in Action. If they feel that, by hedging themselves about with formalities, they interfere with the job, they cut out the formalities.

In this office, too is a system of cost accounting records and statistics covering every phase of operations which is one of the most complete on the continent. You can learn for instance, the exact position of any cage or bucket in any shaft at any second of any day since it was first installed. An automatic needle in the engine-room plots every move of the hoist, and all these records are carefully filed.

The statistics obtainable would run into volumes. The average profit last year on each ton of ore mined was $3.79, you are told and you can also find out the cost, to the cent of each step in the operation. There are records of the value of the ore touched off in each vein opened and the approximate amount. There is a complete check on every article which passes through the stockroom, one section of the plant which handles a million dollars worth of minor equipment a year.

Romantic and interesting to the layman as more informal and less modern methods of getting the gold have always been, a machine like Hollinger is, in operation, even more fascinating. Hollinger is an industrial spectacle adapting every advance of engineering to the job of extracting in Northern Ontario the gold production of any other single mine on the face of the earth—and succeeding.

More months of useful BATTERY LIFE

"You get 50% more active material in Willard OVERSIZE Plates."



for fewer dollars per month

Just take one look at the plates of the Willard OVERSIZE Battery. Right away you'll see where all those extra months of useful life come in.

Bigger plates. Thicker plates. More active material—battery life—in them. Willard quality at its very top.

And you get all this for practically the same price you used to pay for Willard standard size. Lower prices on standard sizes, too.

Your Willard Battery Man has the real values. He has always had them. And more car owners find this our every day.

The Willard Battery men of Canada

We service all makes and sell Willards for all cars, for farm light, and for radio, too.

Beauty will shine from your Eyes!



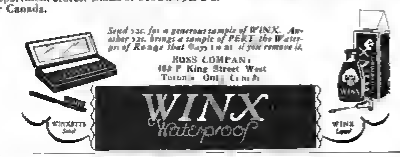
It is the magic of her lustrous eyes that makes her so lovely! Is it the fringe of lashes—dark luxuriant lashes—that lends to her eyes that strange enchantment.

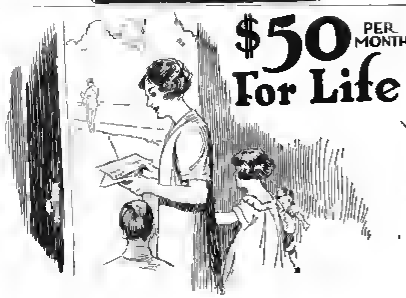
Give your eyes that magnetic appeal in this simple way: Just thicken the lashes with WINX, the world's greatest liquid. Instantly, your lashes appear longer and more alluring, your eyes more fascinating. WINX is harmless and will not rub or smear. At drug or department stores. Black or brown. 75c. U.S. or Canada.

Beauty hint: always after powdering, shape your brows with WINXETTE (solid form eyelash beautifier). Black or brown.

Send 10c. for a generous sample of WINX. Another 25c. brings a sample of PERT, the Waterproof Rouge that Stays on all of your romance is.

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$50 PER MONTH For Life

A Widow's Tribute:—

"There was no end to his thoughtfulness. The Great-West Life monthly cheque never fails us; it meets every need; we are free from investment worries and the sin of extravagance."

Protection with Profit

Great-West Life Assurance Company

33



Can We Stem the Exodus?

Continued from page 18

States graduate schools like to the support given those institutions by private wealth which has learned the lesson that money properly invested in higher education is returned a hundredfold. That is a lesson we in this country cannot learn too quickly.

And lest it be considered that the rest might be excessive let us remember these facts. Twenty per cent. of the rules who helped write this article stated that lack of advanced educational facilities was responsible for their leaving Canada. Twenty per cent. of the $247,000,000 which represents the loss from eight of our universities is $49,000,000. Even if we succeeded in holding only half of the twenty per cent, we could afford to spend a good many millions on graduate education without being accused of being unbusinesslike.

Are Our Brain Factories Overproducing?

FOR the sake of clarity this question of graduate training has been treated as if it were the only phase of the educational question raised by the exodus, which it is not. Many Canadians claim that the reason for our loss of trained brains is simply the fact that we produce too many of them. This attitude is reflected in some of the letters from the rules themselves. To cite a typical case, here is the opinion of a professor of political economy to a university in New Jersey:

"The trouble with Canada is that it produces more brains than it can employ. That is the chief cause of the exodus of the professions. Ninety per cent. of them would prefer to remain in Canada—they don't leave to make more money."

There is no question but that Canada produces more brains than she *does* employ. Is it true to say that she is producing more trained brains than she can employ?

Before trying to answer that question, let us look at these figures.

There are in Canada 106 colleges, universities and professional schools which in 1924, the last year for which totals are available, had an enrolment of 52 639 students. The corresponding figures (1922) for the United States are 780 and 616 555. It takes only a minute's figuring to show that the United States is training university and college students on the basis of one in every 176 of its population, while Canada is training one in every 178. In other words we are turning out practically the same number of university graduates as the United States, and no more. How is it then that the United States absorbs all its own graduates and no inconsiderable percentage of ours, while we do not absorb a quota which, relatively speaking is no larger than theirs?

Can it be that we are training out the wrong kind of trained brains to suit our particular needs? Or is it, to use the words of Dr. H. M. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, that we have not the brains, the courage, nor the will power to use the trained brains we are turning out?

Here is a letter from a professor of psychology and education in a university in New York state that has a bearing on the first of these two questions:

"It would seem," he writes, "that in my time (graduate of Acadia, 1895) and for many years afterward there was an overproduction of teachers in Canada. There were not, I think, sufficient social encouragements and educational facilities for the training of young men along the lines most needed for the development of the country. Had these conditions been different, I think many of us who left our teachers and migrated to the country would gladly have fostered into other occupations at home."

That particular observer speaks of conditions as they existed twenty or thirty years ago, but the same cannot be said of this comment by Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, which is to be found in his annual report for 1926 to the governors of that institution.

"I may draw attention to the fact that the numbers in the Ontario College of Education have been unusually large and that the supply of high school teachers in Ontario, like that of the public school teachers, now exceeds the demand."

Sir Robert's comment applies only to one province and to one profession, but in this connection the opinion of a graduate of Dalhousie, now engaged in electrical research at Schenectady is worth considering. He writes:

"Canada is suffering from too great an output of non-productive university graduates, too many lawyers, ministers and teachers who try to improve conditions by argument. The same effort spent to proper scientific development of natural resources and agriculture would go a long way toward putting Canada in better economic position which, in turn, would tend to stop the flow to the United States."

More sweeping still is this comment from a Canadian doctor, now in California:

"I believe that the Canadian educational method should have been changed at least thirty years ago. Instead of giving all classes of students one education that is designed to lead up to a professional career, we should adjust the education to local conditions and to the needs of the country. We should not give farm children an education which leaves but little relation to the fundamental needs of agriculture. Similarly, with children in the cities. They can't all go into the professions, and those who can't should be given vocational training which will fit them to go into industry or into commerce, as the case may be."

In all fairness, the writer of the last letter should be reminded that the trend during the last ten years in Canada has been toward more vocational training. It was only in 1919 that the Federal Government voted $10 000 000 to be spent by the provinces during the succeeding ten years in the developing of technical education. Very largely as a result of that vote, the growth of technical education throughout the Dominion since 1918 has been rapid.

It must be admitted, however, that our system of higher education still is open to criticism. During the year 1924 for instance we were training 1 673 divinity students to twenty-eight theological colleges, whereas our efforts to meet the need for trained brains in agriculture were limited to the training of 1 214 students in six agricultural colleges. To say the least, the ratio—six to twenty-eight, strikes one as being incongruous in a country in which agriculture is the basic industry. And when one considers the relatively large number of Canadian theological graduates now in the United States, it becomes obvious I think, that migration of trained brains is definitely related to the misappropriation of educational effort.

Further illustration of the necessity for constructive thinking along these lines is to be found in the comparative lack of scientific exploitation of the fisheries to the Maritime Provinces. Prof. A. G. Huntsman, director of the Atlantic Fisheries Experimental Station, a research station maintained by the Marine Biological Board at Halifax, is authority for the statement that the annual revenue from the fisheries of the three eastern provinces could be multiplied ten times over, in other words from $17 000 000 to $170 000 000. There are five universities in the two provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and, until recently they were doing little or nothing to encourage study of the fisheries along scientific lines. Even to-day there is nothing approaching a fisheries college in the Maritimes—and of all sections of the Dominion the Maritimes have been the worst sufferers by reason of the migration from the universities.

Nor is the problem peculiar to the Maritimes. We need brains, but we must give them the right kind of training. Therein lies the contribution which our educators can make toward stemming the exodus.

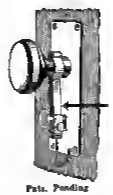
Information received as this article goes to press gives assurance that the question of Canadian emigration to the United States is going to be given prompt consideration by a body of men who are well equipped to offer practical suggestions as to remedies. In her next article, which will appear in MacLean's July 15, Mr. Irwin will deal with this development and also other constructive endeavors.—The Editor



PROTECTION

No More Lost Keys

Cheap Burglar Protection



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A device to protect your home from petty thieves impossible to force it into the key from the outside. It positively prevents lost keys key always in the lock. Has any number locks sold at popular price. 50c each, postpaid anywhere. Have been looking for a device of this kind for years. Be first in your district to display.

POSTAGE PAID 50c EACH

Sherbrooke Novelty Manufacturing Co.
SHERBROOKE QUE.



Marsh Lights

Continued from page 15

Rumor had exaggerated doubtless but rumor had added one circumstance more. As Grant was paying his fine, a special messenger handed him a letter in a familiar hand. From Edith Elliott, said rumor. The young man peled as he read the message then, his face momentarily deliant, tore the letter into shreds.

Cottonby came back from his visit to Edith Elliott. To Ruth's nervous question he shook his head, then rubbed his hands in self-gratification at his own sharp cunning.

"What law firm will I serve?" she asked.

"Serve Mr. Grant himself."

She found young Grant at the Carnford Motor Sales office. He recognized her with a warm smile. She felt unutterably mean. He gasped as he glanced at the writ she handed him; then his composure swiftly came back.

"Thank you, Miss Dahl. I'll accept service." His manner was courtly, but his face was white.

Ruth Dahl went out hating Quercus Cottonby for what he had done, and hating him still more for what he had made her do.

RUTH DAHL still strove to make excuses for Cottonby, but she never quite succeeded in reconciling herself to that bit of sharp practice. Grant's friendly smile as she handed him the papers, continued to haunt her. With all his reputation, she lancerdale thought, she detected a vague trace of something likeable. There was a dash of heroism in his lofty.

She tried to tell herself practically that Grant could not have been expected in any event. Out of the hunt of creditors the one who issued the first writ and filed the first lis pendens secured the inside track. Any other lawyer with an unsettled claim against the young spendthrift would have done just what Cottonby did.

Cottonby indeed, showed traces of regret. He made blundering efforts to keep the proceedings quiet. But the spectacular truth had to come out—and Ruth Dahl—on the streets—in other law offices, at her boarding house heard Carnford gossip, that had whispered over the polite court episode, buzz out loud regarding the Carlton writ.

A promissory note for $10,000 from Alec Grant to Robert Carlton held to obsy-



Just a little spot may ruin all your loveliness

Many a woman says, "No, I am never bothered with perspiration." And deceives only herself.

For though there may be no *apparent* moisture, the little shut-in hollow of the underarm is the source of a very disagreeable odor—odor of which we ourselves may be quite unconscious.

The great mistake which so many women make is to think that because they are fastidious about daily bathing they cannot offend with the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

But soap and water alone cannot protect you. Women who best know the secrets of feminine appeal care for the underarm as regularly as for the teeth and fingernails. And 3,000,000 of them have found their one *sure* dependence in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.



Odorono is a scientific corrective for both perspiration moisture and odor. It is a clear, clean liquid, antiseptic in action. Doctors and nurses make constant use of it in hospitals.

Twice a week is often enough to use Odorono. Each application *assures* perfect freedom from unsightly, uncomfortable moisture and from that repellent odor which is so deadly to feminine daintiness. Odorono keeps your lingerie and blouses dry, fresh and unstained.

Why not, then, the underarm routine for you—*today*? Always immaculate and dainty—care-free from all perspiration annoyance! You can get Odorono at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and $1. Or send coupon with 5c for sample.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company Ltd.,
468 King Street West
Toronto Canada

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Dept. 246 468 King Street West
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Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet, for which I enclose 5c.

Name

Address

All the world *swims* in Jantzens





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"Swimming's the thing" These days at smart centers—almost everywhere. And it's so much easier to swim in a Jantzen—warm, snug, flexible. You'll marvel at the matchless—scarcely wrinkle. Material of all long wool is tightly knitted by a process called Jantzen-stitch. It is extremely elastic.

And Jantzen's one-by-weight system assures you the right size to start with. Most stores are showing Jantzens now. Dyed-in-the-wool—they are color fast. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

once nearly two years—buzzing gossip assured itself that more than mere money was involved. There was mystery behind that note. Folks said yes, and a woman behind the mystery. That $18,000 promise-to-pay had been given for — what?"

To keep Alec Grant from figuring as co-respondent in divorce proceedings, explained some scandal-mongers. Others averred Grant had given the note to protect, not himself, but the erring woman.

"He was a fool to pay so much!" declared Mrs. (Alderman) Merriano. Mrs. Merriam's sporty husband had settled for his romances much more cheaply. "Just like Alec Grant, though!"

Well, it would all come out in court. They would see this Carlton, and probably the woman. Yes, there would be a big crowd to hear the case.

Then it looked as if that Alec Grant had confessed judgment for the entire amount. To keep that woman out of court complained gossip, exasperated, and went on speculating as to whether Robert Carlton was the woman's father or her husband.

"He'll never find this money," decided the gossips. "That water-soaked old homestead isn't worth a thousand dollars, let alone ten thousand."

Ruth Dahl was relieved to learn there would be no court case. The whisperings she heard everywhere she went had pictured to Alec Grant much blacker to her way of thinking, than the daredevil scandalbroth she had met just twice in her life.

The day after Grant confessed judgment, Cottonby made an announcement.

"You see, Mr. Grant, my dear, will liquidate that judgment in weekly instalments. You are to receive the money, and deposit it to a separate account to my credit in trust for Robert Carlton."

She choked down a half-uttered protest. She shrank from Grant, when she thought of what he had been; she shrank from him even more when she recalled Cottonby's mean treachery. The first time the young man came with his money, she could not face him. She stared at the receipt pad on which she wrote, and was glad when Grant went out.

Indeed, it was weeks before she dared venture a good look at him. Then she was surprised at his aspect. He did not look like a wicked man; and, more surprising still, he showed no trace of resentment.

"I've got to do something with this money, Miss Dahl," he told her, philosophically. "In the old days I'd go into a store and say something I fancied, say 'Charge it!' and the storekeeper would bag me. Now—if I show myself over with a fistful of cash, the boss yells, 'Throw that dead-beat out on his head, boys!'"

But his laugh was unconvincing. That laugh reproached Ruth for what she had helped Cottonby do.

One August day Grant lingered, folding and unfolding the receipt, and regarding her ruminously. "Miss Dahl, I want you to do me a favor," he said hesitantly.

"If I can."

She had to guard herself. She knew perfectly well what he meant to ask of her. He was about to tell her the next week's payment would not be forthcoming. Well, Cottonby had harshly warned her that he would tolerate no excuses, Grant must keep up his payments.

"I want you to go for a drive with me tomorrow."

She asked Cottonby for the day off, and was surprised when the old lawyer, after a spell of hesitation, growled a grudging assent.

They motored twenty miles or more, over hill and dale in the warm August sunshine to a place where an arm of Lake Erie stretched across marshlands to their feet. They had lunch at an old stone farmhouse. Alec Grant said little. He was pure company this day; but he watched Ruth with a queer intentness.

After lunch they followed a footpath to the fringe of the marsh, and Grant helped the girl over a rickety wooden footbridge. She picked out, under his guidance, traces of rotten piling and the reed-grown path of an ancient chaussée, lifted up in the course of years. The sun shone bright overhead, and in the faint breeze the brown heads of the bulrushes nodded.

"There," said Alec Grant, "was my dream."

Ruth Dahl turned to him, a question in her eyes.

"Yes," he said, "this is the old Grant homestead. It is mine—subject to a judgment recorded against it in favor of one Robert Carlton. When I have satisfied that judgment, the place is mine again. Old Luther, who waited table just now for us, has been running the place on shares, and growing marvelous crops on that fringe of dry land. But things were different those few years when my grandfather's channel was open."

His gaze suddenly masterful, swept the wide expanse of bulrushes. It seemed as though, transported back to these scenes of his boyhood, he became a different Alec Grant from the dejected young man she had first met in Cottonby's office.

She tried to speak, to voice some word of encouragement, but she could find none.

"I shall satisfy that judgment," went on Alec Grant. "It is a penance for my sins. Before I redeem this marsh I must redeem myself. Then I am coming back here to realize my dreams."

They drove home through the twilight. Ruth Dahl forgot the warm sunshine on the nodding bulrushes. She pictured the wide marsh locked tight in the gray winter ice and Cottonby's eyes, and a chill wind sweeping in from the lake. Alec Grant had told her of winter nights in the old farm house when the fire-logs crackled and there was warm comfort. Still, she shivered.

"You are cold," said Grant, concernedly. "I'm afraid I shouldn't have brought you to this parade of my dead dreams. No, I shouldn't have brought you, Ruth!"

She started from her own dream at sound of his voice. He had called her "Ruth"!

RUTH DAHL had felt always at least a trifle sorry for Grant in his misfortune, just as she had once felt sorry for old Quercus Cottonby in his cold-blooded scheming. Her sympathy for both was as unnaturally involuntary as her befriending of the lissome and canine waifs of her girlish days. Cottonby was mean when he might have been noble, so he merited pity. Grant was a tragic failure when he might have been a big success; he also merited pity. That he deserved his failure did not check her growing sympathies.

These too, he bore himself as well; remained as pleasant through it all was so desperately resolute to come back.

She came to feel he was a much abused young man.

Young? Regarding from week to week his furrowed brow and graying temples, she questioned if this catastrophe were not prematurely ageing him. The easy, careless grace of his early Carnaford days faded little by little as weeks and months dragged. A growing seriousness showed even in his determined smile.

So she told herself to keen self-reproach for her innocent part in the catastrophe.

The matter of what lay behind that $10,000 promissory note to Robert Carlton had no check on her runaway sympathies. Rumor had long since supplied the answer. The promised $10,000 was hush money—the price of Carlton's silence. Carlton Cottonby had told her, lived in Winnipeg, but had spent one summer near Carnaford.

What little Cottonby told her left her all the more unreasonably sorry for Grant, and condemnatory of all concerned in Grant's downfall—yes, and demonstrative of even the stately Edith Elliott.

Her father, Ebee H. Elliott, was wealthy, and Edith had a fortune of her own. The right woman, so Impulsive Ruth Dahl told herself, would have come to her sweetheart's rescue, gossip or no gossip. If he was her man, in his time of trouble her place was at his side. Whatever mistake in Grant's life that debt to Carlton represented, Edith could still have saved him the tedious burden of these payments week after week, to bleed sucking old Cottonby.

They could have determined to shut out the past, to forget whatever shameful thing lay at the root of the Carlton affair, to go away together and make a new beginning as sympathetic Ruth to assisted.

They should do it yet, she presently decided. Alec Grant must have his second chance.

For weeks Ruth Dahl nursed her sympathy for Grant. Her soul was a kiln wherein her feelings scorched dry till one day a chance remark from Cottonby set the tinder ablaze. "Mr. Grant came to you, Mr. Cottonby. He confided everything. He counted on your help. Instead of helping you took mean advantage of his confidence. Was that honest?"

Cottonby's callous smile was his sole comment on her outburst. That smile rattled the girl.

"Think, Mr. Cottonby, of all this talk about him—all the unjust suspicion!"

Cottonby's gray eyes flared.

"Oh," he said, "if he is unjustly suspected he is not the first to suffer that way—or the last. And he brought all his trouble on himself."

The gnarled, old face softened into a look of cruel enjoyment as Cottonby contemplated his own trickery. He rubbed his hands together; his shoulders purred contentment.

"My dear," was his ultimatum, "that young man owes. He must pay."

Her hands clenched. Now she had nothing but pity for Grant; nothing but contempt for her employer.

"If," she said, "that judgment is paid in full—"

Quercus Cottonby grumbled. "I cannot refuse the money if it is offered. But where would Mr. Grant get the money to pay in full?"

Ruth Dahl smiled. She knew. But she did not tell Cottonby. She would wait till the office closed for the day. As a matter of fact, day after day went by, while her courage still failed her. She fought desperately to drive herself into doing what she had impulsively determined to do; yet faltered on the threshold of action.

Two successive afternoons she walked all the way out to the fashionable west end, and gazed dispiritingly across the wide lawns at the great house Ebee H. Elliott had piled up for his only daughter and himself. Who was she, a working girl in a gloomy law office, to talk to Edith Elliott, about Alec Grant?

Those two long walks were futile, except that she came back to her boarding house on two successive evenings late for dinner and very tired.

Yet she harassed herself into a desperate mood that at last one rainy afternoon drove her up the long walk to the door. Even then she might have turned away, but Edith Elliott by chance came out.

Edith Elliott, men said admiringly and women cryptically, was the most heartless girl in Carnaford. She was very fair, with a chaste coldness of aspect that suggested marble chiselled by a master hand. Her greeting to her visitor had little warmth, hardly enough to encourage Ruth in a plea for a few words with her.

But her blue eyes warmed when she learned that this visit concerned Alec Grant. Ruth Dahl watched, hopeful. In the sitting room with Edith Elliott opposite her, expectant, she

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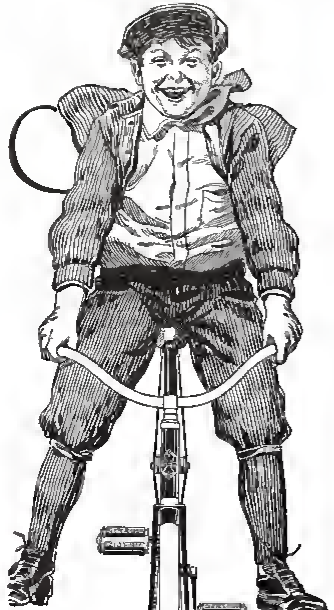


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loitered, wandering how to begin. She had turned over and over in her mind what she meant to say, and pictured the sweet persuasiveness with which she would argue and convince.

The old homestead and Grant's cherished ambition those she had determined would furnish the keynote. She had felt that with the harmony of the August sunshine on the hulrushes and Grant's dream of the dead years she would be eloquent. But now as she stammered out her words, she knew that she had hesitated and her argument lacked conviction.

She watched the cold smile creep over Edith Elliott's face.

"Oh," she said, when Ruth, chilled by her manner, faltered at last and fell silent, "but you don't begin to understand. Do you know why Alec Grant is paying that money?"

Ruth regarded her with sudden alarm. That question had always haunted her in its recurrence terrified her now.

"No — I don't, Miss Elliott."

"Well, I know."

Ruth waited. Edith Elliott explained no further. Ruth realized, presently that the woman did not intend to tell her. Perhaps the truth was something too hideous to be told. Yet however hideous, Edith Elliott, knowing it sat here, monstrously calm, with that cold smile lighting her face like the gleam of a wintry sun on ice.

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Why — end it," Miss Elliott cried. Ruth with fervor. "Knock all Alec Grant's theories and set him free to do the one thing he should do. You have money. You can do just that."

"Oh" said Edith Elliott, coldly, "but that would spoil it all. Alec Grant is a nice boy, of course, and I like him. But I like him far too well to do what you ask."

Ruth's heart sank. Whatever Edith Elliott had written Grant that day of the police court affair plainly she did not mean to give him up.

"He is a nice boy, but he needs discipline. He is getting that now. He has been — oh, just a bit foolish. Now he is learning the only way he can learn. I know. Miss Dahl more of this case than you know. We talked it all over. Mr. Cottonby and I. Alec Grant" — she spoke with calm practicality — "will be all the better man for what he is undergoing now. He can do big things, just as you say, and — do you know, I've always been proud of him." Even the foolish things he did were big in a way. But it wouldn't do for him to go on being foolish. He needs just this discipline and when he has gone through with it —"

She smiled with a wintry radiance.

Then she finished in a tone that was like an unexpected slap. "he knows perfectly well I'm waiting for him to come and plead his own case."

As she went down the walk from Ebenezer Elliott's great house Ruth Dahl's face tingled as though the slap had been physical. Edith Elliott knew the truth about the Carlton business — all that hideous truth Cottonby had kept concealed from her. Edith Elliott and Cottonby had understood one another from the first. Edith Elliott was waiting calmly for Alec Grant to fight his way unaided out of the marsh of life. She was the marsh light that led him to struggle on — year after year, and she was Ebenezer Elliott's true daughter. She knew just what she wanted; just what Alec Grant needed. She could watch Alec Grant's long drawn agony with the practical detachment that belonged to her breed, knowing that Alec Grant disciplined as he had to be disciplined would come to her the moment he was free.

Ruth Dahl cried out to the weeping skies. "She's cruel. She thinks she loves him — loves him enough to let him suffer for his own good. But she doesn't love him. If she loves him she could not stand by and see him suffer.



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SO THE second summer wore into autumn, and autumn into winter. Once again came spring. The ice went out of the marsh below the old Grant homestead. The bulrushes grew green along the silted channel. Still Grant, doggedly working in Cornford, paid his weekly instalments to unsatisfied Cottonby while Ruth Dahl kept league silence regarding her little affair to help him.

For in passing moment she had seen things with the cold bloodless clarity that was part of Edith Elliott's heritage. Edith Elliott she told herself, knew Alec Grant. She knew this harsh discipline would be the making of him. She was content to wait while under discipline, Grant remade himself according to her heart's desire.

But Ruth told herself she knew Grant better. This discipline had gone too long. It had long since done the utmost good; now it was transforming the man into a machine — a working selling cars and collecting commissions and turning over the last pinched cent of the money to a wizened, cold spirit in a gloomy web.

At times she suspected her sympathies were mistaken or other than she knew she was wrong; yet she told herself insistently she was right, and that the remorseless grip of his debt to the insatiable Carlton was warping Grant's soul.

Even were he clear of that judgment, what then? The other creditors, their judgments unsatisfied, waited to pounce upon him.

She grew conscious of a subtle change in Grant. The old-time gallery gave place to a quiet earnestness. In his weekly calls he still talked of reclaiming the marsh land — same day when his penance was done. As for the sin for which he did penance? I was a fool; was all he volunteered.

As he voiced the words, a beam of spring sunshine fell athwart her bright desk, streaming through the high window. It hit the uplifted face and flashed forth from sudden tears in her eyes. And then before she knew it, he stooped and kissed her!

She rose white-faced, staring at him. Her heart pounded. He regarded her with shamefaced apprehension. He tried to laugh and flushed in apology for his laugh.

"There," he blundered "I always meant to do that, but I always meant to wait till the day I was free. But it's so near now."

She knew that in a flash what all these troubled communings with her own soul had meant — all her harassed sympathy for him — yes, and even that little effort to help him through the woman he loved.

"But," she whispered, "there's Miss Elliott —"

"No" he said. "There's no one but you."

"When I'm free," he began. "then —"

She gazed at Alec Grant. "When you're free?" she repeated in tones clear as the chime of bells. "Why wait?"

OLD Quarrus Cottonby blundered in. He halted in the doorway of the gloomy office, blinking his eyes. Ruth's business like, went to the supreme court docket.

"Mr. Cottonby," she said with decision. "I have a check for this long hundred and twenty dollars still due on that Carlton judgment."

Quarrus Cottonby blinked at the check she headed him.

"My dear," he urged, "did you compute the full interest —?"

Ruth Dahl's look withered him.

"I computed the last cent of interest, and gave you the benefit of the half cent. Cottonby chuckled harshly. "It's all good. No. Alec you must let" as Grant tried to interpose. "I can do what I like with my own savings. That's law, isn't it Mr. Cottonby?" Even when we are married Alec you have nothing to do with them."

Cottonby sat down. His scratchy pen filled out a receipt. "Thank you" he said, as he handed it to her.

His blandness irritated her.

"Now Mr. Cottonby," pursued Ruth Dahl. "I have one thing more to give you. It's a week's notice. That's all you're entitled to and all you'll get from me. You're nothing but a blood-sucking old scoundrel. I'm ashamed I ever worked for you."

Quarrus Cottonby coughed and sputtered.

"Tut, tut! A week's notice — that means you're still working for me. Please take some dictation." He paused while she got her note-book. "Wanted, stenographer and bookkeeper; must be capable and experienced. Apply Q. Cottonby, Peninsular Trust Building, Ken that in the *Meteor*, eh! Ahem!"

He busied himself with a check-book. Here Alec, is my check for $4,882.71, the balance of the Robert Carlton trust. Whatever else you paid I used to wipe out the claims of your creditors. You are wiser now — absolutely."

Cottonby's rebellious helper stared uncomprehending.

"My dear" — the old eyes kindly now, regarded her — "I once said Alec Grant was not the first man nor the last subject to unjust suspicion. Your blood surging employer was another. I knew the first Alec Grant years ago. As a boy I played with the second Alec Grant. I tried to advise his son. Well, the boy would not listen till the pinch came. Then he came to me."

That day we talked it over, Alec and I. We had a cynical problem. To discipline Alec Grant — to protect him from his creditors while he was getting on his feet — to protect his creditors from their own panic-stricken eagerness to grab what they could. Yes and to save the old homestead. I saw only one way. To get a judgment recorded against him and everything he had, ahead of anybody else. Then — then he signed that note."

But that protested honest Ruth Dahl, "was dishonest."

"Just what Alec Grant told me that day, my dear. I had a dirkane of a time to persuade him into it. Yes, now I think it over it was a bit crooked. There was no Robert Carlton — never was — no criminality behind that debt no debt indeed — except the debt a young man owed he missed youth. Yet if it hadn't been for my cronkedness, the old homestead would have gone. The creditors would have got a few cents on the dollar. Alec would have continued downhill. Now the creditors are paid in full. Alec holds the old homestead, he has a stake. He has a man's chance. He has — you."

His lore harrowed as though the crookedness of this thing began at this late day to trouble him.

"I could not tell you, Alec all I intended. Even you my dear, I dared not tell. I made one miscalculation. I meant that to be merely the test of a man's manhood, not the test of the woman's. And of two women. Are you positive you must leave me?"

Ruth Dahl regarded the old lawyer livedly; then with a faint flush she took his taloned fingers in her warm rosy little hand. After her long-cherished bitterness she felt a bewildering tenderness toward him. She tried to make him feel it by her look.

"I would like to stay for your sake but if you can manage, I would leave to-day."

Quarrus Cottonby smiled. "Very well my dear. You can go when you have attended to that advertisement and put away the docket-books."

He turned to his desk momentarily lit by spring sunshine through the dusty windows.

"Springtime," he muttered. "It makes me think of days when I was a boy on a farm down by Lake Erie, and your father, Alec, and I went paddling among the reeds.

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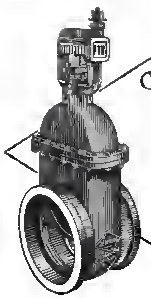
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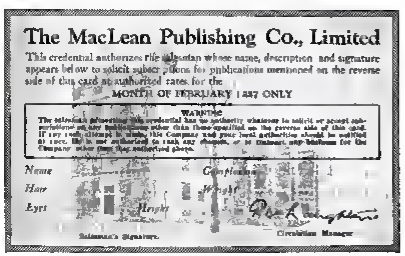
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Mr. Penne Becomes Immortal

Continued from page 7

He might his breath quickly "Frightened?' he repeated slowly "Do you mean there was danger? That her heart was affected?'

Miss Piper looked prim No it wasn't her heart And the danger wasn't of her going off suddenly It was—I understand the danger was—was nervous in character"

"Good Heavens!" The exclamation was shocked from Mr Penne with violence

'Oh, she'll be all right now,' soothed Miss Piper, pleased with the effect she had produced. 'She'll be quite all right. It wasn't really her brain but the effect of —of other things on it Pressure on the nerves You'll have to ask the doctor'

They were at the hospital now—a pleasant looking place with smooth lawns, and a few late flowers blooming On a balcony in the sun was a white bed —high and narrow Mr Penne who knew nothing of hospitals seemed to recognize it—whom had he seen a bed like that before?

'This is Ward 'A,' said Miss Piper, her voiced dropped to a whisper 'We'll go right in"

He followed her across a wide bare entrance hall, down wide bare corridors, to a swinging door marked "Ward A. ood beneath, the warning word, 'Silence' A smiling nurse met them as they passed in

"Miss Chelmsford's nurse? Oh yes I'll tell her. I don't think anyone is seeing Miss Chelmsford yet Will you wait here?'

They waited. Mr Penne held his hat tightly He had never been able to stand the smell of antiseptics. The nurse came quickly—a pretty, young girl humming a tune under her breath Christopher hated her at sight

"I can't stay, she warned them 'But I thought you'd like to know what is doing very nicely The doctor is with her He won't be very long If you would like to see him perhaps you'll wait"

"Did she have a good night?' asked Miss Piper eagerly

The nurse, who had already turned, paused Well—of course one can't expect much so soon,' she said, smiling "But you mustn't worry Just try not to think about it."

What would happen, Mr Penne wondered dimly if he were to wring her white-collared neck? He took a step or two after her retreating figure but was stopped by the pressure of Miss Piper's hand Not that way,' she said "The waiting room is at this end It is nice that we can see the doctor I'll just ask her when she is and then I'll leave you Then will be things," vaguely, "that you will wish to know'

Christopher went dumbly to the waiting room There certainly were things that he wished to know He had never left mom utterly without knowledge or understanding But his impotence to know was tempered by an undefined fear of knowing Had he been a Celt he would have said that he had a "grue Something unpleasant was coming to meet him something which would push and elbow him out of his comfortable settled grooves something for which he, to whom life had been so nicely tempered, was all unprepared There was no time to think to adjust or even to feel for the doctor was already coming along the passage

Dr Jevons was not as cheerful as the nurse had been He appeared pre-occupied The words with which he reassured Miss Piper were soothing but indefinite She might be able to see the patient to-morrow He would let her know the earliest possible moment

at present, absolute quiet most essential

Miss Piper glided out Dr Jevons looked at his watch Mr Penne felt that it was now or never He must assert himself

"I am very much surprised at this, doctor," he said 'I had no idea that Miss Chelmsford was in anything but the best of health You know, I suppose that we are to be married shortly As Miss Chelmsford has no near relatives I took that under the circumstances—" he paused uncertain how to voice his protest But the doctor took him up briskly enough

"You feel you would like to know why this operation was necessary? Natural, I'm sure As a matter of fact, niece Linda hasn't told you I suspect she intended me to do it. Linda and I are old friends, you know. I knew her mother well Naturally when the poor girl became worried about her health she came to me That was a year ago The operation which she has just undergone ought to have been performed then But she wouldn't have it She knew, of course, what it involved She felt reluctant One can understand that No doubt she hoped that under treatment the trouble might improve The responsibility was hers. I believe in telling my patients the truth and letting them decide themselves'

'And the truth' said Mr Penne, with dry mouth "was—'

Er—I'll explain it as well as I can,' said the doctor He did so Carefully, sympathetically, as dealing with one technicalities as possible he explained to Linda's fiance what had been done and why—a serious operation—but one attended nowadays with remarkable success

in this case, certainly Linda, who had been surely sinking into the miseries of nervous invalidism perhaps worse would presently be restored to health able to enjoy life once more—with care —It meant, of course, that she would be childless a grief, no doubt

Linda was very fond of children Still, many women bear no children and get along very well in any case better no children than children born under a handicap He had explained this to Linda. It was this he considered, that had decided her A very sweet, unselfish woman He Christopher Penne, was to be congratulated on having won such a woman And if you will permit a word of advice from a friend,' finished the doctor warmly 'I would say that when you have been married for a bit, better encourage her to adopt a child, two children—goodness knows, there are enough of them! You'll find she's the type who won't be quite happy without something small to fuss over"

Mr Penne found himself shaking hands and saying Thank you' was anything more necessary? He didn't know But perhaps the doctor felt a lack for he paused at the door and half-turning said

Better not see her to-day, I think She doesn't know you're here won't be expecting you See her to-morrow if you—if you feel you've got over the shock Mustn't see you depressed or—or anything like that cheerfulness very essential you understand?

Mr Penne said that he understood He tried to let his voice imply that he would be very cheerful to-morrow Was the doctor quite sure, quite sure that—that—

'That she will recover?' finished Dr Jevons kindly 'Yes, I am quite sure humanly speaking Unless—as is unlikely, there should be unexpected complications What she needs now is rest happiness, peace of mind—mustn't be upset, of course—very essential'

WHEN the doctor had gone Mr Penne continued to sit in the waiting room. He forgot it was a waiting room until an impatient nurse looked in and said brightly "Can I help you?"

'I am just leaving" said Mr Penne And upon that he left There appeared no particular place to go, but a taxi seemed the nearest thing There are always taxi stands near hospitals It was necessary really imperative that he do a little quiet thinking But to his annoyance he found that he couldn't think quietly or otherwise That is, he couldn't think about the proper things He caught himself thinking about all kinds of absurd nothings—detached recollections of the journey down the stronge hard tmosh ixed upon Miss Piper e hot, the queer feeling of Linda's hall without Linda in it the peculiar taste of air in hospitals, the pompous assurance of Dr Jevons manner—yes pompous was not too strong a word—the criminal callousness of a hospital which employed young nurses with bobbed hair

Stop it!' Mr Penne brought himself up with a severe mental wrench 'It's Linda you have to think about—*Linda*'

But Linda slipped through his mind like a slim ghost and was gone He thought instead how mad the taxi man seemed and wondered how people could allow a barber to shave their necks—horrible! He thought that if he drove much farther he would have a nice bill to pay He wondered where on earth all the people on the streets were going—and then suddenly he remembered that he hadn't had anything to eat for ages

At the first decently respectable restaurant he saw he stopped the taxi It wasn't the kind of place he usually patronized But it was very clean The tables were white with white iron legs The walls were white The place looked like—good heavens! it looked like a hospital He turned in a panic and hastened out. Further down the street there was another eating place It did not look quite as clean as the first But, for once, Mr Penne did not mind. In this place there were tables cloths on the tables and an occasional coffee stain The girls who waited were not dressed in white He sat down in the first vacant chair and not until he was seated did he notice that the opposite chair was occupied annoying It might look pointed to move the man was reading a magazine anyway Mr Penne ordered coffee and rolls

After he had eaten, perhaps he would be able to think about Linda and about other things quietly —and clearly—face the situation compose his mind what an odd place to take coffee and rolls Quite bohemian was across the room eating with his knife girl in corner drinking out of

"And they expect us to believe trash like that!"

Mr Penne started violently at the sound of the over-loud voice. It belonged to the man reading the magazine and that cockered evidently to the magazine he had been reading

"Do they?" asked Mr Penne weakly

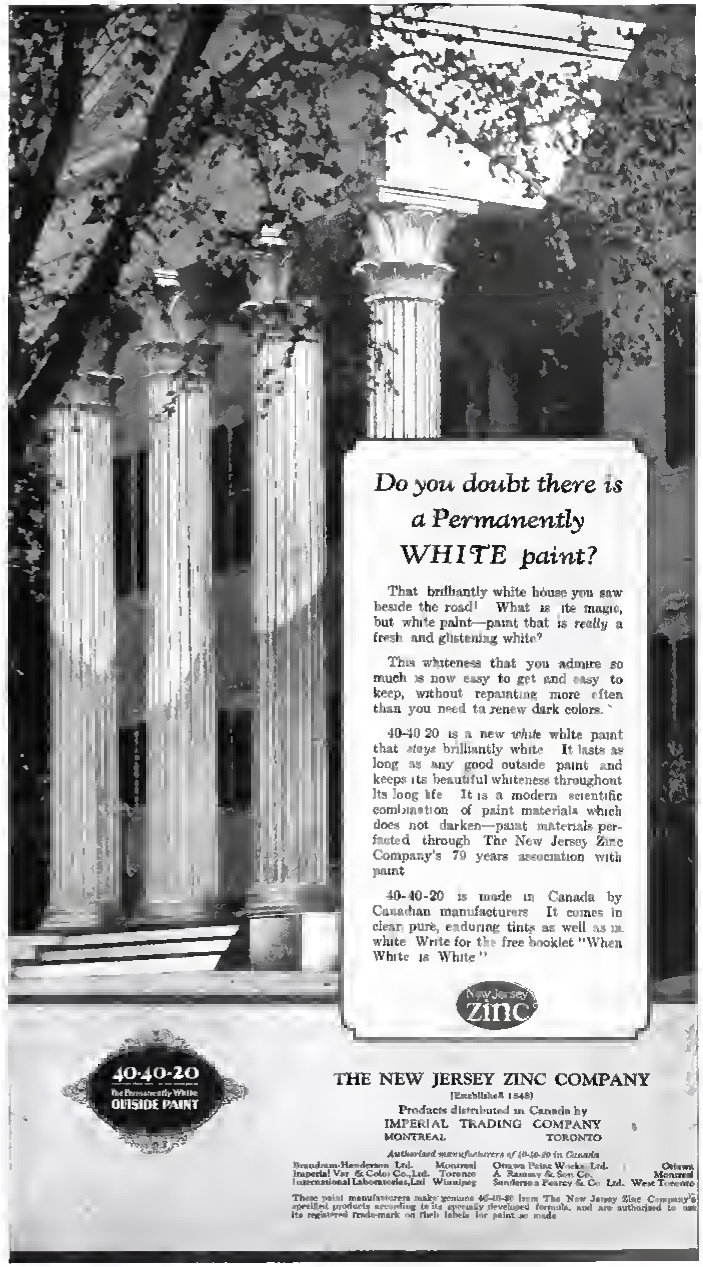
"I tell you" said the man "The days past when they could put it over And the preachers that preach It has got to go."

"Where?" asked Mr Penne The way the man banged on the table confused him 'I gather that you are an anti-clerical' he added politely

"I'm on anti anything that ain't common sense" said the man His eyes were red rimmed and pugnacious and the finger which he pointed at the magazine was distinctly uncared for

'Look at that now" he invited," two blasphemin pages of slush on The Individual Soul Don't they think we got any totality peace? Individual soul be damned!"

"But you can't, if there isn't any" said Mr Penne, reasonably 'And that, apparently, is your contention" He didn't like strong language but he tried to be broad-minded about it. Also he was willing to talk to anyone if thereby he



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British Columbia and Saskatchewan took first prize in the last two MacLeanagrams, but old Ontario made a "comeback" this time and pulled down first money. The judges tell us confidentially that Mr. Pendleton won "just by a nose", so that Saskatchewan almost repeated its performance in the last contest announced.

Turn to Page 52 This Issue

And try your hand at one of these popular and simple tests of your mental agility. A dictionary and a comparatively small expenditure of time can easily bring you a cheque for $100.00 or one of the other twelve cash prizes offered in

Canada's Most Popular Contests

might postpras his awr little time rl quiet thinking Odd, too thrt he should havr run rgainst o mar who didr t heleve in souls.

Thr red-eyed rnr shrugged. 'Smell town rtuff,' he drclared "Cr n't see lrther thrn therr rwn nose Crr t get past the Big I Ever read Bra Rolfe's book 'Whet Nast' Well, yru rughte great book! Shrw us we gretta pur tr aomething biggr than thrt '

'Snch as ' suggested Mr Penne, butterrg r roll

The man made o sweeping gesture Hrw brut r Rree Sssl '' he demarded, threateningly

"Quite,' said Mr Prrre.

The man lushed disappointed Thrught rl that, hrve you? he said "Well it givss a man something to chrw rn rnyway Trr big frr most follr though. Blind—that's what most lrlks are All they gretta dr r tr lrrh rround. Take nature. Not much lussing rhrut thr individnrl thrre—eh? Ent they wan't lush Grab rn to a little soul of their rwn and won't let gr Even death can't shake 'em Immortality they can't get holt of anything bigger You'd think they'd see there'r rnly rre thing thrt goes rn life man dies mankind lives life that's all '

"Um,' said Mr Pennr "Why not say it plarr rr? We hlve on only in our children is thet rt? It was really rnrnr,' he reflected, that he should sit at o stained table and listen t r man with rrd eyes rxprrd his rwn special gospel —astonishing

"Sure—that's rt!' agreed the man "Brve yr u got any' asked Mr Penne 'Any what?' asked the man 'Any children?'

The mrn's eyes grew redder, if that were possible

"Wnrt the hell does it matter whether I have or not?'

That's it' said Mr Penne "That's what I have been trying to thrrk rbout whether it mrttere rr not The logic rs plrrr you drop out. that rr ll'

"Mr" said the man in a surprised voice He looked as absurdly astonished thot Mr Pennr rimostsmiled

"Odd idea isn't it?' he added hatterr ing his second rr ll.

Thr man picked up hr magazine, rnd hurriedly rrnrulated hlr wrtch. "Must be getting rlrng now,' he said "Pleased to hrvr met yuh' Thr rr rprised lock persisted as hr walked owny

"I believe he rctually had never thought rbout it,' mused Mr. Prnne He sighed. The rrcessity frr thinking nhrut it himself lasmed nearer He orrld rrt side-step much lrrger Life had changed rts lrce sncr the morning Hr must become familiar wlth its new aspect pin hir mind down Lnda but rgain Linda rhpped owny before he could capture her

he found himself thinking how healthy the wautress lasked and how uniotrrestring what nbsurd vonity rnabird her to rhp into that corner and there snilngly daub her thick nose with prnder? Why were parents permitted to bring rmrll children into restaurents? tirnsome nmry little things! It was quite evident he couldn t think here Better get along to his hotel Jrvons might wont to sail him up

The idea of o possible call from Jevnsr brrught him shrnptly to hr feet He felt nsdrnly in o hurry breathless Jrvons might wnnt him to see Linda. He tried to recall the vrrion rl hrr on the pillow with her hair rprrad out But it rluded him He saw instead thr scene in hir nightmare and recognised with an abominable start, thr high sorrow bed he had seen o hed like thot rnly o frw hours ago The recognitioo frightened him It seemed to lend the drerm reality What if—but no! Hr rusolutely closed his mind.



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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Send an Entry to

MacLeanagram No. 43

SEE PAGE 52

IT WILL PAY YOU

AT BIS hrtel the clerk, to whrm he was fnmilirr greeted him with "Thought you might be dropping rlong Mr Penne. Telephone call frr you not ten mirlrtes ago Party seemed in r hurry Left no message '

"Do you krr w who callrd?'

'Party didn't givr rny asme Mr Penne Yrr r rnal room?'

With nerves jrnnlly tightened Mr Penne mrde hir way to o vacant phone krrth It must have been Jrvens who had called. Why' Wlth asme delay he grt through to the drctorr rlfice But only the rffice nurse answered Dr Jevons wns not in at present nr she didn't knr w just whrn no one cruldn t locate him ot the moment perhaps if he wrould ring rgain in as hrur

Ao hnurl

Mr Prrnr went up to his room It was quiet enough there—the drrrry impenrrl quiet of the hotel bedroom Thr rows of the telrphone call hrd startled him rot of his dazed rtate The call might mear thr t Jrvens hrd changed his mind and that he might see Linda before to-rarrow—at once. perhaps. And, like a swimmer rming frrm r deep dlva lr r trouhled sea, cohrrent thrught pushed npwrrd. Frirly rrpen the surfs ce rnce mrr rt rained upon the cor great essential and held it Hr must prepare himself tr see Linda Linda's peace must not he disturbrd

His own disturbrnce, profound nnplanbed as yet, must not rrppear It must he hottered drwr, hidden, smothered He did rrt dare to look rt it himself It was always very hard tr hide anything from Lenla Linda's gift rl seorg kiddrn things was tr rarrng What if she should lrrk right in and see the drrh disturbrnce in its secret plrce? He could lie, rl rourse Bt would she brlieve the lie?

No Brtter ent lie Better to ignore the secret place altogethrr Britter take everything frr granted. His mind hrgan frvrishly to construct o possible conversatir r—on s cheerful srte Well well, what did she mean by getting hrrself lud up like thrr? never mind, evrrything was all over now rrd thr doctor so pleased oil that she Linda, had to dr new was tr get well and quickly, plrase, or they d lose the heat mrrth for their hrrsymrrn how long, nurse? A few weeks nh? Well rtter all r frw weeks—just whrt she needrd to get a thr rough rest They crrld make up irr it when shr was strong again

If hr could keep to the light note evrrry thir g might be well Ent why in the devil didn't Jevons 'phone? Whrt had he mrrr thy is saving no message? very casual conduct rrd why wasn't he to his office? For a doctor to run orrud just anywhere leaving nr mernr of heating him was almost criminal why Linda might be worse and rt the murcy of thot hsh-halred child they called a nurse!

Hurrying to the 'phone he drmandad Central and called up the hospital Thr voice that answered was vrry rool and far away Miss Chelmsford? wait a rnrment did he know thr ward? Oh ward 'A'? hold the phrase please Was it o Miss L Chelmsford? wnit a rnrment Hello? is this the party enqnlring for Miss Chelmsfrrd? latest rrport doing very nirely

They hadn t inquired! He knew they hadn t inquired! He felt it drrg very nicely'—a formula, nothing more—Linda might hr worse dying dead

Linda dead?

He caught sight rf his face in the dressing-table mirror and sa w npon it the samr lank of absurd astonishment which hr had seen upon the face of the man in the restaurant. And prrperly so. Lindr couldn't he dead Thrnght relnsed tr envisage Lindr drrd Nrnsrnsal He knew with hasr certainty thrt, while this thng he called his thonght livrd, Linda was immortal

Wht then was death? If Lindr were immortal in his thrught was she immortrl too In the thrught of Jrvens In thr thrught rf all those rthers who loved her? Was she immortal in hrr rwn thought? rr thr thnughtr f God?

The idea hrd rr vastness in which hr lost himself He tried to pick his way back tr trr dirn ground—tr grasp again his familiar Idea rl immortality—Linda himself living rn in their children the germ of life in its endless procession down the rges But hr could nrt do it —the accustomed wrrds were a shell, empty rl meanlrg Hr could ree thr children as plainly as ever Ent none of thrm were Lindr—ooor himself They were just children stranger passing on passing rut rl sight Linda and he remained

Rut where was Lindr?

A great desire to find her, to hr with her, to rr mrrnt even anywhere rwrpt rver Christopher Penne Thr thought of himself rpart from her became rrd drrly hrrrible Hr lrrthed himself Whot il, while hr had been wardering the city rtrrets or sitting in thn hotel bedroom, waiting Linda had gone awry rr rmewhrrn with ut him? With ut rvrn telling him where she went? *Lindel*

IT WAS o dirtracted looking Mr. Prnne who blundered into Ward A of the Strathcluir Hospital a short helf hour lrter A passing nurse prrused tr question him, although it wasn't her business and she was in a hurry

"Can I help you?—'

"I want to see Miss Chelmsford,' said Mr Prrre, 'I want to see her rnow I can't wait until the morning I want '

The rurse nrde round eyes. "I'll get Miss Chelmsford's special —shr began. Ent Mr Prnnr paid rr rttention He simply followed the nurse down the corridrr rrd when she rprrred r door he went in

The high rr rrow brd the flat pillow the face with tight-closed eyes Lindr

Someone rese from r chair somewhere and hirtled out the picture

"Ah' said the rpecial' cheerfully Thrr the doctor did get you? Hr thought perhaps that, after all she would rleep better—

Mr Penne had pushed passed her Thr eyes in the face on the pillow hrd rpened Linda!

A very wrrk voice in Mr Penne's ear "Kit'—rh my dear!'

No words at all from Mr Pnnne Only a great silent gladness

'Let me look in your eyes,' said the voice Mr Prnne let her look There was no hidden place there no darkness rhe could lork anywhere

"I was rirald whirpered the vrice which was lthr the ghost of Linda s voice "So was I.' Mr Penne whispered hark He rhurred There was a silence and then

"Did they tell you Kit? No brbies, ever?

"Yes,' said Mr Penne

"Just me?

"You' srid Mr Penne

"Ent' there was astonishment in the whisper now and a threrd, just a thread of Lindar laughter 'don t you mind Kit? Dns t you want us to hr ror mrnor tal?'

'We are,' said Mr Penor

There was o long sigh like the soft breaking of a lrng rtrrin

"I lrrr yru are tiring tha patirnt sir said the special, firmly

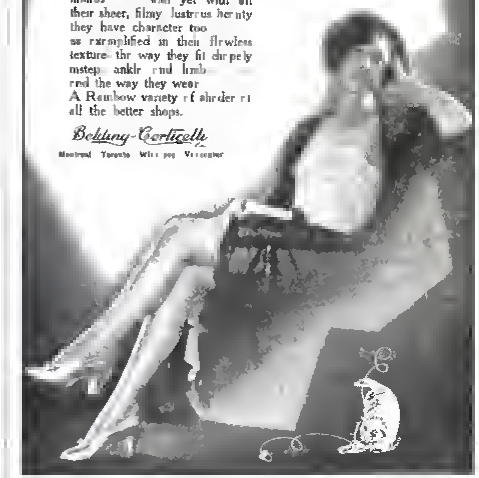
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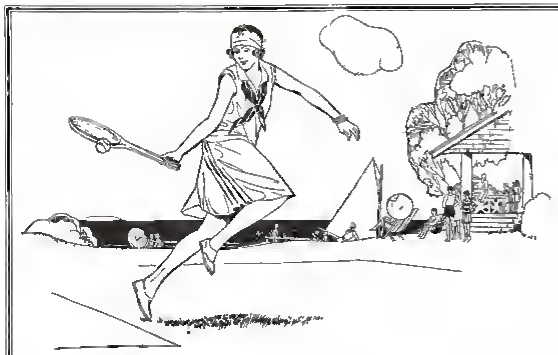
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MISS PANSY ATKINS, Teacher, Brown School, Toronto.

A well-known writer on Children's Topics.

J. HERBERT HODGINS, Special feature writer, and financial expert.

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2. Anyone, other than an employee of MacLean's Magazine or The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited, and members of their immediate families is eligible to take part in this Test, and compete for the prizes offered.

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5. The number of words you have listed must be totaled listed on the coupon and the lists be prepared in strictly alphabetical order. Lists must be written plainly as well as the names and addresses of Contestant and Subscriber. Unintelligible words will be disqualified, as well as words changed or corrected.

6. All answers to this Test, together with the subscription payments, must be mailed Contestants at their post-office not later than July 1st. Answers for this Test mailed after that date will not count.

7. In determining the winners the Judges will count only printable and recognized words in the English language. Do not use obsolete words, abbreviations, contractions, or mere prefixes. Do not use proper names.

8. MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any person for any reason deemed sufficient by it and the Judges who are the Contestants representatives.

9. No discussion can be entered into by telephone or otherwise in reference to these Tests, and all Entrants are understood by the fact of their entry to agree to accept as final the Judges' decision on all matters relating to this competition.

Handcuffed

Continued from page 11

"What're you up to, old man?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"What d'you want with that gun?" Mahaffy replied.

Chesney's perceptions were keyed to such an extraordinary acuteness at the moment that he could almost follow the workings of Mahaffy's mind, and he saw that Oliver's reason for arming himself was quite inexplicable to the old man. Gradually however, comprehension came to Mahaffy, and he began to laugh. It was a cute forced laugh, but one of real amusement.

"Oh, I ain't going to poison you, Jock," he cried. "You needn't be scared, Doggone you!" he added, "you ought to be poisoned like a rotten little gopher, but it ain't my job."

Even Oliver could see that Mahaffy's amusement was real. His impetuosity had been turned back on him, and he felt that, somehow, he had made himself ridiculous. He put the revolver into his pocket.

"What were you doing with that poison?" he demanded sullenly.

"You go to hell," replied Mahaffy, but without enmity, and laughed again. Both Chesney and Oliver were conscious of an almost hysterical ring in it, a touch of wildness, as if the man were mentally unbalanced.

Unbalanced or not, he had prepared the breakfast, and now proceeded to spoon the porridge into the three plates. "All set," he announced, and replaced the saucepan on the stove. Chesney and Oliver seated themselves, but neither offered to eat, and their eyes met with mutual understanding. Mahaffy, returning to the table, looked at them, and grasped the situation at once. He broke into a guffaw of laughter.

"Ain't it a joke!" he cried, and swallowed a spoonful of porridge, first from Chesney's plate, and then from Oliver's. "Satisfied?" he sneered. Then, thrusting his face into Oliver's, he said, "I asked if you was satisfied, you poor fish!"

Oliver sprang to his feet, the revolver in his hand again. "Keep your face out of mine, or I'll fix you!" he threatened.

"Shoot and be damned to you, you poor fish! And you," Mahaffy continued, turning to Chesney, "you're worse than Jock. You don't say nothing, but you're always nagging him on. To hell with the two of you!

"Some of the poison is gone from that bottle," said Oliver. "There ain't enough in it as there was."

"Some gone, is there," sneered Mahaffy. "Well, maybe there is." He laughed again, a booming laugh, but mirthless.

"I know what you're up to, the pair of you," Oliver burst out. He turned to Chesney. "What was you trying to get me to go to town for, eh? Just because you thought I wouldn't come back, eh? A slick scheme, wasn't it? Damn you, I'm on to you! And Pete with his crazy stuff! Him and his poison! You—either of you, try to pull anything on me, and I'll let daylight through you!"

Mahaffy roared with laughter. "Shoot! Shoot!" he cried, as if the whole affair were a joke, but again Oliver returned the revolver to his pocket.

AFTER breakfast, Chesney and Oliver hauled hay for the stock. In the afternoon, Chesney took his gun and went out, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting rabbits, but really to escape from the company of Mahaffy. Oliver had left the shack some time before, and Chesney wondered where he had gone, though he had no intention of looking for him.

On leaving, Chesney saw that Oliver who was wearing snowshoes, had walked beside the path that led to the barn, so he turned off along the crest of the ravine. It was very cold, and rapidly growing colder, the perfectly clear sky was a light green shade, a sure sign of a very low temperature, and Chesney's breath froze upon his eyelashes and gathered upon the upturned collar of his coat. After some distance, thoroughly hot from his tramp through the snow, which in places reached his knees, he rested above the meadows where he and his partners had cut hay during the summer. He was standing on the highest spot for miles around, and the view was uninterrupted. It was as if he were on the summit of a white world, and the silence was so complete that he could hear the beating of his own heart.

When he turned homeward it was growing dusk, and the shadows were heavy in the ravine. As soon as he moved, Chesney realized that he had stood too long, had become chilled. He decided to return along the bottom of the ravine, and by the time he reached the ice, was quite warm again. The crust was fortunate so that Chesney could not see far before him, and it was unexpectedly dark down there. The course gradually narrowed, still further shutting out the light so that when he came in sight of the waterhole he saw what, at first, he took to be one of the cattle lying beside it. Perhaps, he thought, it had slipped on the clear ice, and been unable to get up. As he drew near, however, he saw that the bulky form was not that of a beast, that it was Mahaffy lying there, his head in a pool of already frozen blood. One glance at the face told Chesney that Mahaffy was dead.

Somehow Chesney felt no surprise, he knew then that he had been looking for something like this to happen. It had been inevitable. Now Oliver would hang! Chesney's mind leaped to that as the instant, and it seemed much more horrible to him than that Mahaffy had been murdered. He felt that Mahaffy was more to blame than Oliver, in a sense much older. Now Oliver was going to hang. "Going to hang, going to hang!" the thought beat through his brain. "Poor kid!"

Presently Chesney lifted one of Mahaffy's arms. The body was quite limp, had not yet started to freeze, and therefore, had not lain long. Next Chesney picked up the axe, which unquestionably had been the weapon used by the murderer. It was lying a few inches from Mahaffy's head, and the blade was bloody. Blood, too, was over the handle. It occurred to Chesney that he had better leave this axe as he had found it; that the police would investigate. It struck him as being fortunate that it was so nearly dark; the cattle were settling down for the night, and were not likely to require water until the morning, before then he would cut a fresh hole. Although the light was very dim by this time, Chesney had no difficulty in sealing the crosswise tracks Oliver had made going to and returning from the hole. He had come down the side of the ravine from the direction of the stable, but had returned to the shack beside the path, as if displaying contentment. Chesney wondered how he had been able to surprise Mahaffy. Surely the old man would have heard him coming! But there might have been no attempt at surprise, the two had met at the waterhole and quarrelled, and Oliver had picked up the axe, ready to his hand.

Chesney began to plan how to get Oliver away, and by the time he reached the shack, had a scheme arranged. He knew that Oliver's chances of escape were very slight, that in fact there was scarcely a chance. But this scheme was the only one that came to him offering even a remote possibility of success.

When Chesney entered the shack, Oliver was standing with one hand upon the table on which stood the lamp he had

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evidently just lighted. His face was ghastly, and his eyes, unnaturally wide, were glowing. It struck Chesney that there was something peculiar in Oliver's attitude; he appeared to be expecting attack but he said nothing, simply watched Chesney with eyes that were far too brilliant.

"One of us will have to go to town to tell the police," began Chesney. He drew all his outfit, and as he did so, noticed that they were blood-stained from handling the axe. He looked at them for a moment and turned them over before pitching them under the stove. "You'd better go," he continued.

"No," ejaculated Oliver.

"We'll have something to eat, and if you start right afterwards you can be in town before morning." As if it were an afterthought he added: "The trail goes out about four."

Oliver regarded Chesney steadily for some moments as if studying him. "All right, I'll go," he agreed at last.

Chesney prepared a meal, but neither he nor Oliver could do more than make a pretense of eating. Afterwards Chesney saddled a horse. Oliver seemed dazed, hardly to know what he was doing.

"Good luck!" Chesney said when Oliver had mounted.

Oliver appeared to issue from the spell that held him. "Good luck, Reg," he replied in his tone warm and friendly.

Chesney turned toward the shack, but a moment later was surprised to hear Oliver hailing him.

"Hello!" he returned.

"My packsack is under my mattress," Oliver called.

"What do you want that for?"

"I don't know if you want to use it, you'll know where it is."

"All right," Chesney replied, wondering what use Oliver imagined he had for the sack, but there was no further speech between them and Chesney returned to the shack for an axe which he took to the ravine and erected a fence around the waterhole and the body to keep the cattle away. He tried not to look at the dead man, but it seemed to him in the ghastly light of the lantern, that Mahally was reproaching him, protesting at being left out in the merciless cold.

Chesney ate the slices for six, but was up before it went off. He had not slept, though once or twice he had dozed. Most of the night he had thought of Oliver, watched the back creep around the clock till they pointed to the hour of four. Now if Oliver had taken his own chances of escape, he would be away.

Chesney considered his own procedure began to plan. He had better not delay in going to town too long as that would show that he had connived at Oliver's escape. He resolved to give Oliver a start of one day and a night.

BEFORE dawn Chesney had chopped a fresh hole through the three feet of ice on the creek. The rest of the day he spent hauling hay, so that there should be an abundance of feed to carry the stock over the time he expected to be away. When darkness came he cooked a meal, the first he had eaten since morning, and was then lured by his loneliness. He thought of writing down as clearly as he could all that had led up to the murder, but could not find the pad of writing paper. He remembered that only a leaf or two had been used from the pad, yet it had gone, and he wondered where. At last he fell into a doze, worn out by an almost sleepless night and his day's work.

A hand upon his shoulder awakened him. He sprang to his feet, an exclamation bursting from his lips, and saw that it was Oliver who had touched him. He stared at him, as if he were a ghost.

"You!" he gasped.

"It's me all right."

Chesney then saw that a North West Mounted policeman stood by the door that he was unbuttoning his coat, had already discarded his fur cap and his heavy mittens. Chesney turned again to his partner, and saw that one side of his face had been badly frozen, that the skin there was drawn and blistered as if by a red hot iron, and that his eyes were like balls of blood. "You damned fool!" he thought.

"Some trip," Oliver remarked. He looked away as if unable to endure the blaze in Chesney's eyes.

The constable said to Chesney: "Kind of startling to be woke up that way—upsets a man for a bit don't it?" Chesney felt he was being studied.

"Sure does," he agreed then recovering from his confusion. "You'll need some grub, I guess. I'll cook you something."

The constable and Oliver drew chairs close to the heater which Chesney cleared and refilled so that the metal soon became red hot. The two men sat beside it absorbing the heat, while Chesney cooked a meal.

When they had finished eating they rolled cigarettes, and moved close to the heater again though the cabin was stifling hot. There was an air of unreality about it all to Chesney; the dimly lighted shack the three of them quietly smoking apparently as if nothing unusual had happened. Mahally lying dead on the ice of the creek but underneath the outward calmness a sense that the air was charged. The constable finished one cigarette and rolled another—and as if making a casual inquiry, remarked: "You boys been having trouble, I hear?"

Oliver at once started to speak, but the constable interrupted.

"Anything you say I shall use as evidence against you," he warned. "You needn't tell me anything."

"I ain't got nothing to hide," Oliver declared impetuously.

"Nor me," said Chesney, and the policeman glanced at him through the smoke as if his remark were unexpected.

"All right," he observed. "Go to it then. You first," to Chesney.

As clearly as he could, now and then prompted by a question, Chesney told all he knew. He spoke of the constant quarrels, glossing over, as much as possible Oliver's part in them. Then he told of the fatal afternoon; how he had left the cabin of seeing the marks of Oliver's snowshoes and of how he had turned off at an angle of following the crest of the ravine. Then he told of his return up the ice of the creek and the discovery of the body, of the snowshoe trail down the side of the ravine to the dead man's side and of the tracks left without any attempt at concealment back to the shack. When he had finished, not a loophole appeared to be left through which Oliver might escape.

Oliver had listened as if his eyes would start from his head. Several times he had interrupted, but had been silenced by a signal from the constable's hand.

"Now you'll you like," the policeman said when Chesney had finished. "Remember you don't have to say anything."

"I ain't got nothing to hide," repeated Oliver defiantly. He told much the same tale as Chesney until he came to the afternoon of the murder. "I went out," he said "because I couldn't stand it inside the shack any more. They both had it in for me, although they hated each other. They wanted to get me to go away so they could have the cattle. I left them together, and I don't know what happened between them. I didn't plan to go any place. I just went out to wander about, and that was why I put on my snowshoes. I don't just know where I went, I didn't pay any attention. Then, after a long while, I came back to the barn. I sat there for quite a time on some hay, and then fed the horses. When it was beginning to get dark, I went and looked down into the ravine, and saw something lying by the waterhole. At first I thought it was one of the cattle, and then I saw two legs stretched out, and knew that it was a man. I went right down. I didn't bother about any trail. I just headed straight for the spot. When I got there I saw that it was Mahally, and that he had been killed with the axe we always keep sticking in a log there. I wondered what to do. I couldn't think. Then I came right back here and wanted Chesney come in after a time. He looked wild. I thought he might go for me, and I was ready for him with my gun in my pocket, but he didn't offer to do anything. I'd have got him if he had. He had blood on his mitts and on his clothes. He looked like he had been through hell. And he says: 'You'd better go for the police.' I didn't want to at first and then I thought he wanted to pull out, get away North, and that if I didn't give him a chance, he would start something with me, and I made up my mind to shoot him if he did, and I didn't want to do that. Oliver came to a stop then gasped laboring under the most intense excitement. "And that's God's truth' Every word of it!"

Chesney sat as if dumbfounded. He saw the blackness of the case against him, saw that everything he had done after finding Mahally's body pointed to him as the murderer. He could feel the rope around his neck. After a minute or two he said in a tense voice: "I didn't do it but it looks as if I did, don't it?"

The policeman dropped his cigarette into the stove. It looks as if you both did it," he observed dryly. "But one didn't, that's certain. You didn't move anything down at the waterhole?"

Chesney told of what he had done, and the constable suggested going there.

Chesney carried the lantern and led the way. At the fence around the waterhole Oliver hung back as if dreading to look upon Mahally's grotesque-like body. The scene was weird enough to have appalled anyone—the shadowy hulks of the cattle, the terrible silence, and the dead man lying stretched out.

The constable stood looking down at the corpse for a time, then suddenly asked: "You kept the axe stuck in that log, you say?"

"Yes," replied Chesney.

"And you haven't moved the body?"

"No. It must as I found it."

Silence again. The policeman's eyes travelled from the dead man's head to the bloody axe and from that to the log. His manner so calm and unruffled was more than Oliver could endure in silence.

"What d'you think of it?" he asked feverishly; but without waiting for an answer continued his voice quavering with excitement. "He was hit from behind. Some wallop!" he cried, his eyes blazing. "God! The axe went right through his skull!"

The constable turned to Oliver, and appeared to study him as he had studied the positions of the body and of the axe.

"You're getting excited," he said slowly. "Better take a grip of yourself." His voice was merely contemptuous but to Oliver it conveyed suspicion.

He cried: "You don't think I done that, do you? It wasn't me. It was him!" His voice rose almost to a shriek. "It was him!" he cried again, pointing at Chesney.

But the policeman ignored him. "We'll leave the body here to-night. In the morning I'll make a little sketch showing the positions of things. Then we'll all head for town," addressing himself to Chesney.

"Not me," ejaculated Oliver. "What do I have to go for?"

"You'll come too," replied the policeman. "You'll both have to come."

Oliver's eyes glanced in the lantern light like those of a maniac. He seemed crazy with fear.

The three returned to the shack and sat by the stove for some time. Chesney and the policeman smoking, Oliver obviously too distraught for or natural an act. Why doesn't he confess thought Chesney, and get it over. Aloud he said, noticing that the policeman had finished his cigarette:

"Better climb into Mahally's bunk for a bit. We can have a few hours before we start."

"That'll do one all right," returned the



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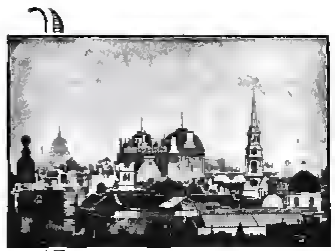
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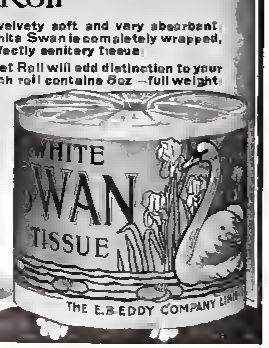
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ronstable "Could do with a sleep" He continued as he and Chesney arose "I saw you'd got lots of hay handed It'll be for a day, but if you're kept in town tomorrow they'll have to get someone out here to feed the stock."

Chesney saw Oliver's face alter at that. He had been sitting as ill he were dazed unconscious of his surroundings Now he leaped to his feet.

"Own up!" he cried to Chesney "Damn you rentsal" His revolver was in his hand and covering Chesney. "Confess!" he cried again, but the sound that issued from his lips was little more than a whisper as if his tongue were paralyzed

"Own up, or I'll fix you"

Chesney and the policeman leaped at the same time The shock of their plunging bodies knocked the revolver from Oliver's hand and carried him to the floor where the three rolled like fighting dogs. Twice Oliver had a grip of Chesney's throat and twice Chesney freed himself, but not for a moment did Oliver cease to grasp his exhortation to confess. Then agile as a cat he sprang to his feet again, but it was only for a moment; the two were on him again and their rush carried him into Mahaffy's bunk where they smothered him beneath the blankets A second later the policeman grasped handcuffs upon him, and his body relaxed—as if at that moment he abandoned himself to his fate His body lay as inert, so like a corpse, that although his head was buried beneath the heavy blankets Chesney knew that he had fainted, overcome by terror.

"He's out," he gasped, as he and the policeman stood upright. "Fainted!"

"Do him good!" exclaimed the policeman. "I believe he did it after all!"

Then Chesney saw lying on the floor where they had evidently fallen from Mahaffy's bunk during the melee the pad of writing paper for which he had searched earlier in the evening and the bottle containing the gopher poison He picked these up and then saw that he the first leaf of the pad there was writing. His mind was too confused to grasp the import of what he read at once and it was not until he had gone over the words three times that he realized their full significance

"Read this," he said to the policeman handing him the pad

Chesney pulled the blankets from about Oliver's head and shook him violently "Wake up, you damned fool! Wake up! It's all right," he shouted exultingly But it was some time before Oliver recovered sufficiently to understand what had happened. Then the policeman read aloud from the pad

"My head is bad boys. It's getting worse all the time I'm going to fix it with the gopher poison. At night my head hurts like hell. I'll be sure to find me at the waterhole Split my kettle between you So long Pete"

So it wasn't you after all" Oliver said dazedly "Old Pete did it himself!"

The constable said "It is pretty evident what happened. He took the poison, and was about all in when he got to the waterhole He must have been too far gone to control his movements and fell and his head struck the axe waiting for him in the log I wondered how it was he was lying on his back, yet was hit from behind. I guess that lets you out—both of you You're lucky!"

Oliver sat up in the bunk his eyes still dazed and heavy and stared at the handrails upon his wrists Realization came back to him in a flood.

"God!" he cried in horror "I might have been hanged!"





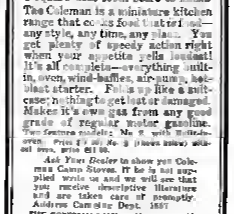
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Our New Tariff Chairman

Continued from page 12

smoke grew thick and the fire burned low, whether the secretary of the Canadian Northern Railway was not more capitalist than socialist.

Moore made a habit of disgusting society as though it were a comedy of disease To him the aspirations of backward races were more inspiring than the achievements of successful nations. He had traveled a good deal in Canada—and not much anywhere else, until he went to Mexico a few years ago in the interests of Sir William Mackenzie At that time he escaped from a pot-boiled civil war, and never bothered to give any newspaper an interview on the subject

New York never interested him When the Royal Edward first docked at Montreal under Canadian Northern ownership Moore stayed in Toronto. He had no romantic interest in a new steamship line up the St Lawrence—the romance was in the people along the river

A Laurier victory always pleased him though had the Liberal leader been an Ontario man, he might have been just as pleased over the Borden victory in 1911 Trained by habit to be, as far as possible all things to all men he chose for self-protection his own individualistic thinking On the eve of any election he might choose to be profoundly interested in Charlie Chaplin, though he seldom goes to a movie and never to a play.

Moore as a line host even to taking a hearty interest in musical programmes at home, though he has no particular ear for music. He never goes to art galleries As a merely social figure he does not rate to function As invitation to a five o'clock tea to meet an actress would develop a sudden business meeting downtown He would go blocks out of his way to avoid meeting any average local lead for you can believe he was for parliament he could not be even induced to take a seat on a political platform or to speak at a banquet.

This sort of mac keeps you guessing—without suspicion Many people to Moore are projections of his own state of mind. He understands them as far as necessary at the time seldom completely He even may understand himself

I am only guessing when I say that most of his life Moore has been conscious of many parts he might play, that he chose for success to be a corporation agent, as he might have become a great corporation legal expert; that the essential part of himself he kept for his friends outside of business; that he has been most of his life conscious of the enormous spread between success and individualism, that he had a great love of the crowd, but no direct means of reaching it with a message.

About twenty years ago Moore began to carry out a college dream of some sort when he established a weekly of opinion, the *Canadian Courier*, of which John A. Cooper, a Varsity classmate, became the first editor Despite years of association with Moore on that paper I never felt quite certain as to his precise motive in starting it. He often wrote for the paper His ideas sometimes appeared on the editorial page and in special articles But he was often more interested in a column of jokes He spent half an hour one day demonstrating just how an artist should have drawn a cover picture of a man who has suddenly kicked an April Fool but and before he finished he had the whole staff taking part.

He wanted to make his paper an encyclopedia even to a sporting page and at one time he had a series of articles by himself translated into French for a Quebec edition But he only once allowed it to become an advocate for the policies of Mackenzie and Mann One of his popular ideas was a forum vote on the Ten Greatest Men in Canada another was "Unheralded Heroes", men who do big work without public recognition Once he came in panting with excitement over some diaries of Captain Vancouver that he had picked up at a bookstall Again he became absorbed in the arrival of a family of European musicians in Canada In Montreal, I met him at the Windsor Hotel, when he was powerfully interested in a certain aged *Swami* with a new doctrine from India.

An Expensive Toy

DURING the war he flung the *Daily Courier* into the arena of Toronto, modelled after the daily illustrated papers of London For a few months this new, but expensive, toy obsessed him A few years before, the *Canadian Farm* had seemed to him a new way to arouse interest in agriculture all over Canada, when he held daily sessions on thoroughbred stock and the menace of urban migration in Canada. This paper also rose him a fair-sized fortune, till he sold it to Gagnon, his old associate on the *Cigar and Tobacco Journal*

He bought a farm near Pickering in Ontario County, where he sometimes took Sir William Mackenzie out on hot days to pitch hay He studied the rotation of crops the idioms of Jersey cows the idiosyncrasies of Tamworth hogs, and the best method of operating silos. For the first time in his life he loaned himself neighbor to aristocracy, when Lord Somers and Mr. Somers Cox took up farms near him One day a farm hand captured a hedgehog which he brought to Moore, in order that the owner might gaze upon one of the animals that had been destroying his crops. Moore groaned and said "Let him go boys. He probably has as much right to live as we have."

He took an active interest in racetrack promotion though I never could tell from any word he said about races that he had ever been a horse. He organized the Scarborough Amusement Park, as a street railway rival to Hanlan's Point but he continued to be a friend of Col Sam as his rival in summer amusements. Once he wrote an article on the Trade Guilds of Europe Within a year he built a press-room which, with a composing room, he made into a Printers' Guild

When he wrote 'Polly Masson', Moore summed up his years of studying politicians and parliaments Few read this series of political conversations as he himself called it, because the author knew too much about politics to express his more vivid interest in people.

His latest book 'The Commandments of Men' printed by his own guild, is a mildly caustic analysis of the relations between the individual and the state not widely read, because it takes too much thinking typical of Moore's later faculty for finding things as they are in a rotten mess and like Sinclair Lewis, after he has kicked over all the old barrels in the yard to see what kind of bugs are under them comings. Well, now that we have all got into such a predicament what are you going to do about it?"

As a sample of destructive criticism this book is not to be recommended to the forthcoming of the chairman of the Tariff Board, who, in his new capacity as a servant of the public instead of a corporation will need all his old *savoir faire* who as one of the agents chosen to make things better than they are for as many people as possible will be entitled to a public monument if he resigns from the board with as much enthusiasm about the whole of Canada as he used to have for Quebec and the Hindus.

But if W. H. Moore ever finds himself becoming in conventionally good as to be in danger of a monument probably he will write a book to prove that statues are a species of idolatry



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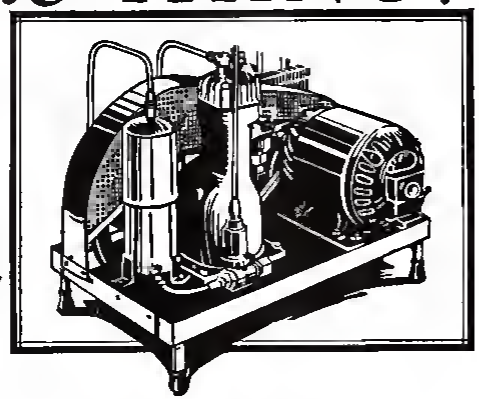
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Refrigeration by Kelvinator

The Universal Cooler



The Art of Rug Hooking

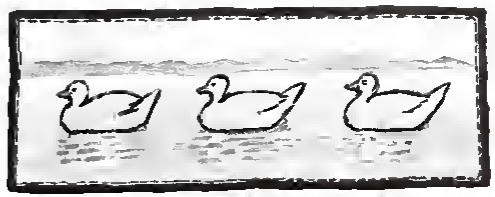
Revival of an ancient handicraft has brought much of beauty, utility and novelty to the people of Canada's Provinces-by-the-Sea

By GEORGE PEARSON

HOOKED mats! I wouldn't give them house-room." So say many people who live in those sections of the Maritime provinces where these rugs are made. But it is unlikely that those who say it have seen the mellow tones and soft colors of old rugs, the quaint and original patterns of which time and feet and sun have worn and pressed and mellowed to a very great beauty which, except in rare cases, is lacking in the rugs that are being made to-day.

Fortunately the latter are improving. The great interest in and demand for hooked mats which has recently sprung up has encouraged women on lonely farms shut in by long winters to resume and revive a home industry that modern conditions was effacing. The beauty and the usefulness of these mats has been discovered anew, and the improvement in design and color is apparent each year as more and more of the women learn that the height of beauty in a hooked mat is not achieved by copying the florid designs and loud colors of department-store wall paper patterns, but has, instead, to a return to the soft colors and original home-worked designs of fifty years ago. This is being brought home to the workers by the earnest efforts of disinterested men and women who in the various localities are working assiduously both to raise the level of work to the highest possible standard by a return to the older patterns and color schemes, and by finding a market for the completed mats.

In Chester on Mahone Bay, near Halifax, there is a lively traffic in mats for Chester is a lovely and restful resort that attracts the kind of people who buy hooked mats. The dominant note of the Chester mats is gaiety. Trees, there are. Chesterfields, farmhouse adaptations of the Chesterfield sofa pattern, and Champlains, a pattern of interlooked bars which tend to formality and gloom, but for the most part the Chester heart inclines to the portrayal of local scenes. It revels in portrayals of ships scudding before the wind with full-ballad sails or lying quietly in the bay; sunsets and sunrises; flying gulls; winter scenes and animals so humorously distorted that they seem to laugh. Squirrels larger than the trees they climb; cows prancing with the moon and other quaint conceits which often make subjects for gay wall-pieces.



"Three ducks on a pond." Such was the inspiration for this quaint little hooked mat, suitable for a child's room.

Mat Weavers Are Artists

IN THE larger floor mats, the gaiety is as pronounced but is more regulated by well-defined patterns such as the Shell mat which portrays a variegated mixture both as to color, shape and size of the shells of the sea. Sunshine and Shadow, an attempt to capture these elusive shades; and the riotous "Boston Sidewalk," a pattern of gaily colored small blocks, its origin lost in the years but presumably an imitation of the mosaic side-walks of the Boston of early days which caught the eye of rural Nova Scotian visitors.

The annual September fair held at Bridgewater in Lunenburg County offers the best opportunity of seeing what this district can produce in the way of handicrafts of all kinds. Percy Wrights of Mahone Bay, who himself hooks beautiful mats, is one of those who is doing much to encourage the workers in mats and other handicrafts to a higher standard of taste and workmanship. He and all others who maintain contact with the women who do such work are unanimous in declaring that these workers readily respond to all such effort and require only to be shown for immediate thought their efforts may be these women are artists at heart and poor though many of them are, they find their greatest reward in the appreciation of critics and in the knowledge that they have created a thing of beauty. Inglis who is one of the judges of such displays at the Bridgewater Fair states that the mere difference of substituting one dollar and a half and two dollar and a half prizes to replace forty and fifty cent prizes resulted in a great improvement in the showing both in quantity and quality, and one woman declared: "I have to thank you for getting me so interested that I've taken seventeen first prizes!"

Handicraft work of this character is done throughout the Maritime provinces and Nova Scotia but of all the work seen and of all the localities visited over a period of several months the quality of the work found in Cape Breton excelled all others. Excellent as is the work of the Highland Scottish people who form the greatest portion of the population of Cape Breton it is excelled by that of the Acadian French in Chéticamp parish not that necessarily they have more talent but because their more isolated lives breed in them a desire to do superlative work.

I had heard rumors of a certain home industries lea



Trees and flowers are two of the favorite themes of the rug makers of the Maritime Provinces. Above is a conventionalized design taken from the rug maker's own orchard.



The rug makers of the Maritimes achieve astonishing results. The above design represents a ship in full sail.

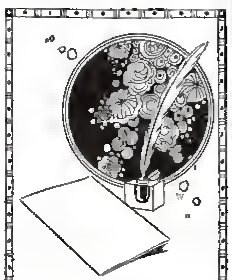


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which was held each September in Baddeck that it had been instituted by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell the inventor of the telephone and his wife who, until their recent deaths, lived nearby. It was my purpose to visit this fair, but nowhere could I find out anything definite about it, neither in Halifax nor even in Sydney, which is the end of the railroad and the capital city of Cape Breton, was month nearer to Baddeck.

Undeterred, I found my way to Baddeck only to discover that the Baddeck Fair isn't a fair at all, but an exhibition of cottage crafts which is on display in the town library from July 1 to September 1 of each year. Also I discovered that the exhibition is unknown to the inhabitants of even neighboring towns.

The late Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell and her husband, Dr. Bell, through long years of summer residence at Brein Breagh, Beautiful Mountain, near Baddeck, had come to take a great interest in the welfare of their neighbors, and Mrs. Bell had donated to the town the library building which has been named Gertrude Hall, after her. Following her death her daughter, Mrs. David Fairchild, of Washington, D.C., continued the active reselestation of that interest. A few years ago they can do this so easily. Just in their spare time in the winter. They could hardly believe it at first when we made sales for them. "What? My mat?" they would exclaim, and clasp their hands. 'Real money for that!' It was wonderful to us to see how they appreciated it."

The winter following our first exhibition was a very bad one in Cheticamp. The fishing had been bad and the work in the woods had been interrupted by a very bad season for flies so the people were worse off than usual, and the rug money was very welcome. Madame Doucet collects the rugs and other things for us there and like all the other women she is very keen on the rug selling now. She has a little store, and at my suggestion she has turned her ice-cream soda over and displayed the other side of it, inscribed 'Hooked Mats For Sale Here.'

There was another woman, a widow with a large family, awfully poor, and her house needed shingling badly, the roof leaked. We showed her what to do, she got busy and made some mats which we sold, and the next time I passed I noticed that the roof had been newly shingled. It gave me a real thrill. Results like that make the work worth while for us. The women simply fetch or send in their



With its blue-green and purples contrasting sharply with the pale primrose sky and ruddy sun, this winter sunset rug is ideal for the hearth-side.

she visited Cheticamp for the first time. Cheticamp, about fifty miles distant from Baddeck, is the largest French settlement in Nova Scotia. A hundred miles from the railroad, dependent entirely upon fishing and irregular farming, economically the people are very badly off. "I just couldn't sleep," she said after that visit, "seeing those people with their big families, and so poor! I was wondering what I could do to help them."

'And she hit on this,' said her assistant, Miss Lilian Burke, 'The Cape Breton Home Industries. It was started on the spur of the moment. We gathered together what rugs we could find in the village and we sold one hundred dollars' worth the first day. That was only two years ago. We sold twelve hundred dollars' worth the next year, and two thousand dollars' worth this year, and the season hasn't closed yet. No one who doesn't know them can quite realize what that amount of money means to these women.'

Miss Burke was enlisted by her elder by Mrs. Fairchild. She maintains a studio for rush work in Washington and before hooked mats came in demand had restructed similar groups of women in lace-making and similar crafts, and combining with that an enthusiasm similar to Mrs. Fairchild's, she is well equipped for her task.

A Growing Industry

"THE idea," she said, "simply is to give the women hereabout an opportunity to earn a little extra money for themselves, by doing something in which they excel. Opportunities here are so limited that they can do and do well, and people will buy their work. The men can always make a little extra money one way or another, but the women can't. And things, with the price marked on them, and we offer them for sale at that price and when we sell them, send the women the money. The Hall is a regular community centre now. The women drive ten or fifteen miles to block in here and inspect each other's handiwork and learn the news of sales. And there is real competition between them as to who can make the best mats and spin the best cloth. Some days the street is packed with horses and buggies for there are few cars here. And they are so grateful for what we've been able to do for them. The French women are, of course, effusive. The Scotch aren't that, but they show their gratitude by their anxiety to learn our color combinations and get ideas for designs. Our design we sent out came back to us in eight different colors and combinations from as many different women.

'Our aim is to get them back to the hand-drawn patterns and soft colors of the old technique and away from the awful colors and designs levied in some hooked mats. Of course we have to be tactful. We say: "Now you have drawn in red and gold and of course, when you come in the house from the outside in the winter, you want to see cheerful warming colors like red." But city people live differently. They have more warmth—and besides, some of them live in mild climates so they don't want colors that may be all right here. They want soft, mellow tones.'

'We are constantly working on new designs ourselves and giving them as wide a distribution as possible amongst our workers. And we are trying to get them interested in turning their talent for this kind of work to other things besides mats and cloth. Some of them are now making beautiful handbags, bedroom slippers and things like that. And we are teaching them how to do stencilling in the catalogue material to which the French women do such good work. We are trying to utilize all this latent energy for the beautiful and turn it into useful channels. But not all of our workers are poor by any means. Everyone is so much interested that many of them are women who are really quite prosperous, but they love the work and the chance to improve."

Gertrude Hall was filled, jammed to the roof with the exhibit. There were hooked mats old and new, catalogue rugs, homespun cloth, lace work, and even old family treasures, the work of an earlier generation sent from little hamlets all over the island of Cape Breton. Tourists wandered in and out exclaiming over the beauty of the exhibit and generally they left richer than when they entered—by a motor two.

Discovering Hand-Made Dyes

YOU know," said Mrs. MacDermott, a middle-aged Gaelic woman, a splendid type of that countryside, beautiful, dignified, with a face such as a queen should have and never does, speaking the English of a poet, clearly and melodiously in sentences of striking beauty, "this is something new to me. We didn't take much interest in this until Mrs. Fairchild and Miss Burke showed us how to make our work more beautiful as that people would buy it. I'm experimenting with vegetable dyes. You know you can get the loveliest orange out of onion peels! You just let them soak a while and then boil them down. It takes a lot of onion peels though," she laughed. She exhibited an orange-colored yarn. "Now there's not a thing in that to color it but water and onion peel. You can make it dark or light according to how much you use. I only used about ten pounds of onion peels for a large skein of my own wool, two or three pounds. The grey is the natural gray as it comes from the sheep, for, of course, it is all my own spinning." Alexander MacLeod next door, we've set on his loom."

She pointed to a beautiful mat on the floor. "That's my prize mat. The flowers on it are the flowers that bloom here, reproduced in their natural colors and woven into an original design of Miss Burke's. The brown in it is from dye made from the roots of the hardwood trees just boiled down. The birch border is from the birch bark. The green leaves are from spinach. And the red flowers were colored from dye made from beet-tops boiled down with a little alum in the water. It's a great fun to experiment with everything that grows for your colors—weeds, berries, bark, vegetables and all kinds of fruit. And it's so simple just boil with water and a touch of copperas or alum to set the color. A lot of us are making our own dyes. Not that they're any better but it's such fun to feel that you have made something entirely with your own hands, even to its colors. Even the Indians around here use aniline dyes now. The color is so fast set with us, but we're looking out again."

Mrs. MacDermott obviously was free from the touch of adverse circumstance as it was without prejudice that she said: "You've no idea what the chance to do this work meant to us around here. We all love it so."

Her views on dyes were upheld in another quarter, the woman-manager of one of the Canadian Handicraft Guild stores. When dyes were mentioned she laughed and said: "I used to think, too, that vegetable dyes were the best. But once I was with a handicraft exhibit of cloth at a Dublin exhibition and one man asked me something about the cloth and the dyeing. I rushed right in and I remember telling him: 'Oh, yes, all our stuff is dyed in the natural vegetable dyes and will never come out.' It is not like the manufactured dyes,' and a whole lot of other things like that. He listened without saying a word until I had finished

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Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, too, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically demand it above any other baby powder.

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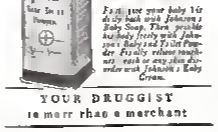


Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion as if Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder were in the fourtain, an excellent warmth.

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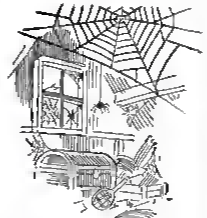


Try it on your baby's skin



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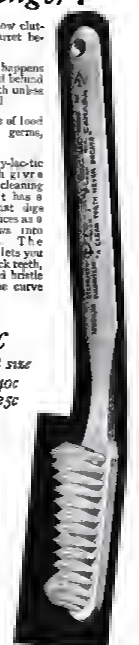
sources of danger!

Ever notice how cluttered up a garret becomes?

That's what happens in between and behind your back teeth unless you are careful.

Odds and ends of food collect, breed germs, start decay.

Only a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives your teeth the cleaning they need. It has a tufted end that digs into dark crevices as a rabbit burrows into the ground. The curved handle lets you get at your back teeth, and the curved bristle surface fits the curve of the teeth.



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Small 40c
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IF our food were coarse and fibrous, mastication would be more of a job and less of a courtesy. And your teeth and gums, in the natural course of eating, would get a vigorous functional massage which would keep teeth clean and gums in sound and healthy condition.

But the over refined food of today robs the teeth of work—cheats the gums of circulation. There you have the true reason for the alarming prevalence of troubles which beset our gums today.

How to keep teeth clean and gums firm

The dental profession knows well the importance of the care of the gums.

Hundreds and hundreds of dentists, to whom we have personally demonstrated Ipana, recommend its use. Many even urge a massage of the gums with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

For, in addition to its power of cleaning the teeth, Ipana, because of its ziratol content, tones and stimulates the gum tissue. A few weeks of its use will make your teeth whiter, your gums firmer and harder.

Try Ipana for just one month

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. So ask him about its properties, its fine cleaning power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective it really is.

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. For the ten day tube can only start the good work, but a full size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

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THIS book contains a representative of the many and varied dishes which have appeared during the past two years. They are a convert from the women writers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to the women at Canada—and a foretaste of the good things still to come which will be found in our pages during the coming seasons.

25c WILL BRING IT TO YOU 25c.

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The 'headings' shown are but an indication of the contents of this remarkable collection of gastronomic treats culled from the most treasured kitchen secrets of real home-cooks all across Canada

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Some Little Known Meat Dishes
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HEARTY FARE FOR THANKSGIVING

CHRISTMAS AS A FEAST DAY
Some Holiday Confections

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Chafing Dish Savories
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DISHES THAT TEMPT CHILDREN

1931

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though I noticed he was looking at me in a funny way. Then he said and he gave me his card "I'm a stranger to you, but I've heard a lot about you and I'm going to make you a proposition." Well, I'm not going to tell you what he said, but I'll tell you this much, that I'm now in the employ of the firm he represents, and I'm making more money than I ever thought I could make. I'm not going to tell you what I'm doing, but I'll tell you this much, that I'm now in the employ of the firm he represents, and I'm making more money than I ever thought I could make.

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SAUCE
The sauce that makes the sandwich tasty
Just spread a little H.P. Sauce over each slice of meat—it will surprise you how much more appetizing and delicious the sandwiches will be.



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A delicious satisfying wholesome dish for sturdy appetites and an inexpensive one—is
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A New Use For a Hen House

WE FOUND another enthusiastic worker busily plying her hook in her hen-house. She was a brisk little woman with white hair. Oh, when I saw what was to be made out of the rags she said, I just said to myself "The hens must go" and go they did. I hauled them all out of harm, got rid of every last one so now this is my workshop.

As indeed it was. In the low ceilinged ex-hen-house, newly white-washed, her hooking-frame rested on two empty boxes. The burlap was stretched tightly on the frame, and the black lines of the pattern she was working on was etched on its surface. The yarn was caught in the woman's hand by five-inch long steel hooks, a straight piece of steel with a hooked end like a crocheting needle. With one hand she plunged hook and yarn through the burlap on the line of the pattern, and caught it on the lower side of the burlap with the other hand and pushed it through the burlap again immediately adjoining the last insertion and so on endlessly. She sat in the hen-coop and talked as she worked. She babbled with enthusiasm. "It's nearly dinner time of course, but I had a few moments to spare so I just thought I'd run out here and do a little hooking," she explained. "I can't leave it alone. I just love it! This is the pattern Miss Burke sent me. Won't it be lovely? And the colors will be so soft and nice." She dragged out her hooking. Rugs, prints, drawings and patterns. One was of a large trunk. "I did that in a mat for a doctor from Boston. It was the best hunk he ever caught and he insisted I do it a mat for him, taking the fly, and I did!"

"Well, yes and no," she replied to a question as to whether she used her own wool. "You see, I make my men's underwear, spun it and got Mr MacLeod to weave it on his loom and I use it again when its worn out, for mats. I unravel it and hook it. It seems a sin to throw it away. It is as good as ever it was years old though it is. See!" and she held up for exhibit the frayed leg of some long ago drawers still gray as when the wool came from the sheep's back. And she was right. The wool was as good as ever in fact better and softer than ever as a result of years of washings.

In Wayscommaqua, Mrs J K MacDonald hooks mats for pastime. Here were things of beauty made not for money but for love. But she was modest in speaking of her efforts. "Oh I've only been hooking for two years. My mats can't be so very good. You should see Mrs MacAskill's in Holland."

I did see Mrs MacAskill's. In fact, I had already seen them and it is true that she has raised hooking to an art and shown to what heights of decorative value simple Canadian industry may be elevated.

Finding Your Right Niche

By GERTRUDE E. S. FRINGLE

Thanks to her emancipation, a wide field is open to the modern woman who wants to work

"I DON'T mind working. All I ask is work that is interesting."

This is the plaint of many who are frankly bored with their job. Teachers who chafe at the routine of school, stenographers who are misfits in an office, played out nurses who need rest more than their patients—we've all come across them.

Work that we don't enjoy is pure drudgery. That explains why artists are content with less money than business would bring. Their real payment is the joy they get out of their work.

Ask more discontented workers what they would rather do, and you will find vague aspirations instead of concrete ones. Their thoughts are set more on the mid-mate goal than the means of reaching it. "I'd like to write stories for the magazines," says one, whose life has been colorless and dull.

My great desire is to furnish beautiful homes for the wealthy," explains another, who has established her career with black painted furniture and stencilled cheesecloth.

And so merely wishing for a thing, without working for it, leads nowhere.

That is why I want to tell all live girls who have discovered the way out of irksome labor to work they really enjoy. They are a shop girl, an office girl, a stenographer, a dressmaker and a school teacher. What shows that it matters not what we are. All that is needed is the will to succeed.

LET us begin with the shop girl. Her story proves she has ambition, imagination and initiative.

Her people were poor, as at fifteen she found work in a basement bargain counter. You know how close and stuffy some of these places are. Put yourself in the place of this youngster, day after day standing on tired feet, selling nutmeg graters and soap shakers in that used-up atmosphere. Then you will realize the strength of purpose she showed in attending night classes. You see she was bent on climbing out of the basement. After absorbing stenography for eight or ten months (and practising her loops and dashes when customers were scarce) she one day returned radiant from her lunch hour. Instead of her usual slice of apple pie a la mode she had secured a job as a stenographer at $12 a week. She was now distinctly on the up grade.

But the urge still driving her on she next enrolled as a student of Expression in evening classes. To pay for these lessons she scrimped and saved, walking to save car fare and wearing her old clothes until she loathed the sight of them. At the end of a year her teacher told her that reciting was not her forte—but advised her to try for a position in a publishing house where she would eventually learn to write. She did try and perseverence again was her reward. That was a few years ago. She now has an excellent position that brings her much in contact with people and enables her to dress well and travel quite a bit. Quite a change from selling hardware in a basement, but worth the effort it entailed.

LAST winter a dressmaker-by-the-day felt the need of work that would relieve her from sitting so constantly. Seeking advice she was told that beauty parlor work might offer her greater satisfaction. Acting on the suggestion she took evening lessons with a private teacher at a cost of $50 for three months. When summer came she was proficient and hied her to a popular summer place where she found plenty of work in ranging bobs and giving complexion treatments and manicures. Since returning to the city she has continued her beauty work, visiting patrons in their homes and is more than pleased at the change in her life.

Here is an interesting outcome of a correspondence course. A stenographer, tired of office routine and longing to express herself in terms of beauty, subscribed to a mail course in Interior decoration. One day her chance came when a large company offered prizes for the best plans for furnishing certain rooms. Entering the competition this girl won second prize. The result was that the firm, seeing she had distinct promise, offered her a position at $28 a week with good prospects for her future. She is now happily occupied with the beautiful things she sighed for.

A TEACHER of domestic science became bored with school monotony and desired greater independence as well as more money. So resigning, she bravely launched out into a tiny white shop with one assistant. There she turned out the most irresistible looking cakes, breads, buns and pies imaginable. That was nearly one year ago. She now employs four women who work under her supervision, is sold on everything, enjoys her enterprise and finds her bank account increasingly satisfactory.

Here is a little story in the making—the completion of it just around the corner, so to speak. A very stylish girl employed in a fine specialty store was complimented on her taste in dress by a woman customer. "But," she said, "you must spend a lot on your clothes to be always so exquisitely turned out." "Indeed I don't. I make all my frocks in the evening at home," the young girl replied. "Why then," exclaimed the surprised customer, "you should certainly be a dress designer." "I'd love to be," was the candid reply, "but how can I learn the work?" asked the girl eagerly. It so happened the customer knew of an excellent school and told the girl of it. She applied and was accepted as a student in the evening class. Before long this really clever girl will be able to take a well paid post as designer in a manufacturing firm and from then on her progress should be quite satisfactory both artistically and financially. Anyone gifted with a taste for design need not worry long adding up figures. There are so many who can do that work, while few have a talent for design.

A SENSE of humor started one girl along the path of journalism, although it was hard work and a definite aim that made her achieve her goal.

Some few years ago it so happened the child of a neighbor made a droll remark to the girl which amused her greatly. "If I find this so funny, so will others," she reasoned. Acting on this thought she wrote it out and despatched it to one of the humorous magazines. A cheque for three dollars was the result. That settled it. From that moment she resolved to be a writer.

For a time family obligations forced her to put aside her own desires. Her brother had started a little grocery and needed her. So, cheerfully she undertook the dual work of counter clerk and housekeeper, though it was far from being her choice. Soon she was writing the weekly advertising for the little enterprise, and enjoying the increased business this brought. In a couple of years her brother sold it very advantageously, and gave her, by her much of the credit, and she was then free to visit a married sister in a distant city.

For some months she had been taking a correspondence course in English composition to improve her vocabulary. Now she felt confident enough to apply at a newspaper office for a post as reporter—relying on her advertising experience. She obtained the position made good, remained there about eighteen months, then resigned—yes, not to be married, but to devote her entire time to writing stories for the magazines as various editors had been most encouraging. So now, after some years of apprenticeship and preparation she has found the work she loves to do and is making good at it.

WHEN the midsummer vacation arrived this year, one university girl graduate was weary of books and wanted a complete change. Work that would pay something and give her an outing was her demand. With an idea simmering in her mind she and her mother explored the countryside within a fifteen-mile radius of one of our large cities—and discovered

Continued on page 66

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The Home Beautiful

We Move Into the Garden

What more suited to the garden than the russet of old hickory furniture!

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

OLD HICKORY and a cooling drink to tree shade has ever been the epitome of summer restfulness in rayruled. A few years ago there was comparatively little hickory furniture manufactured on the scale of furniture production goes to-day. Yet in present outdoor furniture it is perhaps the most prominent. In swinging seats. Individual tables, rockers, settees, flower-stands, swinging basket holders, its natural russet appears. There is also a form of smoother, varnished hickory being shown—of a semi rustic nature but it does not seem to present the same qualities of permanent weathering which the natural type possesses. Varnished furniture becomes shabby after wet or damp once has penetrated its protecting surface, whereas the rustic wood mellows into its background and settles down to wind and rain with the same equanimity as a tree. The varnished hickory, however, is admirable for a boat house, a permanent tent or even for the prosaic lakeside cottage porch.

Type of Furniture in Favor

THE feeling seems to be with regard to garden furniture, that one must have something of a permanently out-door character. The furniture which has to be rescued and carried to cover at the first threat of rain were better left to safety for all time. Three types best meet this requirement—namely the natural rustic wood—as the hickory — painted metal and stone. And outside of the question of whether such materials will stand rain, is also the question as to whether or not they will retain rain. Manifestly both stone and metal are the fastest 'driers' and next to order, hickory, because of its open work and ship and solid structure, is the least likely of other types to absorb moisture.

Regarding the more pretentious type of furniture. For the protected tile pergola, the open swinged couch it is admirable—but protection it does require. The white painted furniture is particularly good when mixed with other pieces less austere, as for instance, the glorified campstool chairs with broad cloth seat and arm rests. For out-door dining it is ideal being easily cleaned with no crevices or apertures to catch crumbs. Even though you leave it completely exposed there is comparatively little damage that can be done to a painted piece—and the matter of giving it a fresh coat of paint a season is not an arduous task. It is for out-door summer dining that these sets are now particularly popular—either for the less pretentious of tea or for the fully served meal.

But for innovations and delightful turns of imagination and fancy, wicker ranks easily first. In delicate reeded effects grass, fibre willow weaves and rattans this type of furniture is being produced in efforts suitable for year round use. One uncommon departure is the making of a paved set. The sofa, larger chairs and table of the car all carry out the eighteenth century conformation as well as six smaller chairs whose stuffed seats are covered with lavender cretonne in keeping. In the straight laid willow types the tendency seems to be to leave the wands their natural honey-colored tone, varnishing them lightly and, for decoration, applying in rather narrow line across the back or along the arms, stripe of enamel in fine black and white stripe. Or a more colorful mood certain motifs in the weaving will be caught up in bright green cerise or orange with touches of black and white. These pieces are, of course, essentially porch and sunroom choices.

In planning the general ensemble of your garden or porch living room, you will want at least one piece of furniture on which you may stretch out full length. This essential is supplied in a number of ways by the present selection of garden furniture. First of all there is the canvas hammock, protected from the wind on one side, near the *chaise longue*, the foot section of which may be removed or which may slide beneath the body of the chair.

Fascinating Styles in Chairs

THE peacock back chairs of Chinese influence are fascinating and emphasized for porch and pergola. With their large hooks spreading like the fanned tails of peacocks, they make a flattering background for the colorful frocks of the season. This same type of chair with or without the spectacular back, is often called the 'four glass' chair because of its base which descends from the seat in the wasp-waist fashion of the symbol of Father Time.

Another type which is unusual and particularly cool-looking and light in the green and white painted willow rocker. A big broad piece with very open willow inserts painted white at back and clear down on the rockers at the side, its wooden frame is painted dark cool green. With a bright cretonne cushion in its broad seat, it is the coolest, airiest piece of furniture imaginable.

Another innovation for this entertainment is the introduction of a type of garden chair resembling the bath chair so much used on continental beaches and also in European gardens. With unarched over hood and soft upholstered seat deeply recessed, it may be placed anywhere—sun or wind—and the green paint will still be comfortably protected.



The white-painted furniture is ideal for out-door dining, being easily cleaned, with no crevices to catch crumbs. Even though it is left completely exposed comparatively little damage can be done to its painted surface

Fabrics For the Out-of-Doors

AND speaking of protection—may the day be blessed when some one went to Venice and seeing the colored wings of the boats that dazzle the canals thought to capture the magic of Venetian oil cloth for our gardens. For it was due to the importation of the lustrous oil-cloth greens, blues and broad oblique stripes of that material a few years ago that our own manufacturers eventually abandoned the candy

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red-and white stripe of sweeping tradition, and gave us interesting solid color which is now a popular adjunct to so much outdoor home life. The season particularly the brilliant awning and stationary sun shades will be seen in vivid contrast to the background of the house and the emerald of the lawn.

Upholstery for garden furniture seems to have gone in for a development all its own. Most popular of all are the warm-hued Scotch plaids rough and hasty, with which many of the seats of the wicker sets are upholstered.

The striped denims are also still popular as ever, of course, the cretonnes and chintzes, but the innovation of the season is the wide use of these heavy, crashy materials in rich bleedings and mixtures of color.

The most interesting use of fabric perhaps, is in the porch curtains themselves. If these are of the heavy sailcloth, they are sometimes laced on the inside with ordinary cretonne, or actually made of the new waterproof cretonne itself. This material has come into use during the last year or so, and will undoubtedly develop in many further ways.

Screens which are run on cords and pulleys in the manner of a Venetian blind enjoy a deserved popularity. Those made of wide strips of light wood, firmly fastened with a strong cane twine, are eminently practical. They can be had stained in a number of waterproof colors.

The same type of shade is made from green painted bamboo, in different widths of slats, which are light and easily raised or lowered. They are tough, stand all weather, and come in all sizes. Both of these shades have the advantage of leaving the porch more breezy than is the case where awnings are used and yet insure seclusion. The ideal way, perhaps is to have both awnings and shades.

Vines trained about the porch are charming but they should not be used unless screens are provided as they harbor insects. With screens they are delightful.

Something Underfoot

PORCH floor covering, although not a necessity, is a pleasant thing from the point of view both of comfort and appearance—especially in those secluded corners where the out-door room is being developed. The rush matting is cool and easily kept clean, but not particularly decorative. Straw rugs and mats are the latest underfoot development for summer, being shown in all colors. They are made of just the same sort of material as a soft straw hat, and one rug will sometimes have all the decorative qualities and color combinations of a chintz. They are procurable both in small and large sizes. Also attractive are the round or oval crocheted rugs, and the *knitted* strips. There are also some brightly colored canvas rugs from the Orient, mostly in flat bright color and procurable in a wide range of combinations.

Certainly, judging from the tremendous interest in out-of-door furniture, Canada would seem to be moving into the garden this summer!

MacLean's Question Box

CONDUCTED BY EDWINA SETON

NOTE—When a personal reply is asked for a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Writers must sign their names, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.
Information about educational institutions and business places is confined to Canadian ones.

Question—R E. I would be much obliged if you would inform me where I could get a sample of paint analyzed?

Answer—I have sent you the address of a reliable old-established Toronto firm of analytical chemists.

Question—H G. Will you tell me where I can purchase some good pictures of Canadian scenery suitable for framing, size around sixteen by twenty-four inches.

Answer—I have sent you three addresses where these are to be had.

Question — E H., Sask. Will you please tell me where I can get dresses and spring millinery to sell on commission in a small shop, out house to house canvass?

Answer—These things being such that they soon lose their value if not disposed of are not sold on a commission basis, but on terms, so much down and the balance payable in instalments. I have sent you information as to where to find such trade addresses.

Question—Mrs. W. I live on a farm and would like some suggestions for entertaining a few town ladies in the afternoon. Can you think of anything but euchre? I intend having about ten. What would be a suitable menu?

Answer—How would you like a hat trimming contest? You could either ask each guest to bring an untrimmed shape, or get them in the ten cent store. With a table piled up with odds and ends of trimming plenty of pins and scissors needles and thread, it is great fun to see who can turn out the best looking hat. Give two prizes for the best and funniest respectively. For refreshments some dainty sandwiches made with lettuce and mayonnaise or tomato light fruit cake and tea would be quite sufficient.

Question—M W. I should be grateful if you could tell me where to write for information concerning the organizing of Brownie Packs.

Answer—Write to the Headquarters of the Canadian Girl Guides, 22 College Street, Toronto, the Brownie Packs being a subdivision of the Girl Guides.

Question—Mrs E C., Cape Breton. Could you please tell me where I could get sale for hand-hooked floor rugs, any size, and to any designs, birds, deer, ships, etc. I am a poor woman with three children to support, so would be very thankful if I could get sale for rugs. Here in the country they do not care to buy rugs, all are home knitted.

Answer— Write to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, 5284 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, Que., as they sell hooked rugs among other things. I have also sent your name and address to some women who have Gift Shops.

Question—Miss K. I am given to understand that in Toronto there is an institution where they train girls to become children's nurses. I am nearly eighteen years and completing my fourth year in high school and would like to become a private nurse for children up to about five or six years of age.

Answer—The only places I know of that gives this training is the Well Baby Clinics in connection with the Sick Children's Hospital, College St., Toronto. Write them and make enquiries. Possibly the nurses in training who are in attendance at the Well Baby Clinics are taking the regular evening course at the hospital, but this even if taken in part would be a valuable training for a nurse in charge of well children, as they teach them the physical care of children from birth up.

Finding Right Niche

Continued from page 63

a pretty little cottage to rent at a low figure. There they established themselves, and the girl who was an excellent fudge maker, extended her repertoire to include a variety of the ever popular chocolate creams. Close at hand was a highway connecting with the city, which at all hours of the day was thronged with motor traffic. So Mademoiselle B A., who in a beru carpenter, collected some light lumber, tools, straw and paints, and there constructed a toy cottage just big enough to hold a counter, a chair and some shelves. This she capped with a thatched straw roof, and the result was a miniature English cottage. A brightly painted swinging sign announcing that home-made candies were for sale, and a row of hollyhocks in front made the quaint place impossible to pass by. So she did a big business, and the end of the summer found her in funds, high spirits and health.

A GIRL, Miss Mary Bendelari by name who though born in Cleveland, Ohio, is the daughter of a Canadian mother and father, and who was educated in Toronto and Montreal, has achieved quite a sensational success in Paris as the designer and maker of shoes that are individual in design and beautiful in coloring. This girl in her early twenties started about a year ago with one expert Russian workman. By June 1926 her staff included five cutters, while the output of her well lighted factory on the Seine was nearly 1,000 shoes a week.

Previously the young girl had been a student of dress design in New York for a time, but although this course gave her a wealth of information and provided the foundation for her present work, at the time it seemed rather disappointing to her.

It was when in the south of France that the idea came to Mary Bendelari to make shoes that would be as original and beautiful as hats and frocks. That there existed a need of such an undertaking is shown by the furore her product has created. It is said not only in Paris but all over America, from Montreal to Palm Beach, and this year the young designer has made three trips to this side to market her shoes. The most fashionable brides include some pairs in their trousseau, and wherever smart people go there is a call for Sandelari shoes, as she names them. She has based her models on old Russian and Serbian styles, and they are made of softest finest leather, brocade, tapestry, lace and are embroidered or enamelled according to the occasion for which they are made. Among the people who favor them out are some with an interesting history. One was formerly a professor of languages in a university. Another, a woman who embroiders most exquisitely, was once a notable singer. A third formerly stood high in the cabinet of a principality.

Miss Bendelari gets her ideas from art galleries and museums in Paris, and applies to them her knowledge of design and color. Shoes for every kind of costume are made, from bedroom mules, which are the cheapest turned out and cost $12 50 a pair, to gilt shoes. But each pair is unusual in its originality. To quote the young designer: "One must not merely fit the foot, one must dress it."

BUT how about the home-staying girl who has never been trained to do anything? What can she do, some may ask. Here is the way one such girl has solved the question of supply and an interesting occupation. Having a distinct flare for clothes, she has gone into the business of importing French frocks and hats—just a few at a time, using a big front room in her home to display them. Although putting very little capital into her business, she is doing well. Customers tell their friends about it, and she has no difficulty in selling because she puts a small profit on her merchandise. A good friend in Paris does the selecting for her, and that is one of the reasons for her success.

Now as this truthful recital of a few leaves me entirely out of the case, here is the story of a young bank clerk who was ambitious. His tastes ran to finance and economics, as he read and digested everything he could get hold of on these subjects. The years passed by, and found this man noted both as a writer and authority on political economy, with a high place in Canadian national life.

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BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through careless investment. Fraudulent and worthless securities are being constantly poured on to the market to entice the unwary. A general observance of this simple maxim will assist in the reduction and elimination of this economic waste:
"BEFORE YOU INVEST—CONSULT YOUR BANKER."

Canadians Increase Holdings of High-Yield, Foreign Bonds

By A. W. BLUE

THE securities of foreign governments and foreign corporations are moving in increasing volume into the strong boxes of Canadian private and institutional investors. The situation is unique in the annals of Canadian finance, and presents a graphic contrast to the pre-war era, when owing to an insufficiency of capital Canada was obliged to finance her major undertakings with money borrowed from abroad. She still floats an occasional loan in external markets, notably in New York, but it is economy and not economic necessity that determines such course of action now. There is a great surplus of funds in the Dominion for which there is no call in the ordinary industrial and commercial channels. The investment markets afford the most convenient avenue of employment, but here an obstacle is encountered. Canadian gilt-edged bonds have been advanced to a level where the yield, ranging from 4.5 to five per cent., no longer attractive to the average investor, and he is induced to wander into other and often strange investment fields. Obligations of foreign governments have formed a convenient outlet for a portion of these surplus funds. Offerings of this type when properly selected combine the virtues of a high yield with that other most vital one of security. Every foreign offering which has appeared in the New York market within the past two or three years has attracted a considerable Canadian participation. It is estimated that on aggregate of $300,000,000 of foreign bonds is now held in Canada, and the total is growing rapidly, tremendously. It can be argued whether this steady outflow of capital is a detriment to the country's development or not, but capital knows no international boundaries, and it is constantly moving in the direction where it can be employed to the best advantage consistent with safety.

Foreign bonds are a new form of investment in Canada, although it is recalled that a large number of Canadian investors secured their first practical experience in foreign finance, if silent a rather painful one, in the first two or three years succeeding the war, when the exchange of Austria, Germany, Russia and France were crashing to new low levels daily and in the case of Russia and Germany subsequently deteriorated to the point of obliteration. Thousands of dollars of hard-earned Canadian money were used in the purchase of depreciated exchange and depreciated bonds. The hope of an ultimate recovery in exchange was the lure which precipitated ruthless extravagances. What happened subsequently is now history, and need not be recalled.

The situation was not peculiar, only exaggerated, and was a natural product of the war. Many European countries emerged from the great struggle staggering under a burden of colossal war debts and treading on the verge of financial collapse. Subsequent reorganization involved new financing on a vast scale and as the currencies of the nations effected were practically worthless or selling at but a tithe of their par value, and with their holdings of gold dissipated, it was inevitable that the capital so necessary and vital to a satisfactory readjustment must be found in such markets and naturally the appeal was made in London

Flood of New Securities

OUT of this crisis in international affairs was borne a flood of new securities which are finding a ready market in the financial centres of the world. In order to render new issues acceptable and marketable at a time when their domestic affairs were so disordered and the outlook so uncertain, Germany, Austria and France created and associated with their issues special features which tended to lend additional security to the offerings. They were attractively priced, usually to yield in the neighborhood of seven and eight per cent. at a time when Canadian government bonds were returning under five per cent. They were made payable in dollars in New York, or in pounds in London, and thus the influence of an uncertain exchange market was eliminated. Specific revenues were allocated and guaranteed for the payment of interest and principal. Certain taxes and special duties were assigned in amounts more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the issue. Heroic measures were adopted to secure the stabilization of exchange. So far reaching were the benefits arising out of this original financing, in trade improvement in profits to security holders, in the restoration of stability and in general strength within the nation concerned and the re-awakening of abroad international sense of optimism in the future, that many other states and private corporations, desiring to expedite their own recovery, have sought and placed loans in outside markets. It is financing of this character that has attracted a considerable body of Canadian investors.

Government bonds are commonly accepted as the highest form of security available. This statement should be received with reservations, there are vast differences in governments, as there are in individuals. But the number of government defaults of interest or principal payments on external issues is so small as to be almost negligible. Means got into some difficulty two or three years ago but has since made amends. Russia is a sore spot. No matter what course a government may be forced to adopt toward its own bondholders a peculiar sanctity is usually observed toward the obligations it has assumed with the investors of other nations. A government is always anxious to preserve its credit in the world's markets at all costs, and this is an added degree of safety to investment in issues of this character.

Market Prospects

THE high yield of foreign government issues was an economic necessity born of the post-war exigencies. How will these issues fare in the future? Has the advance been overdone, or will the bonds continue to work toward higher levels? The questions can be best answered in the light of history. At the moment we see an improving situation in Europe and that is a favorable augury. The prevailing rate of interest on prime government securities under normal conditions is in the neighborhood of three per cent. It is only under extraordinary circumstances as during and immediately after a great war that investors are able to purchase these bonds at prices to yield substantially higher returns. An examination of the course of movements of the leading European government issues after the great wars of the past reveals the interesting fact that whereas interest rates have been abnormally high in the few years subsequent to the war, yet in a surprisingly short space of time they work down to the normal three per cent. level again. In England the wars of Marlborough were financed at high rates but within four years after the peace at Utrecht, 1713, five per cent. was the prevailing interest rate, and within ten years four per cent. ruled on all government issues. The French and Spanish wars, which followed in 1763, were financed by Great Britain at four per cent., but eight years after the war a general conversion to three per cent was effected. On the £97,000,000 new debt incurred by England during the American Revolution, the average interest was 5.9 per cent., but by 1867, after the termination of the French Revolutionary wars, the total British debt amounted to £782,000,000, of which £573,000,000 were in three per cent. annuities. The American Civil War was financed at coupon rates of six and seven per cent. The refunding operations carried out from 1870 to 1879 reduced the rates on the majority of the debt to four per cent. London's ascendancy as the financial market of the world had its beginnings in the early nineteenth century. In 1822 the famously completed its first borrowing in London an issue of £3,000,000 of five per cent redeemable stock bring offered and marketed. Within four years the government obtained a three per cent. loan, and refunded its first operation. From 1850 to 1865 loans were made in London at three per cent to 4.5 per cent. interest by Russia, Sweden, Portugal, Peru and Brazil and at rates from 4.5 to six per cent by Austria, Italy, Turkey and Mexico. As the nineteenth century advanced and international confidence became more firmly established the interest rates on foreign issues tended gradually downward, and in the period just prior to the outbreak of the great war the average interest yield on a wide range of foreign bonds on the London market was 4.27 per cent.

Interest Rates on Down Grade

INTEREST return on a similar groups of issues to-day averages between 6.5 and 7.5 per cent. A recurring phase of high interest rates was created by the war. At the moment rates are on a slightly declining scale, and there is every reason to believe that financial history will repeat itself, and yield will work lower and lower over a course of years, until the pre-war levels are again in sight.

Foreign obligations may be classed as good, bad or indifferent, and it is possible that questionable offerings may have passed through with the flood of foreign bonds that has poured on to the markets the past two or three years. It is permissible difficult for an unskilled investor to appraise the worth of an issue of this specialized class. There is a vast difference in the security backing of offerings emanating from within the same country. An engaging principle only external bonds, preferably payable in dollars, of a country that is experiencing an improving position, and blessed with stable and strong government, should be considered, and then only after submitting the issue in question to the scrutiny of interested skilled in the appraisal of issues of this character.

Investment Hints

A TYPICAL investment query, representative of the problem of the average small Canadian investor, which was submitted to a number of the leading Canadian investment houses, has brought additional replies and recommendations. The problem in question, from a reader in Neepawa, Manitoba, is as follows: "I am in the position of having $5,000 to invest with probably $400 per annum additional for the next few years. As I wish this to yield the best possible interest consistent with safety, I would like you to advise me. Certain selected mining stocks have been recommended to me as a suitable investment for part of my funds. I am not a business man and this money represents my life's savings, so you can see that whatever I buy must be safe. What form of security would you suggest?—R. T."

The further suggestions received are presented below

Dominion Securities Corp., Toronto—Our suggestion would be that he restrict his investment to high grade securi-





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This chart shows at a glance the price movement of recently issued foreign securities

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ties, well diversified. His selection could be made from the following:

Southern Canada Power Company, five per cent. bonds due 1st October, 1955, price 100 and interest.

Gatineau Power Company, five per cent. bonds due 1st June, 1956, price 98.00 and interest.

Asbestos Corporation, six per cent. bonds, due 1st January, 1941, price 102.50 and interest.

Canada Steamship Lines, six per cent. bonds, due 1st October, 1941, price 98 and interest.

Northern Canada Power, six per cent. bonds, due 1st December, 1941, price 102.50 and interest.

McLeod, Young, Weir & Co., Toronto—We have pleasure in suggesting the following securities for an investment of $9 000.

$1 000 Gatineau Power Company, six per cent. debenture, due June 15, 1946, approximate price 101½, yielding 5 80 per cent.

$1 000 Winnipeg Electric Company, Ltd., six per cent. bond, due October 2, 1954, approximate price 102, yielding 5 85 per cent.

$1 000 Minnesota & Ontario Paper Company six per cent. bond due May 1st 1930, approximate price 100, yielding six per cent.

$1,000 Drummond Investment Company, Limited 6½ per cent. bonds, due May 1, 1938, approximate price 101, yielding 6.38 per cent.

The National City Co.—As the investor in question is not a business man, and $5 800 represent his life savings we would say that only strictly high-grade securities should be considered. Even the best mining stocks must be regarded as speculative, and in our opinion, would be very unsuitable. The form of security we would suggest would in this particular case, be government bonds.

Nesbitt, Thomson & Co., Montreal—We would suggest:

$1,000 State of New South Wales five per cent. bonds, maturing 1958, at 98 25 and accrued interest—to yield 5 20 per cent.

$5 000 Manitoba Power Company Limited 6½ per cent. bonds, maturing 1951, at 100 and accrued interest—to yield 6 50 per cent (Guaranteed as to principal and interest by Winnipeg Electric Company).

$1,000 St. Lawrence Paper Mills Ltd., six per cent bonds, maturing 1946 at 99 50 and accrued interest, to yield 6.00 per cent.

$1,000 Canada Steamship Lines Ltd., six per cent. bonds, maturing 1941, at 99 50 and accrued interest, to yield 6.10 per cent

10 shares Power Corporation of Canada Ltd., six per cent First Preferred Stock at 97 net, to yield 6 10 per cent.

Average interest return—over 6 80 per cent.

Fry, Mills, Spence & Co., Toronto—We suggest the following investment for your correspondent's first $8 000:

$2 000 City of Toronto, five per cent. bonds, due 1st April 1945, price 102.30 and interest, yielding 4 60 per cent.

$6 000 Gatineau Power Company six per cent. debentures due 15th June 1941, price 101 00 and interest, yielding about 5 80 per cent.

$1 000 Canada Steamship Lines, six per cent First and General Mortgage bonds due 1st October, 1941—price 99½ and interest, yielding 6 00 per cent.

$1 000 Provincial Paper Company, seven per cent Preferred Stock price 101 and interest—yielding 6 93 per cent.

The purchase of these five securities would invest the sum of $8,007.50 as principal account. The annual cash income would be $390. Thus, every class to six per cent. would be obtained on the money invested. The securities we have suggested provide diversification, in that high grade municipal, power, transportation and industrial securities are included.

Financial Queries

Question—*Would like your opinion before buying a $500 bond of the Bruck Silk Mills Ltd.*—*H.F., British Columbia.*

Answer—Since the inception of the Bruck Silk Mills in 1921 the earnings have been in excess of three times the interest requirements of the bond issue which was recently offered to the public. The plant also has been operating at capacity since its inception and the purpose of the recent issue was to retire $500 000, seven per cent first mortgage bonds which were outstanding and to provide additional buildings and machinery for expansion, which in turn should result in increased earnings. The issue will mature in twenty years and the sinking fund requirements will retire about thirty per cent of the issue of bonds by that date. In addition the bonds carry a certain bonus of common stock, which gives a certain speculative value to this investment, which we consider to be a purchase for a business man.

Question—*I am a subscriber to your splendid magazine and would like to secure any information possible regarding the financial standing of the Guelph and Ontario Investment and Savings Society.*—*Mrs D., Guelph, Ontario.*

Answer—The Guelph and Ontario Investment and Savings Society is 51 years old and has a good record. According to the report for the year ended December 31, 1925, the society holds paid up capital of $965 050, a reserve fund of $865,435, and total assets of $4,629,779. We know of no reason to doubt the security and safety of an investment in this concern. Mr T. A. Kearney made the statement at the last annual meeting that "our loans are well placed and while the returns are not spectacular, they are sure." We believe this statement epitomizes the company's position.

Insurance Queries

Question—*Please advise if you consider the Fireman's Insurance Co., of Newark and the Home Assurance Co., of Canada safe companies to ensure with.*—*Miss Y., Alberta.*

Answer—The Fireman's Insurance Company of Newark, N.J. (Aegus G. Fairbairn, chief agent, Montreal) has a federal charter to transact fire, hail and tornado insurance. As this company maintains the required government reserve and comes under the immediate supervision of the superintendent of insurance at Ottawa, it should be a safe concern with which to transact fire insurance business. The Home Assurance Company of Canada, with head office at Calgary, Alta., was incorporated by the Province of Alberta and commenced business on July 1, 1922. This company is registered by the Department of Insurance for Alberta to transact accident and sickness and automobile insurance. So far, of course, this company is operating in a small way, but we believe it is making progress through the building up of its paid-up capital stock and by policy sales which are steadily increasing.

PERSONAL SERVICE

Subscribers to *MacLean's Magazine* desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments, as life insurance problems will be answered freely. Inquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of *MacLean's Magazine* and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed.

If your inquiry concerns insurance please give full details of your own financial and family position, so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These



Of Course Not'—Arctic Explorer: 'You right in front of that roaring stove it was forty-nine below zero!'
Listener: 'Well you weren't obliged to stay right by the stove, were you?'—*Manan Philosopher*

Unfortunate—The Prodigy's Mother: "Of course I know she makes little mistakes sometimes but, you see, she plays entirely by ear."
The Prodigy's Uncle: "Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."—*Passing Show*

One Little Vowel—Master (grimly to butler): "I asked you last night Jennings, to taste the port I purchased and give me your opinion of it. Now I find there are four bottles missing."
Butler: "Taste it, sir? I thought you said *test* it!"—*London Opinion.*

A Distinction—A young cleric picked up the bishop's hat and put it on his own head, and it was exactly a fit.
"Why, Bishop," said he, "your head and mine are exactly the same size."
"Yes," replied the bishop, "on the outside."—*Christian Science Monitor*

1927 Model—"Oh, Daddy," said the young lady, "Mrs Jones said you were the handsomest man on our street."
"What's that?" asked the father.
There was a brief silence, then the daughter shook her head and said, "Well, I guess it's true, all right."
"What's true?" asked the father.
"That every time you compliment a man he makes you repeat it."—*Friends and Fixtures.*

Hark, the Larks—On the St. Andrews links an enthusiastic player with a mettlesome temper was faced with a critical short putt. He addressed his ball, studied the line, steadied himself carefully, potted—and missed.
Instinctively he glared round but the entire party might have been so many statues—not a caddie had moved, not a player had budged. His eyes roved the horizon in vain. No one outside the match was in sight. Then he gazed aloft, while breathless silence levelled the scene. At last the explosion came:
"Damn that lark!"—*Golf Illustrated.*

Some Class!—A prospective passenger was purchasing a ticket over a short narrow-gauge railroad in the mountainous districts of Kentucky. The agent inquired: 'First, second or third class?'
There was only one coach, and the prospective passenger was perplexed. Deciding to play safe, he answered, 'First.'
Aboard the coach he looked about for the first compartment, but saw none. Those which he had seen buying second and third class tickets were occupying seats around him. He was meditating on his foolishness when suddenly, at the foot of a steep incline the engine, after a few feeble snorts stopped in its tracks. A moment later the brakeman threw open the door and shouted:
'First class passengers keep your seats! Second class passengers get out and walk! Third class passengers get out and push!'—*Exchange*



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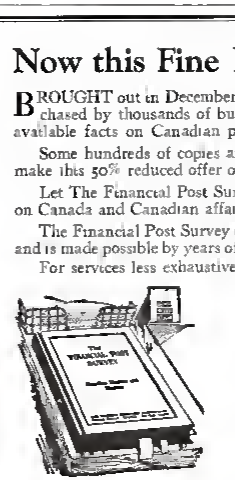
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ILLUSTRATORS are gluttons for local color. Some time ago we sent Orison MacPherson the manuscript of "Mr. Penne Becomes Immortal," which appears in this issue. Weeks passed and then came a brief note from Mac announcing that he had been delayed in finishing the drawings—but that he would get them to us in time. In a round-about way I learned that he was in hospital. His recreation is playing ice-hockey, and it seems that in gladiatorial combat a month or two ago an opponent's skate had made a very long, if neat, incision in him. And the moment he can adjust himself around a drawing board he chooses a hospital scene with which to illustrate Mr. Penne. Such is the artistry of the man! Soon we shall send him a good fast hockey story.

JAMES A. COWAN, who in "Burrowing for a Billion" tells the dramatic story of the Hollinger Mine, is a Toronto writer who never is in Toronto for any lengthy period. Most of his time is spent in roaming about Canada exercising what is a very capable nose for news.

Augustus Bridle, who writes of W. H. Moore, the new chairman of Canada's Advisory Tariff Board, has known Mr. Moore for many years. He is music and dramatic critic of the Toronto Star, and a writer of wide repute.

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is well-known to MacLean's readers. She continues to dwell in Vancouver. Across the inlet in North Vancouver is A. M. Nott, whose description of Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday's assault on Mystery Mountain also appears in this issue.

J. H. Regan, author of "Handcuffed," is an Edmonton writer, while Victor Lauriston, who ignited "Marsh Lights," abides in Chatham, Ontario.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts, who released "Gas and Glory" is, of course, one of THE Roberts family. He upholds its traditions at Fredericton, N. B.

THIS issue witnesses the introduction of The Odd Page. It speaks for itself. Announcement of its coming brought in a mass of most interesting material from a large number of readers. I cannot promise that the page will appear in every issue, but it will appear as often as possible.

THE July 1 issue of MacLean's will be a special Confederation Jubilee Number, designed to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Canadian nationhood. In it we will try to tell part of The Story of Canada by a series of photographs showing a number of our cities as they were at or about the time of Confederation or, in the case of the West, as they were in the beginning. Companion pictures will show these cities as they are to-day. So far as the old photographs are concerned, I cannot recall seeing a more unique collection. In no better way could the amazing progress of this country be depicted. Taking Calgary as an instance, we will present a rare picture of a lonely, stockaded Mounted Police post—all there was to be seen in 1876. Alongside a picture of the magnificent city that occupies the site to-day. We will show you a small clearing in a belt of spruce and fir trees; to-day it is the heart of the business section of Vancouver. And so with Victoria (where the palatial Empress Hotel stands on what used to be muddied water); with Winnipeg (we'll show you the corner of Main and Portage when it was a rutted rural crossing), with Saskatoon, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Halifax and Charlottetown.

For this issue John Nelson has written "Canada Re-discovered," a forceful survey of Canadian development. A number of other articles will deal with various phases of the making of this Dominion. And H. E. Rexborough will describe the sporting activities of our forefathers.

By special permission from Their Majesties the King and Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, MacLean's will publish their favorite portraits.

In addition to these special features there will be the regular quota of fiction, including four excellent short stories and the third instalment of "Fan Gold." Among the former will be "The Passing Glory" by J. H. Power, a well told tale of the days preceding Confederation. All the regular features will be found in their usual places.

For the front cover, Charles Comfort, a Canadian artist, two of whose paintings were recently bought by the National Gallery at Ottawa, has painted a colorful interpretation of "The Spirit of Canada."

The Jubilee Issue of MacLean's will be worthy of the occasion. Non-subscribers should ask their newsdealers to reserve copies. For the demand will be heavy!

H. Napier Moore

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88 FLEET STREET, E.C. LONDON, ENGLAND

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Bldg., 1010 Stanley St.; Winnipeg, 615 Confederation Life Bldg.; New York, Room 516, Graybar Bldg., 420 Lexington Ave.; Chicago, Room 906, London Guarantee & Accident Bldg., 360 N. Michigan Boulevard.



Delicious, appetizing... try sliced bananas with your Puffed Rice

Another delightful variant is—Puffed Wheat with peaches

FINDING VARIETY *to Relieve* BREAKFAST *of its Monotony*

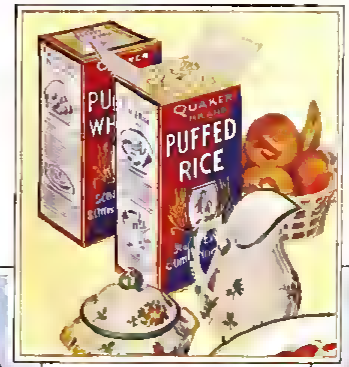
A cereal food—different from any other known—that supplies the great adventure of a change at breakfast

A CHANGE, above all things, is what most of us want at breakfast. No appetite but wearies of the same old dishes, served time and again.

It breakfast fails to attract you, don't blame it on your appetite. If your child is reluctant to eat this important meal, don't try to force the eating of food that does not appeal. Try a complete change. What happens will surprise you.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They taste different. Their appetite appeal is different.

Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is almost 20% bran, but you would never know it, so delightfully as it is concealed. Each grain is puffed to 8 times its normal size with every cell broken to make digestion easy. Think of crisp, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of their delights. Taste toasted entrees. And you'll get an idea of their flavor.



Never before a cereal so enticing. Children love them like confections. Thus they meet, in every way, the modern idea in diet, which is to tempt the appetite with food that is 'good for you' that you do not eat for that reason, but eat because you love it.

There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try one as a luncheon dish—at home or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tidbits between meals.





Quaker Cereal Foodcers

Quaker Oats, Quick Quaker
Quaker Puffed Rice, Quaker Puffed Wheat
Quaker Corn Flakes, Quaker Cake Flour
Tillson's *natural* Bran, Quaker Flour
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour
Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors



(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way, called Kotex, that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Kotex Regular: 75c per dozen

Kotex-Super: $1.20 per dozen

Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of KOTEX
Made in Canada

KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

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